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Max Bernatz.

MADONNA ENTHRONED

THE
APPARITIONS AND SHRINES
OF
HEAVEN'S BRIGHT QUEEN

In Legend, Poetry and History

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES
TO THE PRESENT TIME

Compiled from Approved Catholic Publications

BY

WILLIAM J. WALSH

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

MONSIGNOR BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED

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Hail, virgin most wise!
   Hail, Deity's shrine!
With seven fair pillars,
   And table divine!

Preserved from the guilt
   Which hath come on us all!
Exempt, in the womb,
   From the taint of the fall!

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

1846

Thy chosen child, Lord Baltimore,
Struck off the manacles that bound
By tyrant-power the infant shore,
And stamped her soil true freedom's ground.
'Twas here where Faith—celestial bird—
First flung abroad her carol loud;
And thou, fair Star, her matin heard,
That heavenward soaring pierced the cloud.

THE Blessed Virgin was indeed the patroness of the Church throughout the United States, as she was of Canada and Mexico; but the crown had not been formally placed on her brow. This act was the glory of the Council held at Baltimore in 1846, when twenty-two bishops there assembled, chose as Patroness of the United States of America "The Blessed Virgin conceived without sin."

The decree is in these words:

Whereas the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore and his suffragan bishops celebrating the sixth provincial Council in the month of May, 1846, respectfully request the Holy See to approve the election made by them in council of the Blessed Virgin Mary, conceived without original sin, as the Patroness of the United States of North America, . . . the most eminent and reverend fathers in the General Congregation de Propaganda Fide, resolved to beseech Our Most Holy Lord to deign to consent to the most pious wishes of the Council.

Our Most Holy Lord Pius IX., by Divine Providence, Pope, benignly approved in all the opinion of the Sacred Congregation at an audience held February 7, 1847.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December the 8th, was made the Patronal Feast of the United States, and has been made a holiday of obligation.*

"Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," says the Bishop of Natchez, in his sermon before the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, "may and will be more strong and lively in one person than in another, in one country than in another; and we can understand how in one age it may grow wider and more intense throughout the whole Church than it was in ages which preceded.

"Now some men of extraordinary holiness and wisdom have foretold that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin should have an immense increase as the world grows older. . . . We can see ourselves, in the signs of the times which are coming on us, good reason for expecting that Our Lord may probably so direct the conduct of His Holy Church and the thoughts and hearts of her faithful children, as to make the devotion to His beloved Mother more intense and more active than it has been before. . . .

"It is a continuance of the old mystery of Bethlehem and Nazareth. Our Lord still vouchsafes to have Mary give Him to the world, and He chooses to grow in our hearts as He grew at Nazareth under the care of Mary.

"You can see it illustrated in the history of religion among yourselves. Some of you can recall when first began to be common the practice of wearing the medal of the Immaculate Conception. And more of you can remember when the devotions of the month of May were not yet heard of. Now as these devotions have grown, so also have grown the devotions to Jesus in His childhood; to Jesus on the Cross; to His Sacred Heart; to His Most Precious Blood; to His five Sacred Wounds; the Way of the Cross; the Visiting of the Blessed Sacrament; the Forty Hours' adoration. . . .

"And as for the country, so far each one of us in our own hearts, if we desire that Jesus take full possession of them and reign supreme, let us every day more and more magnify His power and love by pouring out our praise and blessing on His mightiest work and His dearest friend, His own blessed and beloved Mother."

---

*H. P.

CHURCHES IN AMERICA DEDICATED TO MARY

"There are nine churches dedicated to Mary, Help of Christians, nine to Mary, Star of the Sea, two to Mary, Refuge of Sinners, seven to the Sacred Heart of Mary, four to Our Lady of the Port. Others are to Our Lady of the Isle, of the Cataract, of the Gulf, of the River, of the Rocks, of the Portage, of the Snows, of the Woods, of the Lake, of the Desert. There is Our Lady of La Salette, of Belen, of Levis, and nine of Guadalupe. Again, we have Our Lady of Light, of Grace, of Good Hope, of Prompt Succor. There are four to Our Lady of Victories, three to Our Lady of Consolation, five to Our Lady of Loretto, seven to Our Lady of Angels, nine of the Rosary, seven of the Good Shepherd, sixteen of Our Lady of Mercy, twenty-one of Sorrows, twenty-two of Carmel, and thirty-one to Our Lady, simply.

"There are three churches of the Mother of God, five of the Purification, eleven of the Nativity, fourteen of the Annunciation, sixteen of the Visitation, fifty of the Assumption, one hundred and forty-five of the Immaculate Conception, and three hundred and sixty-seven which are simply called Saint Mary's."

In all there stand in the United States in honor of its Patroness, more than a thousand churches.

A HYMN TO OUR LADY

PATRONESS OF THE UNITED STATES

In 1846 the Fathers of the Council of Baltimore elected the Immaculate Mother of God as the special patroness of the United States. In 1904 Pope Pius X. proclaimed a Golden Jubilee of three months' duration in honor of the Immaculate Conception.

The stars on our banners are gleaming for thee,
Then, oh, take them, loved Queen, for thy crown;
Clear Star of the Morning, bright star of the Sea,
On our star-blazoned banner shine down.

Oh, shed on our tri-colored flag thy mild light,
Let its folds in thy radiance shine;
Oh, keep it the symbol of freedom and right,
'Tis the flag of our country, 'tis thine.

E'er deep was our love for Columbia's shore,
But now deeper's that love in our breast,
She's the Land of Our Lady, now and e'er more,
She's the pure Virgin's Crown of the West.

We'll love and defend her for Mary's dear sake,
For her cause we will willingly die;
No foeman a star from her banner dare take,
While we think of our Queen-Star on high.

Our banner is thine, Queen, oh, bless all its stars,
And undimmed through all years make them gleam;
With glory illumine its White and Red Bars,
On its gemmed field of Blue ever beam.

Rev. William P. Treacy.

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART ISSOUDUN, FRANCE
1854

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart!
  Unlock thy stores to-day,
And from those mines of grace impart
  That gift for which I pray.
Thou knowest the heavy burdens laid
  On weary mind and frame;
Thou knowest how long I've wept and prayed,
  Yet suffered still the same.

Sister M. A. Dominic.

EVERY day the Morning Offering goes up from millions of faithful hearts, all the world over, for the interests of the Sacred Heart and for the Intentions of the League; and it is through the Immaculate Heart of Mary that our Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer make the offering of their prayers, work and sufferings to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

This is as it should be. We go through Mary to Jesus, and we go with full and unfaltering confidence, because this is the proper and natural course to follow in the order of things established by our Lord in view of the great mystery of the Incarnation. As His Blessed Mother gave Him to the world and His Sacred Heart was formed from her most pure blood, so, to glorify her, He gave her in return, if we may so express it, all power over His adorable Heart, and made her, as St. Bernard teaches, the dispenser of all Its treasures.

Thus it comes to pass that the true instinct of Catholic love and devotion has given to that peerless Virgin a name and a title that points out her share in the distribution of the blessings of her Divine Son's Heart, that implies her influence with that loving Heart, which influence and power enable her to obtain for her children among men all the graces and blessings they need; and so we style her "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

The title of Our Blessed Lady involves a great deal. Lady —in the language of the Church, *Domina*—means Sovereign, Mistress, Queen, of the Heart of Jesus. It seems hardly necessary to warn Catholics that there is no question here of an absolute, irresistible power, which no creature can wield over the Creator; but that intercessory power which some holy Doctors have styled *omnipotentia supplex,* an intercession which Our Lord will not reject. The great Commentator on Holy Scripture, Cornelius à Lapide, explains this unique privilege of Our Lady as founded on what he styles the *jus maternum,* the "Mother's right." When Our Lord chose the Blessed Virgin to be His Mother, He gave her, with this unexampled dignity, all that it includes.

In 1849, three young students of the Bourges Seminary bound themselves by a vow to the task of honoring in an especial manner the Heart of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin. They received Holy Orders and went different ways. In 1854 two of them met at Issoudun as priests attached to the same church. The old idea was found germinating in the minds of both. Their scheme was to found an association of missionaries, but there were difficulties in the way, as they possessed neither money nor influence.

At length an idea occurred to them. It being close upon the time of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, they said between themselves: "Let us make a novena to the Blessed Virgin and ask her, as the first fruits of the definition of the dogma of her Immaculate Conception, to let us know whether it be the will of God that our project be carried out."

The novena was begun. The answer came on December 8, 1854, at the exact time when the dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception was being proclaimed in Rome. In the course of that hour, ever memorable in religious annals because of what was going on in the capital of Christendom, one of the young priests with whom we have to do was summoned to the presbytery.

A visitor awaited him there, who said: "Monsieur l'Abbé, a gentleman unknown in these parts, and who wishes to remain so, offers you 20,000 francs for the founding of some good work at Issoudun."

"What good work?" asked the priest.

"Anyone you like," was the answer; "nevertheless, an institution of missionaries would best correspond with the donor's wish."

The benefactor in question was Abbé de Champgrand, of Paris, priest of Saint Sulpice.

The young priest, who had just heard what to him was joyful news, went to seek his fellow priest, and found him praying before a statue of the Blessed Virgin.

"Come quickly," he said; "I have something to tell you."

"And I," said the other, "have something to tell you. The Blessed Virgin has just made me understand that our prayer is answered."

Thus was a new work born—thus was the world to be made acquainted with a fresh form of Marian devotion, that of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, having its seat at Issoudun.

The young priest who had been summoned to the presbytery to receive the visitor was afterward to be known to the world as the Rev. Pere Chevalier, founder and Superior of the Congregation of Missionaries of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart of Issoudun.

The work, which we have just seen so evidently born of prayer, had prospered not only spiritually but materially also, to the extent that, at the time when the foundations of the Church of the National Vow were being laid at Montmartre, it could look on a splendid church of its own, already raised to the dignity of a Roman basilica, with a hundred lamps burning before its high altar. Already its missionaries were spreading in different parts of the world under a single invocation—devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to the Sacred Heart.

We purposely dwell here on this particular form of devotion to Mary, because the same seems to us to have an especial place in the great devotional movement of the time. Moreover, judging from subsequent events, it seems to us to point in the direction of a more concrete and tangible expression of its own great leading idea. Up to that time it had familiarized the Catholic world with an invocation, that of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, which embodies more perfectly than does any other the idea of Mary's empire over the Heart of Jesus, and which consequently may be said to express better than does any other the spirit of the Church's teaching respecting the intercessory power of the Blessed Virgin.

As Our Lord's mother, then, Mary had all a mother's rights over the Son who so loved us that He chose, for our advantage, to become like to us in all things save sin. He was true man, as well as true God; and as He did all things perfectly He was a perfect Son to His chosen mother. This implies a mother's authority and jurisdiction, her sacred and incontestable right; and this right was exceptionally great in her case, more complete than in any other mother that ever lived, since to her alone Our Lord bore all the natural relation of child to parent.

This right of Our Lady was recognized by Our Lord in His voluntary subjection to His mother, not through necessity, but through His love for us and because He chose, as St. Paul expresses it, to "annihilate" Himself, or to empty Himself of His glory and supremacy, as man, for us. And so, at the age of twelve years, He made a public profession of His subjection by returning with His mother from Jerusalem to Nazareth and "He was subject unto them," and so He remained during the thirty years of His life at Nazareth. The Gospel mentions another striking example of Our Lady's intercessory power over the Sacred Heart, in the miracle wrought at Cana of Galilee, at her request, though Our Lord had just said "His hour was not yet come," an expression which emphasizes the efficacy of the mother's word.

The Fathers and Doctors of the Church abound in passages which express this truth in many forms. Father Eudes sums them all up, in his work on the holy Heart of Mary, in these words: "May we not say with perfect truth that a heart which can do everything with the Heart of a God, has sovereign power? Now who can doubt that the Heart of the Mother of Jesus has all power with the Heart of Him who chose to be her Son and to give her all a mother's authority over Him? Will He deprive her of what He has given her with so much love? Never. Jesus will always be Mary's Son, and Mary will ever be the mother of Jesus, and the Immaculate Heart of that holy Mother will forever exercise a mother's power and authority over the Sacred Heart of that best of sons."

This is very much like what St. Augustine says of Our Lord's constancy in His love: "Our Lord Jesus does not love and then forsake." It follows, therefore, that whatever the love of Our Lord for His Blessed Mother moved Him to do for the honor of her motherhood on earth, will be done all the more in heaven where love is perfect. And if a mother's love has such power over the heart of a Son as even we know it to have here among men, what when that mother is Mary, the holiest, the most tender, the perfect one of all mothers, and that Son is Jesus, the most powerful, the most generous, the most loving of sons? Surely there can be no limit to His deference to her intercession when she pleads in our favor.

It was this consideration that moved some zealous priests at Issoudun, in the diocese of Bourges, in France, to form an association intended to give glory to the Blessed Virgin in the relation of ineffable love that exists between her Immaculate Heart and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Moreover, since Mary, according to St. Ephrem, is the hope of those who are in desperate straits, this association is to plead with her for her powerful intercession especially in difficult and hopeless cases, both in the spiritual and in the temporal order. As the association purposed to reach the merciful Heart of Jesus through the intercession of Mary, its founders gave it the title of "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

The association was canonically erected on the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, January 29, 1864, and in the month of

June, of the same year, Pius IX. gave it his approbation and granted to it various indulgences. It was soon after raised to the dignity of an archconfraternity, the statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Issoudun, was solemnly crowned by the Archbishop of Bourges, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, the church of the Missionary Fathers of the Sacred Heart, in which the statue stands, was enriched with the indulgences of the Portiuncula, and other favors have since been conferred upon the association which has its church also in Rome.

Many confraternities have been affiliated to it in all parts of the world. The members of this pious association may gain an indulgence of a hundred days, once a day, by reciting, morning and evening, the invocation: "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us." The feast of the society is celebrated on the 31st of May. As the Immaculate Heart of Mary is so closely connected with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart may well be cultivated with especial fervor by the Associates of the Holy League.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART IN PREPARATION AND REALIZATION

When the graceful-flowered nenuphar, having struck its roots deep in the bed of a stream or lake, reaches the water's surface in its upward growth, forthwith it spreads its large round leaves and, supported by its native element, proceeds to unfold its white corol to the golden rays of a summer sun. So Mary rose through the waves of her Son's Passion to open her virginal soul to the effusions of the divine prodigality.

From all eternity God saw His future Mother issue forth from the Precious Blood of Jesus. He loved as such her whom He already cherished as His Daughter, and He showed Himself accordingly lavish of His gifts. "My Daughter and Mother," we fancy him lovingly addressing her, "what is Mine is thine. Mine is a virtue most high: it will overshadow thee. My divinity, incommunicable of its nature, I cannot give to thee, nor canst thou be mother thereunto, yet will I make thee

Mother of a God. My Holy Spirit shall descend upon thee as into a sanctuary. The world, I its Creator and Master give unto thee—be thou its worthy Queen. With the Sun, My handiwork, I clothe thee. The luminary of night shall be thy soft footstool. The stars will dispute the honor of being among the twelve jewels of thy crown. I have cedars on Lebanon and cypresses on Mount Zion: thou will surpass them in grandeur. Than My palm-trees that sway their feathery fans in the deserts of Cades, thou wilt be more majestic. My roses bloom bright and fragrant in the gardens of Jericho, but more exquisite will be thy perfumes. The aroma of the balsamic cinnamon and the unctuous myrrh shall be as nought in comparison with thine.

If salvation is vouchsafed to Mary so abundantly, if hers are so many graces, her beauty and greatness so transcendental, it is all in view of her maternity. She could not, strictly speaking, deserve that honor by actual worthiness, but she would by absolute fitness. Wherefore God prepared her to be the worthy tabernacle of His Son. [S. Thomas III. q. 27.] As Mother of God, Mary in a manner possesses infinite dignity. [S. Thom. I. Distinct. 44. q. 1.] "She alone attains to the confines of divinity," says Cajetan. This is why she stands at the source of salvation even as she will, later, near the Heart of her Saviour Son on Calvary. Jesus being hers as veritable Son, has placed this life-giving fountain in her hands as in a channel.

But whence springs this source? From the Heart of God Himself, from which it passes (never to leave It) into the Heart of Jesus Christ. And who gave Jesus that Heart? Mary formed It with her most pure blood. That Heart therefore belongs to her as the heart of every son belong to his mother. She loves it and is loved by it. In it her words are sure of a hearing; her requests, of a favorable answer; her tears, of infinite compassion. Jesus will not resist the maternal power of Mary over His Heart. It has never been heard—*non auditum a seculo*—that He did, nor shall it ever be, because it is against nature.

In view of all this, how fitting is the title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and how consoling! How well it emphasizes the fact that Mary is our Mediatrix near that Heart, Its morally indispensable aqueduct. To deny this fact is to gainsay all the ordinary economy of grace, refuse Mary the power of the most ordinary mother over the heart of her child, wound Jesus' most divinely delicate feelings, and give the lie to the history of all ages.

Yes, O Mary, the Heart of Jesus belongs to thee. Thou dispensest the salvation and graces It contains. Thou art, in short, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart! This beautiful title tells nothing new. It only rehearses, in a summary way, all the eulogiums that heaven and earth have ever decreed to thee, from the Ave of Gabriel to the Bull Ineffabilis of Pius IX. If thou art not full of grace, not immaculate, not Mother of God, if God has not through thee, will to come to us and to call us to Himself, thou hast then nothing above other creatures to commend thee to the Heart of Jesus; (my spirit shrinks from the thought, my lips tremble to say it) thou art not Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; thou mayest not sing more: "My soul hath rejoiced in Jesus, My Saviour." But if, on the contrary it is all true, if Jesus is thy son, and the most loving and obedient of sons, if His goodness renders thine nigh infinite, [Albertus Magnus Sup. Missus est 9, 197. tom. 20.] if grace, instead of destroying nature, perfects it, if, in fine, glory and divinity ennoble and immortalize what they touch, then joyfully do I unite mine with the countless voices that cry: "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us."

The favors which Mary lavishes on those who invoke her under the above title are a guarantee of its efficiency. It was in this sense that our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. wrote twenty years ago: "We can attribute only to the most powerful favor of the Blessed Virgin the astonishing abundance of prodigies with which Heaven has rewarded the confidence of the faithful who have implored the help of God by invoking His Mother under the title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

A GARLAND OF HOLY THOUGHTS FOR THE MOST PURE HEART OF MARY

1st Day.—It is those nearest to Mary who are most quickly, most potently drawn. *Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J.*

2. Let us always have recourse to this most sweet Queen.
St. Alphonsus.

3. The soul of Mary is the image of the soul of Jesus.
Dr. Ullathorne.

4. To those who recite my Psalter I promise my special protection.
Words of the Blessed Virgin.

5. The whitest whiteness of the Alpine snows,
Beside thy stainless spirit dusky grows.
E. C. Donnelly.

6. Virgin Mary, Mother of God, Pray to Jesus for me.
St. Philip Neri.

7. This fair and pure Virgin-Mother renders all her servants chaste and pure. *St. Alphonsus.*

8. "Virgin of all virgins, to thy shelter take us!
Gentlest of the gentle, chaste and gentle make us."

9. No female saint ever uttered a doubt as to Mary's sinless purity.
Dr. Ullathorne.

10. The more entirely you give yourself to the Blessed Virgin, the more she will give herself to you. Your confidence will be the measure of her bounty. *Pere Cestac.*

11. Jesus bore the weight of the sins of men, Mary the weight of their sorrows. *Madame Swetchine.*

12. In union with the perfect confidence and hope that the Holy and Blessed Virgin placed in Thee, do I hope O Lord. *St. Pius V.*

13. Confidence in the Blessed Virgin is the sure sign of predestination.
Mgr. de Segur.

14. The virtues that belong exclusively to Mary, like silence, and gentleness, in no way exclude strength and energy.
Madame Swetchine.

15. "See the Virgin-Mother rise,
Angels bear her to the skies."

16. I love our Blessed Mother with singular tenderness. I can never hear her name mentioned without being so moved as with difficulty to restrain my tears.

17. She alone is the Mother of God, . . And preserved Immaculate. *Dr. Ullathorne.*

18. Let us be proud of our devotion to Mary. *Rev. C. Perraud.*

19. "Salve Regina!" when our souls are weary
We find in thy dear love a soothing balm. *E. de M.*

20. Mary's soul is a lily from the spotlessness of its purity, the fragrance of its charity, the grace and delicacy of its form.
Father Tyrrell.

21. Mary was ever the dear child of God. *Dr. Ullathorne.*

22. She occupies the first of the "many mansions" which her Son went up to Heaven to prepare. *Ibid.*

23. If we call her "our life, our sweetness and our hope," these epithets carry us but a short way toward what she truly is.
Dr. Hedley.

24. "O Mother of Mercy," cries St. Bernard, "the restless and unstable world is under thy feet."

25. O Mary, be thou with me, now and always, as my adviser, my hope, my Lady, my Queen. *Rev. B. F. Clarke, S.J.*

26. Virgin and Mother, make me always to remember thee.
St. Philip Neri.

27. "Sancta Maria!" Star forever bright!
Guard us and watch o'er us by day and night.
M. Q. N.

28. Whoever is in the night of sin, let him cast his eyes on the moon; let him implore Mary. *Pope Innocent III.*

30. Glorious in thy royal crowning,
Thou art robed as with the sun.
Ah! look down upon thy children,
From the Kingdom thou hast won. *E. de M.*

31. Day by day, hour by hour, she is praying for us, obtaining graces for us . . showering down blessings on us. .. *Father Clarke.*

"Look at the Star . . Call on Mary." *St. Bernard.*
Culled by "Enfant de Marie."

VISIT TO OUR LADY AFTER HOLY COMMUNION

Mother, upon my lips to-day,
  Christ's precious Blood was laid;
That Blood which centuries ago
  Was for my ransom paid.
And half in love, and half in fear
  I seek for aid from thee,
Lest what I worship, rapt in awe,
  Should be profaned by me.

Wilt thou vouchsafe, as Portress dear
  To guard those lips to-day?
Lessen my words of idle worth
  And govern all I say;
Keep back the sharp and quick retort
  That rise too easily;
Soften my speech, with gentle art,
  To sweetest charity.

Check thou the laugh or careless jest
  That others harsh may find;
Teach me the thoughtful words of love,
  That soothe the anxious mind.
Put far from me all proud replies,
  And each deceitful tone,
So that my words at length may be
  Faint echoes of thine own.

O Mother, thou art mine to-day,
  By more than double right;
A soul where Christ reposed must be
  Most precious in thy sight.
And thou canst hardly think of me
  From thy dear Son apart;
Then give me from myself and sin
  A refuge in thy heart.

Ave Maria.

APPARITION TO
BERNADETTA SOUBIROUS
LOURDES, FRANCE

APPARITION
TO
BERNADETTA SOUBIROUS
LOURDES, FRANCE
1858

O Bernadetta, thou favored soul,
  What called her to thy sight,
From her fair, enrapturing vision,
  In realms so pure and bright?
The little ones are chosen
  To confound the wise on earth,
The shepherds, not the rich, were called,
  When angels sung Christ's birth.

May White.

LOURDES is a small town in the south of France, at the common entrance to several deep gorges in the Pyrenees. Near the town is an almost perpendicular cliff, known as Massabielle, which means, in the dialect of the country, "The old rocks." In this cliff is a natural grotto, about twelve feet high and twelve feet deep, within which is a sort of niche about six feet high, of almost an oval shape. It was in this niche that on the 11th of February, 1858, the Virgin Mother of God appeared to the little shepherdess, Bernadetta Soubirous.

Although it is a dear and familiar sight to thousands, yet not all its glories are as well known as they might and should be, for Our Blessed Mother's sake. To no one can the story become too familiar. Lourdes has been the scene of such thrilling miracles, such inspiring graces, these forty-six years, that its name now ranks with Loretto and Paray-le-Monial. So, "let us now speak of Lourdes," while countless bands of pilgrims are hastening to kneel on its blessed soil.

A very poor place, indeed, was that mountain hamlet, in the year of grace 1858. Though it bore the title of "key of the Pyrenees," it had become a rusty and lockless old key; though its strong castle or "Chateau-Fort" still made, and makes to-day an imposing feature in the picturesque landscape, the little mountain town had become only a halting place for tourists, to Cauterets or Gavarni.

Bascle de Lagreze tells fascinating tales of the ancient glories of the place; its enviable situation at the mouth of the Seven Valleys of Lavedan, its resistance to the feudal barons, to the English invaders who conquered it, and held the Chateau-Fort for long years, and its brave but futile resistance to the Albigensian heretics. The ruins of the churches and sanctuaries of the Seven Valleys tell the same tale in stones overthrown and moss-grown. In the year 1858, there was no such thing as commerce or manufacture, but there was still Faith in God. Even the great French Revolution had not destroyed that. Though the watchman on the tower had ceased to call out on the stroke of midnight, as had been the custom for ages, "Awake, ye who sleep, and pray for the suffering souls in Purgatory!" yet at day-dawn, and long before it, as well as at the sunset hour, the old Parish Church (a thousand years old it is) was filled with worshippers, and among them we shall find little Bernadette Soubirous, the chosen child of Mary, who, at the age of fourteen, was brought back from the neighboring hamlet of Bartrès, where her parents had kept her from early childhood, in the vain hope that she might develop into a healthy and robust woman.

They brought her back from her light labor of tending a scanty flock, to prepare for her first Communion.

She was a pious little girl and very familiar with her rosary, reciting it as it is recited in that country; that is, by meditating on the fruits of the fifteen mysteries, as well as on the mysteries themselves, and at each decade humbly asking for some special grace.

So when on the morning of Thursday, February 11, 1858, she stooped before the Grotto to remove her shoes and stockings, in order, without wetting them, to follow her sister Marie and their companion, Jeanne Abadie, into its recesses, that she, too, might bear home her share of the much-needed drift-wood for the hearth fire, it is not surprising that she should have instantly fallen upon her knees and drawn forth her precious beads, when the voice, silent to all other ears, had stirred her senses, and, looking up, she had beheld the Vision.

The air was still—yet the leaves in the tree tops rustled. She looked up—for there was something peculiar in the sound. She saw nothing. That first murmur was only to prepare her. A second stir of the leaves, as if they were saluting the heavenly visitor. This time the eyes of Bernadette were blessed.

The sight that blessed the eyes of Bernadette has become dear to us all. The radiant Lady stood in shining white robe, with blue girdle falling to her feet, and ample sweeping veil, golden roses on the feet which rested so lightly on the eglantine that embowered the moss-grown stones. That day and hour marks an epoch in the nineteenth century. Again the supernatural spoke to the world, by the voice of an untutored child. Blessed are they that hear the voice of Mary!

As the little maid knelt and gazed, she saw that the beautiful vision also held a rosary. Its links shone like gold, and its beads were like alabaster. Bernadette could not have felt afraid after that. While she gazed the vision vanished, smiling.

On the way home she asked the others if they had seen anything. No, they had not seen anything. Their curiosity was aroused by the question and, before they reached the Rue des Pettis Fossés, where Madame Soubirous was waiting for the drift-wood, that she may prepare their meagre repast, all has been told. When the mother hears it, in her turn, she prudently says, "you think you saw something, but you saw nothing." So, perhaps to break off the impression in the child's mind, she permitted her to return to the Grotto on the following Sunday, with some of her companions.

They took the precaution to go first to the parish church and obtain some holy water, for fear the vision might be, after all, something uncanny, in spite of its celestial beauty and heavenly smile.

"Let us say our beads," says Bernadette, when they had reached the spot where she had knelt three days before.

Hardly had they begun when her face became transfigured. Again the vision dawned upon her sight. "She is there," she softly whispered to her companions. But they saw nothing, and urged her to sprinkle the place with the holy water, and speak to the "Lady." Bernadette timidly obeyed. "If you come from God, approach!" she said, scattering some of the holy water in the direction of the niche, and as the Lady advanced a little, smiling the while, Bernadette sank upon her knees and resumed her beads. Through the fingers of the "Vision" the beads also glided, as if in union with the humble shepherdess.

Four days later, on February 18th, a lady of the parish, and a young girl of the sodality of the Blessed Virgin, who had heard of these visions, and doubted them, disapproving also of the excitement they were causing, undertook to accompany Bernadette to the Grotto, and see for themselves what took place there. They had hardly entered it when it was flooded with a soft light, the Vision appeared and made a sign to Bernadette. "She is there, and beckons me to go nearer," said the child.

"Ask her if our presence is displeasing to her," said one of her companions. Bernadette asked the question and, after a little, whispered that they might remain. They knelt and lit a blessed candle they had brought with them. "Ask her who she is, and if she will write her name on this paper?" (One of her companions placed pencil and paper in Bernadette's hand.)

"What I have to say needs no writing," said the Lady. "But I will ask you to do me a favor: will you come here every day, for a fortnight?"

Bernadette gave the promise. "And I," said the Lady, "promise to make you happy; not in this world, but in the next."

Bernadette imparted this conversation to her companions. "Ask her," said they, "if we may come with you."

"They may come, and not only they, but others; I desire to see many here."

Now we know from those two unimpeachable witnesses that, from the first sight of Bernadette's face in ecstasy before the

Vision, it was evident that she was perfectly sincere and truthful. They came more than doubtful; they returned convinced of the holy and supernatural nature of what she beheld.

After that day her going and coming was no longer in peace or tranquillity. She was followed by ever-increasing numbers. Those who beheld her face in ecstasy were converted. In order to achieve this, thousands passed the entire night upon the hillside opposite the Grotto, that they might have a good place for the early morning.

On the next visit Our Lady, for there could no longer be any doubt that it was she, imparted to Bernadette, a secret for herself. She also bade her "Go and drink at the fountain, wash in it, and eat of the grass that grows beside it."

When she received this command, the obedient little one turned toward the River Gave, but the Vision pointed in the opposite direction, where there was neither spring nor fountain; nothing but a little mound in the hollow of the rock, on which a few spare tufts of grass were growing. To their astonishment the multitude then saw Bernadette stoop, and scrape the earth. Slowly a few drops of muddy water formed in the hollow she had made. Three times she stooped and tried to drink of this, but each time disgust overcame her. The fourth time she succeeded in swallowing a little. She then washed her face in the same muddy water, and ate a few blades of the grass. The radiance that shone upon her face and illumined it, when this was done, must have been a reflection of the look cast upon her by the Queen of Heaven as she vanished from her sight. To-day the visitor to Lourdes sees the women of the place, the little children, too, as well as very many of its Christian men, drinking at the fountain in the same way. Their cup is the hollow of their hand. They kiss the ground in memory of Our Lady's command, and eat the bitter herbs. Some of them, and especially those who were contemporaries of Bernadette, seem to be beings of peculiar sanctity, as if still under the spell of Bernadette's face in ecstasy. "As for me," said one, who is to-day Superior of the Third Order of St. Francis, "I can never forget the beauty and the light of that face. After thirty-seven years or more I see it still." Yet Bernadette's features were far from beautiful in themselves.

It was in the fifth day of her visits that the miracle of the candle took place. Someone had given Bernadette a large candle that would stand alone. She placed it on the ground before her, and began to pray. Unconsciously she joined her hands above it so that the flames passed through between her fingers. For a quarter of an hour one of the spectators held his watch open, looking at her. This was a well-known physician of high standing, Dr. Dozous. He was an infidel. Later he gained the faith, thanks to the sights he witnessed. When the child ceased praying he approached and, as if by accident, touched the flame of the candle to her hand to test her. "O you burn me," she exclaimed. While in ecstasy the flame had respected her pure flesh,—or else the presence of Our Lady rendered the fire harmless.

And now the first miracle is wrought, in open day, before the gathered throng. There is not a foot of ground unoccupied within sight of the Grotto. There are curious spectators even lodged in the trees, like huge birds, to catch a sight of the "visionary" the one who sees, as she comes and goes. They witness the miracle: a dead child restored to life. Though the father sees that the little one is dead, and the neighbors are preparing for its burial, Croisine, the mother, will not believe it. She snatches up the little body and runs with it to the Grotto. There, for a long quarter of an hour, she holds it under the water of the miraculous spring. Public indignation is aroused; they are ready to stone her for her cruelty to her own child. She is indifferent to their menaces, and carries the child back and puts it into its little cot. "Do you not see that he is dead?" asks the father. "No," replies Croisine, "Our Lady will cure him." And the child awakes; awakes and asks for food, and the next day walks for the first time in his three years of life.

On the 25th of March Our Blessed Lady imparted to Bernadette her name: "I am the Immaculate Conception." Bernadette tries hard not to forget it, as she hastens to tell the saintly pastor of the parish. She does not know the meaning of the words, nor does she realize that it does not depend upon her to remember or forget that she is only the messenger, and cannot forget if she would.

The Abbé Peyramale needs no explanation. He is convinced. He had asked for a sign, that he might be sure of the child's veracity, and had himself suggested, as one that would be conclusive, that the eglantine blossom in February. Our Lady had only smiled at this poor human precaution. Had the rose-tree blossomed in February, what benefit would it have been to mankind? Our Lady needs no prompting. Though the rose-tree did not blossom in February, miracles of healing began then and there, and have continued till now. The dead came back to life. The deformed have been transformed. Leprosy, moral and physical, has been cured; and more, and greater far than all these, dead hearts have been awakened; and the resurrection of a dead heart is more than the animal life coming back to the inanimate clay, or the cleansing of the lepers.

Eighteen times did Our Blessed Lady appear to Bernadette.

The last of the eighteen Apparitions took place on the 16th of July, ——, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. What Bernadette heard and saw on that day has not been given to the world.

She soon after made her first Communion happily and holily. Her pastor was impressed with the manner in which the Holy Host passed from his fingers, as if of its own volition, to lodge in her heart. She entered the school of the Sisters of Charity of Nevers shortly after; and from there, having joined their Community, she was taken to the Mother-House of their Order. Thence she went to enjoy the happiness promised to her for all eternity, by the lips of her Immaculate Mother.

What Lourdes became through her vision she never saw.

The year 1869 saw the first public manifestations in honor of the Apparitions in which the Church took part. An imposing procession, composed of the people of Lourdes and of four hundred surpliced priests with the bishop at their head, made its way through the town to the Grotto of Massabiello, and there, amid the religious rejoicings of the multitude, a statue of the Blessed Virgin was placed in the niche of the rock which Bernadette had seen illumined eighteen times as with a light not of earth. Thus was the first step taken in the realization of the words of the Lourdes message: "I wish people to come here in procession."

The chapel also asked for in this same Lourdes message was already growing to the proportions of a stately church.

With the beginning of the next ten years a fresh era was to commence at Lourdes. The extraordinary impulse which the pilgrimage movement in France received from events immediately after the Franco-German war was to find its fullest expression at Lourdes. The year 1873, which saw upwards of 3,000,000 pilgrims at different French Shrines, saw 250,000 at Lourdes alone. It may be safely said that Europe had seen nothing similar to this religious movement since the time of the Crusades.

In this same remarkable year of 1873 the Augustinians of the Assumption who, the year before at La Salette, had been instrumental in forming the Pilgrimage Committee, launched into being the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes. The following year saw a contingent of sick pilgrims forming part of the National Pilgrimage. These pilgrims being for the most part poor, the means of thus conveying them to the Grotto of Massabiello was the result of charitable contributions. The sick contingent of the beginning has, with time, grown to something like a thousand destitute, suffering, and sometimes dying persons, who yearly form part of the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes. In those early days the national pilgrims needed but two trains to take them to their destination; now, thirty years later, they need eighteen.

In July, 1876, the votive church in honor of Notre-Dame de Lourdes was consecrated by Mgr. Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, the Pope having raised the building to the dignity of a Roman basilica. Six archbishops and twenty-one bishops took part in the magnificent ceremony.

The year 1878 saw the death of Bernadette Soubirous. We will glance at Sister Marie-Bernard for a moment before she is taken from this world. Retaining to the last her joyous elasticity of spirit, and learning to walk ever more carefully in the way of the Cross, she had become an almost perfect religious. This does not mean that her nature had acquired the serenity and self-mastery of the perfect. At times pain wrung from her words of impatience, of which she quickly repented. The Divine words heard by St. Paul are applicable in her case: "Strength is made perfect in weakness."

As Bernadette neared her last home, her eyes became bright and lustrous. The day that was to see her leave this earth saw her on her bed with her arms extended in the form of a cross. This was the Wednesday of Easter week, April 16, 1878; and, as if to render her end still more like that of Him whom one of the most luminous-minded of modern priests calls the "eternal Lover of our souls," she died at three o'clock in the afternoon, while her last words were: "Holy Mary, Mother of God." These died on her lips as her spirit fled. She was buried in the convent cemetery.

THE MIRACLES OF LOURDES

How often have we been asked the question: "But, did you see a miracle? What was it like?"

To these questions we might reply by asking another, American fashion: "Who has ever visited Lourdes without seeing, not one, but many miracles?" "The first and greatest of the miracles of Lourdes, is Lourdes itself" has been well and truly said. A beautiful city sprang up as if by magic, from a deserted hamlet. A once deserted hollow, in the heart of the mountains, became suddenly overflowing with guests from every part of the world. A poor spot, without trade, or manufactures of any kind, now exchanges the currency of every country, in its countless shops and stores. In a word, it has become a great mart.

And for what? you naturally ask. And herein lies the material miracle that you may touch with your finger. This tremendous commerce consists of objects of piety, and candles, which are also objects of piety there, if you will. Candles? tons of them; there is no limit to the demand; they are being consumed there by hundreds, night and day, these nine-and-thirty years, in honor of the Immaculate Conception. And that light is not likely to be extinguished. Yes, candles! and beads from the pilgrim's beads, each bead the size of a walnut, with chain almost as heavy as a ship's cable, to the gem of gold and jewels that an empress might covet. And Scapulars—Our Lady's livery, both the blue and brown: Lourdes and Carmel, that is to say. And Our Lady's statue—and lastly, let me say —last, but oh, not least! the water from the miraculous fountain, which is not sold but given away, though the bottles and the transport make long rows of formidable figures in the yearly budget of the Grotto Fathers. Ah, it is wonderful to contemplate those streets, up hill and down dale, under every house, every arch, in every nook and corner, shops, and again shops of pious objects, and all busy as Nijni-Novgorod in September, when the merchants of the East and the world there congregate. And, what is more, every visitor dons these objects; invests himself or herself with Rosary and Scapular, and the red badge of the Sacred Heart, and triumphs in them. And here the material and the spiritual miracle meet and blend. Beneath that livery and badge, by the power of that mighty Rosary prayer, that has overthrown pagan hosts before now, you know, something is born that will bear fruit for eternity, resist it as one may. That something is the Grace of God.

But tell us of the real miracles, you insist. Well, it is hard to choose individual cures from the volumes of well attested marvelous graces or miracles, as they call them, that lie at hand. But there are marble slabs embedded in the stone floor of the Grotto itself, bearing names that would not be lent to a lie. They tell of the miraculous cure of Mr. Henri Laserre, who, as a thank-offering for his recovery, from what threatened to be total blindness, wrote for the world the whole story of Our Lady of Lourdes. Then stands the name of Marie, Countess of Münster, wife of the German Ambassador to France; and that of the young Abbé de Musy. (He is not young now). You may see him and Mr. Laserre and many others of the "cured" about the feast of the Assumption at the Grotto each year, for, on that day Our Blessed Lady reached out her healing hand to them, and they return faithfully to render thanks for it. From the date of their cure till now there is an unbroken chain of miracles. To quote any one of them in detail would take more space than is at our disposal. It is not possible to sum them up. What boots it to say, though we saw it, that Sister M. was miraculously cured of cancer or paralysis? That her cure cost her community, her friends, and herself many a Mass and Novena, to say nothing of the years of suffering, seemingly all in vain, till, like a revelation, it came to her that Our Lady of Lourdes would cure her. How the journey cost more Masses and Novenas and money that was, perhaps, not easy to obtain, besides much more suffering.

It is the little details that require time and space, that make the interest, as well as seal the truth, of cures like hers, that deserve and must have each a volume to themselves to make the story complete, it being the story of one life bound up in many. Mr. Laserre has told them well, because to him it was a labor of love and gratitude, and Our Lady gave him the means to do it. The last cure we saw was that of a little boy of the town of Lourdes itself. He took a heavy cold that settled into rheumatism, and his sufferings were so severe as to bring on heart trouble. He was a good boy, had just made his first Communion, and was a member of the little band the good pastor calls his Chevaliers de Marie, his "Knights of Mary." Well, the little "Knight of Mary" was dying. Two physicians said so. For two days or more no nourishment, not even a little milk could be taken. He was a real little athlete at his studies and games and, for this reason, it was hard to give him up. He had been so full of life till now. But they were all gathered around his bed. It was the last night of his life, according to the doctors, when he spoke: "Mamma, I want to be taken to the Grotto and plunged in the piscina." They thought he was raving. "We will ask the doctor, my son," said the mother.

Both doctors agreed that it would be instant death. "But is there any other hope?" asked his parents. There was none, humanly speaking. "Then let him have his wish." They carried him to the Grotto, not expecting to bring him back alive. It was a terrible ordeal, for the water is icy cold. He bore it, slept after it, took food the next day. Again they carried him to the Grotto, and again he bore to be plunged in the icy bath. Thus, for three days, when he was declared to be out of danger. They would have ceased the baths then, for they were still fearful of the icy water, and that sudden first shock on entering it, but he told his mother, in confidence, that he had made a promise to Our Lady to be plunged nine times if she would cure him. And she did, and he kept his promise. It is a grand thing to be a Knight of Mary.

A PILGRIMAGE AT LOURDES

France has again become accustomed to them, thank God! They formed the most splendid pageants of her early history, even kings and queens disdaining not to join their ranks. History has repeated itself again. Few crowned heads are there to-day that have not openly or in secret knelt before the Grotto. A royal princess has walked barefoot to it from her hotel to obtain a grace from the Immaculate Virgin, and there is no member of the royal family, of France at least, that has not worshipped publicly at its Shrine and walked in its processions. It is more than thirty years now since the first regular pilgrimages were organized, and there are parishes that can boast of never having missed a year, their faithful clergy giving themselves no end of trouble to lead their flocks at fixed epochs to Mary's feet. How much France has gained by this is evident. The infidel and scoffer calls it "the new breath," this breath of fervor and reawakening piety that is blowing over all the land to-day. The Holy Ghost had breathed again upon the land and brought it back from utter desolation. The Sacred Heart and Mary Immaculate are asserting their rights, and obtaining them. Deo Gratias! But this is a digression. We were speaking of the pilgrimages. A little town (Benac) sent seven hundred of its nine hundred inhabitants to the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes one of these recent days. To the people of France and Belgium and, indeed, all European Catholic countries, a pilgrimage is not what it was in the early ages, a pilgrimage that is not an excursion, not an outing, or trip for pleasure or curiosity or to pass the holidays. They organize it in order to gain great things. They may be temporal as well as spiritual. Is it not God who gives both? Therefore, the pilgrim prepares for the great event by a Novana of fasting and prayers. His first act, on reaching the Shrine, is to prepare for Holy Communion, and that Communion keeps him at the Shrine, a tireless worshipper, all the time his group remain. It is not easy to tempt him away from the Grotto and the Calvary above it, even for the necessary purchases he came prepared to make. As for his meals they are of little or no importance. He takes them when and how he can do so, at least sacrifice of time from his Blessed Mother's Shrine. Was it not St. Francis of Sales who said: "Each time I enter a sanctuary of Mary, I feel by the beating of my heart, that I am in my mother's house. So with the pilgrims of this place, at least. They feel that it is their own mother's (their heavenly mother's) house, and they love and honor it. They have prepared their sacred canticles to chant in her honor; their best robes to adorn themselves for her sake. Look at them as they march from the station to the Grotto. A crowd of white surpliced priests leads them. Their beautiful silken banner is unfurled, Mary's image smiles from it upon them. Rank and file how modest, how recollected! Their maidens are enveloped from head to feet in snowy gossamer veils, like so many brides. They have spent their midnight hours in preparing them. They are not hampered with any bag or bundle whatsoever. All these have been carefully put away that they might be free to lift their hard and toil-worn hands in prayer.

It is really worth while to mount to the parapet of the Chateau-Fort and look down upon the panorama of pilgrimages gathered there, as well as the aspect of the place in general. Come, it is worth while! All Lourdes is now spread out before us. We face the beautiful Basilica, "the marble wonder." Its great doors are wide open, its matchless chimes sounding, to welcome the advancing host. Glance in; does it not look for all the world, like a museum of art-treasures? Silk gold-embroidered banners hang in rich profusion from groined roof and fretted arch and each one of its encircling altars. They hang richest and thickest in and around the sanctuary. They are gifts from emperors and kings, from principalities and states, from cities and towns and villages, from communities and churches, from private individuals, and they vie with each other in costliness of workmanship. With them are mingled *ex-votos,* in the shape of swords and epaulettes and golden spurs, crowns and garlands and golden hearts. As if this was not enough, the walls are written over in blue and gold letters on white marble ground with the story of each individual grace. Day and date and name are there set down, in grateful homage, as it should be. Beneath the Basilica the huge portals of the Rosary Church stand open, too. Its roof and walls tell the same story of marvelous cures and graces. But it is not with the adornment of the sacred edifices that we have to do, notwithstanding their eloquence, but with the ever gathering throng. There are many pilgrimages uniting now, for a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. You know how beautiful a thing that is, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, what a charming picture they make anywhere. But here we have all France, so to speak, and a thousand Belgians besides, and hundreds from Italy and Holland and some from Poland. There, too, are the Stars and Stripes carried by a goodly group. They take up the line of march from the Grotto itself. At times a cardinal carries the *Ostensorium;* Archbishops and bishops and canons surround him, with perhaps mitred abbots near the dais, too, and not rarely hundreds of surpliced priests follow as escort to the Lord of Hosts. After them a double file of men bearing tall lighted tapers. Long before the canopy that covers the Blessed Sacrament comes in sight, you have seen the choristers, the white capuleted orphans of Nevers, Bernadette's order. They always form part of the procession, and lend their sweet voices to chant their mother's praise.

After the men, come the pilgrims, in double and triple file, in perfect order, marshalled by the members of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Lourdes. What a sight! There is not a vacant spot on all the land about. Those who are not in the procession, or part of it, kneel and adore the Lord of Hosts as He passes by. They all have something to ask for themselves or for others. Even the daughter of the Emperor of Brazil, who has left her work of bathing the sick, to worship for a little space, and that Orleans princess near her—all have need of Him. The procession has turned around the Breton Cross, and is now facing the Rosary Church and the Basilica. The sick are ranged along the esplanade. Their friends kneel close to their litters or little carriages. Those who can, kneel or stand supported by the strong arms of the brancardiers, the volunteer nurses, nobles of France many of them, many, too, seminarians. The cry of the multitude reaches us even here. (It mounts to Heaven, and is it wonderful that it should come thus far.) "Jesus, Son of David, if thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole!" No words can depict what passes as the Blessed Sacrament reaches that open-air infirmary. Weeping and wailing and piercing cries, such as the lepers are said to utter, mingle with the sacred hymns. They are softened by the sound of soft weeping; sharpened a thousand times are they, by the agonized looks of those who kneel and plead in speechless anguish. If the Lord were not really there, the place would be a tophet, but He is there, and it is one of the gates of paradise; He who is not cured, learns to love his malady. He whose prayer is not answered favorably receives the gift of resignation. It is a sublime moment, when, from the Rosary steps, or the parapet above it, the Holy Host is raised to bless the throng. These are moments worth a life-time of suffering one would say. To see these processions by moonlight under the brilliance of the illuminations, to join in their prayers and hymns, is a surpassing grace.

There is a moment, too, when all spectacular beauty is as nothing. When the human heart and conscience is lifted far above everything sublunary, no matter how imposing, and reaches up and up, to grasp the infinite. When, for example, under the light of Heaven's lamps, the multitude is gathered before the Rosary and a voice intones the Credo in unum Deum, and its sublime cadences awake the echoes of the mountain peaks. Then, when every head is bowed, and every knee is bent for a solemn moment, the sublime declaration, *et Homo factus est,* is reverently, deeply, profoundly uttered by adoring hearts and lips. Ah, that is a sublime moment, and as the deep melody rises, and proceeds fuller and more triumphant, it really seems as if men grew in stature, as well as in grace. There is something so ennobling in an open profession of faith.

Such is the impression left by the Credo, as heard there, in the open air, uttered by more than twenty thousand voices, in the stillness of the August nights.

Thank God, we can all go to Our Lady of Lourdes in spirit! all sing the "Credo" in our inmost heart, till summoned to join the greatest of all pilgrimages, till we reach the sanctuary of Heaven itself. May Mary our Immaculate Mother welcome us there!

Till that hour, Union prayer in the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, will keep us safe.

IRELAND'S OFFERINGS TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES

Sunday, September 10, 1876. A band of the Sons of Noble and Catholic Ireland had come to represent their country at the Grotto. For a long time they had the pious desire of offering to Our Lady of Lourdes a lamp which should burn day and night in her holy sanctuary for their beloved country. A thousand subscribers sent in their names, and many more contributed to the gift. Cardinal Cullen, the illustrious Archbishop of Dublin, encouraged the idea, and gave the work his blessing.

Mr. W. Thompson, of Dublin, received the commission to carry the lamp to Lourdes. He arrived, proud of his glorious charge, and offered, with the lamp, a beautiful banner of green silk, richly embroidered and bearing the figure of St. Patrick, the Apostle and Patron of Ireland.

The offering was solemnly presented before the Mass, which was celebrated for the Irish at the Grotto. The Rev. F. Cuddihy, of the diocese of Dublin, made a short address, expressing the sentiments of the Irish people. The superior of the missionaries replied, thanking the Irish people for their gift, so precious in every respect, and congratulated them on their faith, charity, and self-devotion.

THE IRISH LAMP AT LOURDES

Where the lamps like jewels blaze
  In our Queen's basilic blest,
'Mid those circling lights, *thy* rays
  Are the brightest far, and best.

Glorious lamp from Ireland,
  Brilliant star from Erin's Isle,
Gilding all the altar grand
  With the splendor of thy smile!

Whose a dearer right than thine
  To illume Our Lady's brow?
Who hath better right to shine
  At Her virgin feet than *thou?*—

Thou the boon, the symbol bright
  Of old Erin's zeal and love;
Of her faith, through Sorrow's night,
  Flaming up to Heaven above!

Of her fond devotion's fire,
  Fed with oil from Mary's name,
Mounting higher still and higher,
  Through long years of grief and shame.

Queen and Mother, bending low,
  Bless this day star from the West;
Other lamps may round Thee glow—
  This is bravest far, and best.

Like St. Bride's immortal light,
  That Kildare once joyed to see,
Bid it shine forever bright,
  Type of Erin's hopes and—Thee!

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

PRAYER

O Mother All-Merciful, thou hast come to us with outstretched hands, overflowing with graces, in order to attract us to thyself and to load us with favors. We hasten, therefore, to follow the odor of thy perfumes, sweeter far than that of roses. Gird us with the cord of purity and penance, cover us with the veil of modesty, bind us to thy service with the links of a faithful love, and lay upon our breasts the blessed Scapular of the Heart of thy Divine Son. May it be for us henceforth the pledge of thy most powerful protection until the day when we shall rest at last in the bosom of God for all eternity.—Amen. [40 *days' Indulgence.*]

Sacred Heart of Jesus, *have mercy on us.* [100 *days' Indulgence.*]

Mother All-Merciful, *pray for us.* [40 *days' Indulgence.*]

WITH THE APPROBATION OF HIS GRACE
THE ARCHBISHOP OF BOURGES

APPARITION
TO
FRANCIS M. SHANUBOGA
DASSAPORE, INDIA
1861

But Mary's love, her plentiful love,
Lives not in earthly mother;
'Twill show us at last,
When the strife is past,
Our merciful God is our Brother,
Our merciful God is our Brother?

Rev. F. W. Faber.

THE Christians of Dassapore, having established a school some years ago, chose for teacher a young pagan Brahmin, the son of "Shanuboga," tax-gatherer of the village. He was to teach not only reading and writing in Canarese, but also the prayers in common use among Christians. It was in the fulfilment of this latter duty that he heard the first call of grace. The beautiful language in which the Christians addressed themselves to God pleased him much. In order to understand it better he asked for books of explanation, in perusing which he was inflamed with the desire of becoming a Catholic. Meanwhile, without revealing his intention to anyone, he recited the Christian prayers morning and evening, and several times a day the "Hail Mary," for which he had an especial attraction. In her turn the Mother of God did not forget her young pagan client: one night she appeared to him, sleeping or waking he could not say, and encouraged him to persevere in the resolution of becoming a Christian.

Having seen the Bishop on one occasion at Dassapore, he tried to find out where he lived. But he dared not say a word

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From a letter of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Coadou, Bishop of Mysore, India, to the *Annales de la Ste. Enfance.*

about his determination to his family, who would not have failed to put him to death rather than let him embrace Christianity.

A fortnight after the first Apparition the Blessed Virgin appeared to him again, this time chiding him on account of his delay, indecision and fear, and directing him to set out at once. "To what place?" asked the grieved young man. "To Bangalore," was the answer.

Setting out on the morrow at daybreak, he met a poor pariah Christian, and asked if he knew the road to Bangalore. "Yes, sir," said the beggar.—"Do you wish to go with me?"—"Yes, sir."—"Well, follow me, or rather lead me, and tell no one whither we are bound."

After twelve days' journey, the two travellers reached Bangalore. The beggar led the Brahmin to our church, the native vicar of which, Father Shanta by name, was known to the young aspirant. The priest, after having heard with great pleasure all that the young man had to say, encouraged him and sent him to me. The Brahmin, in accosting me, asked for Baptism. I told him he should first learn the prayers and be instructed in Christian doctrine. "I know the prayers," said he, and repeated them. He then recounted to me the two Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin, and again begged to be baptized. Seeing his great frankness and simplicity, I made up my mind to send him to our seminary, there to prepare himself for baptism. Though evidently disappointed at the delay, he expressed his willingness to go.

Now the trials began for him. In the seminary it was a regular, monotonous and secluded life. Overcome by tediousness, he yielded to discouragement; and, leaving the seminary, went to Father Shanta to borrow money in order to return to his village. Remonstrance, encouragement, reproaches, were all to no purpose. He wept and kept repeating: "They do not want to baptize me; I am going away." Father Shanta told him to wait a few moments. The poor Brahmin sat under the porch of the church and began to sob.

Father Correc, then a young missionary, who was in a room adjoining that of Father Shanta at the time, moved by the sobbing of the young man, began to say his beads for him, entreating the Blessed Virgin to retain him whom she had miraculously condescended to bring to us. He had not finished the first decade when, as if moved by a supernatural force, the poor fellow, his face beaming with joy, threw himself at the feet of Father Shanta, exclaiming: "I am resolved to return to the seminary! I do not want to go away." He did return indeed, and from that day began to make himself at home there.

His relations, however, who had been seeking for him, soon came to know that he had gone to Bangalore to embrace the Catholic religion. His father arrived here, and in a threatening tone demanded back his son. "Your son," said I to him, "may go with you if he likes; I did not send for him, nor will I send him back. But if he shows himself constant in his determination of becoming a Catholic, I will confer Baptism upon him." "We shall see," replied the grumbling father, who betook himself to the seminary. There he reproached his son with dishonoring the family by embracing a religion that was meant for a low caste of people, conjured him to return to his home, threatened to curse him and deliver him over to the police, etc. The young aspirant bore the assault with the greatest calmness, but declined to comply with the wishes of his father, who thereupon brought the police. But he behaved toward them with the same firmness, and, with that irony which Indians know so well how to use, said to them: "I thank you, sirs, for your visit; I am going to make a declaration, and you will be my witnesses. I came here of my own accord, and I wish to become a Catholic. I am eighteen years old, and, according to the law, I am my own master." The policemen then went their way. The father, enraged and disappointed, also took his departure.

Shortly afterward, on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the catechumen received Baptism and was named Maria Francis. For the past two years he has been teaching at the school of Sattihally. The rank he holds among the Christians, along with his marriage to a Brahmin girl, also a neophyte, saves the honor of his caste; and his family, hitherto so opposed to him, are now quite content. It is even said that some of his relatives are disposed to follow his example.

May the Blessed Virgin, whose motherly intervention shines out in his story, deign to continue her protection to the follower of her Son!

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF AN EAST INDIAN

A Catholic chaplain attached to one of the prisons in Madras gives the following account of the recent conversion of a Hindoo. It seems to furnish another instance of the powerful patronage of the Blessed Virgin:

Whenever I visited the prison, I observed a tall Hindoo, with a countenance full of intelligence and life, but pale and worn by disease. He sometimes accompanied the Catholic Indians that came to see me, but he never presumed to speak. However, one day, when I entered the yard of the prison, dressed in a wide, white robe, with a red girdle, my head veiled from the sun, and an immense red turban mounted above the veil, my Hindoo friend advanced towards me, kneeling respectfully, and passing his hand many times before his mouth, that his breath might not pollute the air which had just touched the white vesture of the *sepami.*

The tall prisoner used to watch the Christian convicts who came, one after the other, to confess their sins; he remained at a distance, for it is strictly forbidden in the prison for the Christians and pagans to mingle. Each convict's name and creed are registered on his entrance, and all proselytizing is prohibited under the severest penalties. Emboldened on this occasion by the pious joy that he had observed on the countenances of his companions, he accosted me, saying softly: "*Sepami,* I want to be baptized." I gave him no answer, well aware of the consequences if I conversed with the poor heathen; for, like the greater number of his countrymen, he wore ostensibly the tokens of demon worship.

However, I made careful inquiries among my Christian convicts as to who that distinguished-looking man might be. I was answered that all they knew with certainty about him was that he was continually saying he desired to receive Holy Baptism from the *sepami,* and that he *would* receive it. I repaired to the governor of the prison, with whom I am on very good terms, and told him about this man, in order to obtain permission to interrogate him. But the officer, with a vigorous though narrow-minded fidelity to the instructions he had received, refused rather harshly, and threatened to separate the Hindoo from the other convicts. He reiterated the formal prohibition about making proselytes, and said that the observance of the ordinance would be enforced on all the employes and all the convicts within the prison walls.

A few days later I again saw the tall Hindoo at a distance, and on this occasion I noticed for the first time that he was evidently suffering from an incurable disease. The Christians told me that he was particularly well informed in regard to the mysteries of our holy religion, but refused to tell who had instructed him, and always ended his conversation with begging to be baptized.

"Baptize him, then, yourselves," said I to them.

"No; he will not accept the Sacrament except from the missionary."

I resolved to go again to the governor, and try to make him relent; but I met with a still more chilling reception than on the previous occasion. The injustice of such a procedure aroused my indignation, and, considering only my imperative duty as missionary, I said to the English officer:

"Sir, you have no right thus to withhold salvation from a soul that begs for it so earnestly. Your power over this man is limited to the laws of human justice; outside of that you are not responsible for him. The disease from which he is suffering is fast bringing him to the grave; to-morrow he may not be alive, and you will one day be obliged to render to Almighty God an account of your conduct." Thus I continued, giving full vent to all my feelings. He let me go on without once interrupting me. When I ceased speaking, he asked:

"Would you dare to commit to writing all that you have uttered against the Government of Queen Victoria and against her representative?"

"Certainly, I would!" I exclaimed. And, rising, I went home directly and wrote out a still more ardent petition. Meantime the Indian grew worse.

A few evenings afterwards I heard a loud knocking at my door, and on opening it, an employe of the governor handed me a sealed document, and hurriedly said: "An authorization is granted to Father ——— to give No. 32 the aids of the Catholic religion."

Very early next morning I hurried to the prison infirmary. The poor Indian had all the appearance of a dying man; my presence aroused him, and for a moment he seemed to gain new strength. A friend who had accompanied me urged me to ask the Hindoo to relate his story. Thinking it might benefit the pagans who had gathered around him, I yielded to the request, and the Indian began:

"I am from Coimbatoor. I was lately a forester in the service of British engineers, who were very kind to me. I was obedient, orderly, and esteemed by my chiefs. I never wronged anyone, or told many lies, and was quite contented with my position. Every day I put aside a good share of my ration for the *prando*,*—in fact, I never failed to do this. On one occasion my engineer made me a present of twelve fine eggs from France, which brought me twelve beautiful little chickens, that I led out every morning into the tall grass, where they were sheltered the whole day. I was greatly pleased at seeing them thrive, when one day I discovered that I had only eleven; the next day there were only ten, and so on. The *prando* had eaten them all. But what could I do? Was not the *prando* the master? However, just as the bird was about to pounce upon the last one, blinded by passion, I seized my gun, and, without waiting to reflect, I fired, and the *prando* rolled at my feet.

"O Father, rash man that I was! I had slain my god! From that moment I had no peace of mind; I could not eat; I grew thin, and was so wretched that I wandered away, and directed my steps to Nagatam. Here friends received me kindly, and I was forgetting my crime, when suddenly the police laid hands on me, and cast me into prison. A murder had been committed in the neighborhood that I had left; my disappearance at the time aroused suspicion, and I was condemned. Of course, I believed that the *prando* was punishing me. Once, while I was giving myself up to this thought, I saw, on the wall opposite the bed on which I was seated, a soft, white light. I fancied it was a wax taper burning; how it got there I could not tell; it gradually increased in size and brilliancy, like the sunlight, and I could look at it intently without pain. Soon in the midst of this disc appeared the head of a lovely Queen, of such beauty as I had never seen or imagined.—*Raika! Raika!* how lovely She was!" the sick man exclaimed, and then resumed his narrative:

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*A great black eagle, which certain classes among the East Indians consider as a divinity.

"After a few moments the whole form of the Queen appeared. I was not afraid to consider Her attentively, because She looked at me so benignly; and at last She thus addressed me: 'Man, No. 7' (that used to be my prison number), 'you are grieved because you shot the *prando;* but that was not your God; it was only a bird, like others of its kind. My Son is the one true God, and Him alone you should adore. I am His creature, but He has made Me His Mother. Because you are an upright man, observing the natural law, He has permitted Me to come and tell you that you shall be baptized in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. You are most fortunate to have seen Me now, and you shall soon join Me in heaven, and see Me always.' O Father, how lovely She was! She continued to look at me with inexpressible sweetness, and told me a great number of things, all of which I understood. Suddenly I darted towards Her to see Her better, and then She disappeared."

The Indian kept repeating his enthusiastic exclamations, which excited the astonishment of all present.

"In wat tongue did the beautiful Queen speak, since you understood her so well?" I asked.

"She did not use any language," he answered; "she spoke within me, and I learned everything all at once."

"Was She white or black?" (To this man the type of beauty could not be white.)

"She was composed of light—She was all light," he replied.

It was undoubtedly the Blessed Virgin who had appeared to this child of Adam, redeemed, like all mankind, by the Blood of Her divine Son; She had indicated the kind of baptism in store for him, so as to prevent his receiving that administered by sectarians.

After some preliminaries, I said in a loud voice, before the large assembly of Indians, who were greatly affected at the recital: "My son, since you have been instructed by the Mother of God Herself, I will give you the baptism which She promised you, and you have so long desired. You shall be called after your Queen, your *Raika;* and I will add to Her name that of the disciple whom Her Son loved best. I will baptize you John Mary." When I had finished speaking, the dying man fell anew into a state of extreme weakness, caused by his disease, but he received the Sacrament with the greatest joy.

When I returned to the prison the next morning, John Mary was dead; he was beholding his *Raika,* according to Her promise, for all eternity.

At the present time, the veneration of Our Blessed Lady is extending, step by step, in the Indies. The Rosary is recited among the Hindoos of the coasts of Malabar, among the Chinese, the Siamese, the people of Tonquin, and Cochin China; it is the only prayer-book which the Catholics of distant countries possess, and it is the first thing they ask for when they see a European priest. The churches of the Indies often bear the name of Mary; that of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, at Pondicherry, is one of the most remarkable. A novena has been established in this church of Malabar, which procures a multitude of conversions, in a country where conversions are so difficult; it opens by a procession made by night with great pomp. Repositories, which the faithful of Malabar adorn with vases of flowers, and muslin embroidered with gold, receive, each in turn, beneath the globes of fire which light them up, the holy Image of Mary, borne upon a triumphal car. The procession moves along slowly, to the sound of loud music, between two rows of torches. At each Repository, while all is silence, a child's voice sings the praises of the holy Mother of Our Lord; after which the image of the Blessed Virgin is solemnly carried back to the church, and replaced upon her magnificently illuminated altar.

"MARY'S LULLABY"

O Mary Mother, if the day we trod
In converse sweet the Lily-fields of God,
From earth afar arose a cry of pain,
Would we not weep again?—
(Sings) Hush, hush, O baby mine!
Mothers twain are surely thine:
One of earth and One Divine.

O Mary Mother, if the day the air
Was sweet with songs celestial, came a prayer
From earth afar and mingled with the strain,
Would we not pray again?—
Sleep, sleep, my baby dear!
Mothers twain are surely near:
One to pray and One to hear.

O Mary Mother, if as yesternight
A bird sought shelter at my casement light,
A wounded soul should flutter to thy breast,
Wouldst thou refuse it rest?—
Sleep, darling, peacefully!
Mary Mother comforts me:
Christ, her Son, hath died for thee.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

APPARITION TO
MARY WILSON
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

APPARITION
TO
MARY WILSON
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

1862

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
  Such should, methinks, its music be,
The sweetest name that mortals bear.
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth, and half of Heaven.

Oliver W. Holmes.

GENERAL was the joy occasioned a few years ago by the canonization of Saint John Berchmans, a favorite patron of our American youth. Few people, however, are aware that one of the three miracles selected as a final test in the cause of the Saint occurred in our own land. Fewer still have ever heard the striking circumstances connected with this special favor, the miraculous cure of a novice in the Sacred Heart Convent, at Grand Côteau, La. Moreover, the novena, which, through Blessed Berchmans' intercession, resulted in so signal a grace, was made in honor of the Sacred Heart. A few extracts, then, from the documents of the Process of Canonization cannot but prove interesting.

According to them, Mary Wilson, who received such signal favor, was born in New London, a town of Western Canada, on the 20th of September, 1846, and was the ninth of eleven children. Her parents were Irish Presbyterians, and belonged to the Orange Party, a fact that will account for their subsequent treatment of their daughter.

Her youth was spent in her mother's company, which she preferred to that of the children of her own age. It was only in 1862, when already sixteen, that she first left her mother's side. That year, her cousin and adopted sister, having married, begged as a special favor that Mary, of whom she was very fond, might be allowed to accompany her to her new home in St. Louis, Missouri, and spend a few weeks with her. It was during her stay there, that Miss Wilson became acquainted with a friend of her cousin, a pious Catholic lady. As both were fond of religious subjects they were soon drawn to each other, and Mrs. N. invited her new Protestant friend to attend some of the impressive services of the Catholic Church.

It chanced, or rather Providence had so disposed, that on the very morning the two companions entered the Jesuit Church, a Requiem was just beginning. The body of one of the Fathers lately deceased lay upon a bier in front of the sanctuary. At the close of the ceremonies, many of the faithful piously drew near to the catafalque and laid a reverent hand upon the pale, placid face of the dead religious. Following the example of her Catholic friend, Miss Wilson likewise touched the remains, not without a feeling of awe, as all was so new and strange to her. But the instant her hand rested upon the peaceful features, a sudden change came over her. The antipathy she had ever felt to Catholicism vanished, and left her free from the deep-rooted prejudices in which she had been educated.

Though silent concerning her altered disposition, Mary Wilson could not conceal the delight she took in the Catholic services she continued to attend. The veneration shown to the Mother of God, had a special attraction for her loving nature and she grew fond of visiting a church in which a beautiful picture of the Madonna was honored. She loved to sit and gaze upon it. One day as she was thus absorbed, her companion leaned over and whispered:

"Is not our *Mother* lovely?"

Miss Wilson, who had never before remarked the sweet name by which Catholics are accustomed to express their love and confidence in the Mother of fair love, replied:

"But she is not *my* mother, since I am not a Catholic."

True, she was not yet a Catholic, but God, who was guiding the child of predilection with more than fatherly tenderness, had instilled into her heart a strong desire to embrace the true faith.

At length Miss Wilson opened her whole heart to her friend. She told her of the change that had come over her feelings on the day of the funeral, and of her growing wish to become a Catholic. Her friend at once took her for instruction to one of the Jesuit Fathers. Let Mary now tell her story in her own words:

"Brought into relations with the Jesuit Father who was to instruct me, I experienced at first extreme terror at meeting a priest, as I had been told such horrible things about them. But I was received with such kindness and paternal interest that I had no doubt that Mary was already interceding for me, so quickly had all fear and disquiet disappeared! After relating a few particulars concerning my family, I stated to him that I was not baptized. The Father gave me a book to read, and made me promise to return to him at my earliest convenience. I went three times a week for instruction, and after a fortnight asked for baptism. It was administered to me, without objection, on May 2, 1862, being the *First Friday* of the month."

This preparation may seem brief, but her instructor expressed his astonishment at the marvelous facility with which the young neophyte accepted the deep truths of our holy religion, and his joy at finding how keenly she appreciated the happiness and how fully she realized the obligations of a Catholic.

But let us hear Miss Wilson tell of her love for the Queen of Heaven, and of the consolation with which this loved and loving mother favored her during the severe trials which befell her on her conversion.

"I consider it as certain that the Blessed Virgin loved me even before I knew her. Sweet Mother! how I love her now! I could think of nothing else but Heaven and Holy Communion, in which I was to receive Our Blessed Lord on the next Sunday. My happiness was indescribable, and my heart abounded with heavenly joy. Such consolation, however, was but too soon to be followed by great trials.

"I had written before to my parents that I was going to become a Catholic. To this they gave me no answer. Probably they thought I was joking. I my next letter I informed them that I would be baptized a Catholic by the time their answer would reach me. I received that answer on the very day of my baptism. It is scarcely credible what reproaches they heaped upon me in this letter. *'I was the disgrace of the family. If I dare to take that step they would disown me, and I must never presume to enter their house again. They would never permit me to sleep under their roof,'* etc. This was a hard trial for a girl of sixteen! What was I to do? I had no longer any mother on earth to guide me.

"I went to bed that night, but could not sleep. I was at the same time happy and sad. I wept and called for my mother, it seemed as if my heart would break—when I heard a voice saying to me: 'Weep not; *I* will be thy mother.' I thought it was the good lady who had so befriended me, and had stood my god-mother, and I asked her about it. She answered that she had not spoken to me, but had been sleeping, and, in fact, fell asleep again at once. I again heard the same voice: 'Weep not; *I* will be thy mother!' I turned myself and saw standing near me, at my feet, a noble lady in white, who disappeared soon after. This could not be anyone but the Blessed Virgin herself, because these words brought me consolation and peace. I soon fell into a profound sleep under the protection of my new mother."

Thus did the Consoler of the Afflicted soothe the sorrow of her new child, and heal a heart breaking at the coldness and persecution of those who had been its nearest and dearest! The reproaches, threats and harshness of her misguided parents proved vain. The child, strengthened by the Bread of the strong, was resolved to lose all rather than forsake the right path her conscience had pointed out. Nay, more, Mary now felt an unmistakable call to consecrate herself entirely to God by the vows of religion, and so she applied to be received into the community of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. As her constitution had been weakened by the severe trials lately undergone, the superiors thought better to send the young candidate to the milder climate of Louisiana. Mary was therefore transferred to St. Michael's, a convent of the Order, beautifully situated on the Mississippi, some forty miles above New Orleans. She proved a source of edification to her fellow-religious. She had all the qualities requisite in an acceptable candidate but one—her health had not improved. Her kind superiors, loath to lose so interesting and promising a subject, bethought themselves of a fresh expedient.

There was another novitiate at Grand Côteau, an exceedingly healthy locality. Thither was the ailing postulant sent, in the hope that a change of air might prove beneficial. Here again Mary gave fresh proofs of a true vocation. But, far from improving in health, she grew worse, and on October 19, 1866, she had a violent hemorrhage. Some six days later the attending physicians pronounced the case beyond the power of medicine.

Meanwhile the Superior, Reverend Mother Martinez, lavished all possible care upon the patient, and recommended her to the prayers of the community. Still the malady increased. Finally, having lately read a new Life of Bl. John Berchmans, just then published, on the occasion of his Beatification, the Mother Superior conceived the idea of commencing a solemn novena to the Sacred Heart, through the intercession of the newly Beatified. She was much encouraged by observing that a great number of the miracles related in the life of the holy young Jesuit were wrought in behalf of religion. Her increased confidence was also shared by the rest of the community and the sick postulant herself. The novena was accordingly begun, with the intention that, in the event of Miss Wilson's cure, the miracle should further the Saint's canonization. Four Masses were likewise promised, three in honor of the Blessed Trinity and one in honor of the Immaculate Conception. To add, moreover, to the solemnity and devotion of the exercises a picture of the Blessed, surrounded with flowers and tapers, was exposed in the novitiate chapel, where all assembled each day to recite the prescribed prayers. At their close the following petition was repeated several times: "Deign, O Lord, to glorify thy servant Berchmans, by granting some relief to our suffering Sister, and if her entire recovery be to the glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, grant it to our prayers, through the intercession of Blessed John, that thereby the cause of his canonization may be furthered."

The novena began on the 6th day of December. Miss Wilson's illness, then, had been increasing for nearly two months. The inflammation, extending from the stomach, the original seat of the disease, had affected the chest and throat. The tongue swelled in consequence to such a degree as almost entirely to deprive the patient of her speech. Death now seemed only a question of time. In fact, on Wednesday, the 12th, the doctor declared it almost inhuman to oblige the patient to take any remedy or even food, and further ordered that nothing should be given her unless she herself signified a wish for it. He openly avowed his utter inability to better her condition, and continued his usual visits merely to afford the sufferer some slight consolation. Extreme Unction was then administered, and on several occasions when the patient seemed in her agony the prayers for the dying were recited.

The last day of the novena, a Friday, arrived. About 6 o'clock in the morning, Mother Martinez again visited the infirmary. Tears rose to her eyes when she beheld the low and pitiful condition of the sufferer. The hands of the dying novice were cold and contracted, the finger-nails blue, the tongue thick and raw, the lips discolored and the eyes closed; the mouth was in a most revolting condition, with dark-colored blood clotted around the teeth. In this dying state, however, Mary was still perfectly conscious. Her kind Superior, then, moved to pity and desirous of affording her some solace in her extreme sufferings, proposed to her to receive once more, if possible, the Bread of consolation and relief. By signs alone could Mary make known her eagerness for this most precious boon, as well as her fear lest she might not be able to swallow the Sacred Host. It was decided, however, not to deprive her of this last consolation, and the attending priest administered to her the holy Viaticum. He gave her only a very small particle of the sacred species and directed that a few drops of water be given to aid in swallowing it. And yet so intense was the pain caused by the effort that the patient convulsively seized the nurse by the arm and heaved so pitiful a sigh that it sent a shudder through all who were kneeling around her. As the assistants were accompanying the Blessed Sacrament in procession back to the chapel, the nurse, perceiving that the patient was calm and tranquil, left her in her communing with the Source of strength and consolation, and withdrew to visit some sick persons in the adjoining room.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when the Superior returned to her patient. "I entered Mary's room," attests this religious, "and to my amazement, the dear child whom I had so recently left dying, held out her arms to me, saying: "Mother, I am well; I can get up!" Perceiving my excessive astonishment, she said again that she was cured, and assured me that she was able to rise immediately. Other members of the community came and with them six novices who the previous evening had asked permission to bid their Sister a last farewell. All remarked her sparkling eyes, her teeth freed from blood, joy in all her features and ease in her every gesture; not the least sign of disease remained." . . . "At half-past eight, the doctor paid his customary visit to the infirmary, and was greatly surprised at the change in the patient. He examined her tongue and found it perfectly sound, with no inflammation or swelling or any trace of disease. He said to Mary: 'It is certain that if you are well it is neither I nor my prescriptions that have cured you.' "

A few moments later the young religious rose promptly, crossed the room with a light step and sat beside the fire, conversing all the while with the Sisters who were making her bed. During the course of the day as many as thirty-six members of the community visited the happy novice, congratulating her and sharing in her joy and gratitude. The next morning as soon as permitted, she rose, dressed herself, and hastened to the chapel to return thanks to the God of mercy for her recovery. She was in perfect health.

But what had happened during the hours the patient had been left alone in her room? Had anything strange occurred? Why did Mary's features bespeak such spiritual joy? Ah! she had seen and conversed with Blessed Berchmans. No one knew of it, however, except the Superior, until through obedience she wrote her attestation, and thus described the heavenly visit: "After having received Our Lord in Holy Communion, not being able to speak with my lips, I said with my heart: 'Dear Saviour, Thou seest how I am suffering; I entreat Thee through the intercession of Blessed John Berchmans to grant me relief, and, if it be for the salvation of my soul, restoration to health. But if such be not Thy will, grant me patience to suffer to the end; I submit myself entirely to Thy holy will.' And placing over my mouth a picture of Blessed Berchmans, I thus addressed him: 'If it be true that thou canst work miracles, I humbly implore thee to do something for me, that I may have confidence in thee.'"

"I declare that then I heard a voice whisper to me: 'Open your mouth.' I obeyed as well as I could, and felt something placed on my tongue that gave me relief, then a loud, clear voice said very distinctly: 'Listen, you will get the holy habit you desire, be faithful, have confidence, and do not fear.' I had not yet opened my eyes and did not know who was at my bedside. I turned and exclaimed: 'Why! I am cured!' Then I saw a person in the habit of a Jesuit, standing near me, with a cup in his hand and surrounded by light. Startled by the sight I closed my eyes and cried out: 'Can this be Blessed Berchmans?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'I came by the will of God, thy sufferings are over, be not afraid.' Then I opened my eyes, but he had disappeared."

Miss Wilson, now in the full enjoyment of her former health, was without delay allowed to receive the much coveted habit. The sensation created by her miraculous cure gradually subsided, leaving nothing to distinguish the privileged novice from her companions save the unspeakable peace and joy which lighted up her calm features.

After a little more than a month, on the 27th of January, this chosen soul was favored with a second Apparition of her heavenly patron. Let us hear her once more: "Last Sunday, at the moment of Communion, I asked Our Lord to permit His blessed servant to satisfy me on two points, about which I felt a certain anxiety; but it never entered into my mind that the answer would be disclosed to me in the manner in which I will describe. After the evening Office, I went to kneel as usual in the place of the Apparition, and I asked to know with certainty whether Blessed Berchmans was pleased with the attestations given concerning the cure, and to understand more fully these words: 'Listen, you will receive the holy habit you desire.' God was pleased to favor me with a second Apparition of my beloved protector, who stood on the same spot as on December 14. I was inundated with pious joy. Smiling, he looked upon me and said: 'Are you not afraid?' And then, as if to encourage me, laid his hand upon my head. The remembrance of that moment fills my soul with the peace of heaven. He assured me that he was pleased with the attestation and recommended me to observe the rule very strictly. I asked whether I should live long, or die a novice in my first year of noviceship. He replied: 'Yes, you will die a novice, be faithful; I will see you again and make known to you the time of your death.' "

On the first Friday of June the Sacred Heart seemed to have inspired the privileged novice with a longing for heaven, and while at prayer she earnestly besought her Immaculate Mother to take her to herself, for the Feast of the Assumption or of the Nativity (September 8). The ineffable joy which filled her heart at this moment, betokened that her gracious Mother had heard her prayer. As the days went by, the novice's yearning for heaven likewise increased. We may readily judge, then, of the fervor with which she joined in the novena preparatory for the 13th of August, the feast of her beloved protector, as she called Blessed Berchmans. As she rose from bed Sunday morning, just two days before the feast, she felt slightly indisposed. Still, she went to Mass, as usual, and approached the altar-railing with her companions to receive Holy Communion. But scarcely had she returned to her place when she fell back in a fainting fit. She was taken out of the chapel and on recovering, whispered to the Superior, who was kneeling beside her: "This is the first step." On the feast of her holy Patron she communicated for the last time in the chapel. The next morning she went to confession with her usual calmness, though fully convinced she was never to approach that sacrament again.

A few hours later the doctor came to pay his customary visit to the inmates of the infirmary. On his round he came to Madame Wilson, but finding her almost entirely well, merely prescribed a simple preservative, and playfully added: "Now don't be sick as you were last year." "It will not be long this time," replied the novice, and pointing to the little picture of St. John Berchmans, she ever kept with her, continued, "here is my doctor, I shall be cured in heaven." This language was a puzzle to the physician, as the present ailment betokened nothing serious. What was his surprise, then, a few hours later when, having been summoned back in all haste, he hurriedly entered the infirmary to find the young religious he had left smiling, horribly disfigured and deprived of her senses by a cerebral congestion. Strong restoratives were at once applied, but without effect. In vain also did her confessor wait for several hours, hoping the patient might have some lucid moments to receive the last consolation of the Church. This painful condition continued until a few moments before her death on the 17th, when, according to the testimony of those who surrounded her death-bed, her eyes suddenly opened and became bright and fixed as though beholding a vision. Was she not then gazing upon her "Blessed Protector," who, according to his promise, had come to invite her to heaven? Be this as it may, soon afterwards the young religious peacefully breathed forth her pure and well-tried soul. The remains were laid in the convent cemetery, in the very spot she had a few days before pointed out to her companions as her chosen resting place. The infirmary, twice hallowed by heavenly visits, was, under the Superior's care, converted into a handsome chapel, in which from time to time Mass is offered. The spot where the Blessed stood, is marked by a small basket, which still receives the intentions recommended to his special intercession.

The report of the wonderful favors obtained by the young Jesus Saint spread rapidly through the neighboring country. Pictures of *"Le Bienheureux,"* as the Creoles styled him, were procured on all sides, and hundreds of great favors have been obtained by his clients.

A MOTHER'S SECRET

How sweet the sacred legend—if unblamed
In my slight verse such holy things are nam'd,
Of Mary's sweet hours of hidden joy,
Silent, but pondering on her wondrous Boy!
Ave Maria! Pardon if I wrong
Those heavenly words that shame my earthly song!

The choral host had closed the Angel's strain,
Sung to the listening watch on Bethlehem's plain,
"Joy, joy to earth! behold the hallowed morn!
In David's city Christ, the Lord, is born!
Glory to God! let angels shout on high!
Good-will to men! the listening earth reply!"

And now the shepherds, hastening on their way,
Sought the still hamlet where the Infant lay.
At last, by forms of earthly semblance led,
They found the crowded Inn, the oxen's shed.
No proof was there, no glory shone around
On the coarse straw, that strewed the reeking ground.
One dim retreat the flickering torch betrayed—
In that poor cell the Lord of Life was laid!

The wandering shepherds told their breathless tale,
Of the bright choir that woke the sleeping vale;
Told how the shining multitude proclaimed;
They spoke with hurried words and accents wild;
Calm in His cradle slept the heavenly Child.

No trembling word the Mother's joy revealed,—
One sigh of rapture, and her lips were sealed.

So grew the Boy, and now the feast was near
When at that Holy Place the tribes appear;
They reached the City, and fulfill the days
In solemn feasting and grateful praise.
At last they turn, and far Moriah's height
Melts in the southern sky and fades from sight;
All day the dusty caravan has flowed
In devious trails along the winding road;
For many a step their homeward path attends,
And all the sons of Abraham are friends.

Evening has come,—the hours of rest and joy.
Hush! hush! That whisper—"Where is Mary's Boy?"
O weary hour! O aching days that passed,
Filled with strong fears, each wilder than the last.
At last, in desperate mood, they sought once more
The Temple's porches, searched in vain before;
They found Him seated with the ancient men,—
The grim old rufflers of the tongue and pen,—
Their gray beards slanting as they turned to hear,
Lost in half-envious wonder and surprise
That lips so young should utter words so wise.

And Mary said,—as one who, tried too long,
Tells all her grief and half her sense of wrong,—
"What is this thoughtless thing which Thou hast done?
Lo! we have sought Thee sorrowing, O my Son!"
Few words He spoke, and scarce of filial tone,
Strange words, their sense a mystery yet unknown:
Then turning with them and left the holy hill,
To all their mild commands obedient still.

The tale was told to Nazareth's sober men,
And Nazareth's matrons told it oft again;
The maids retold it at the fountain side,
The youthful shepherds doubted or denied;
It passed around among the listening friends,
With all that fancy adds and fiction lends,
Till newer marvels dimmed the young renown
Of Joseph's son, who talked the Rabbis down.

But Mary, faithful to its lighted word,
Kept in her heart the saying she had heard,
Till the dread hour that rent the Temple's veil,
When suddenly earth confirmed the wondrous tale.
Youth fades; love droops, the leaves of friendship fall;
A Mother's secret hope outlives them all.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

APPARITION TO
MARY MAGDALENE KADE
PHILIPPSDORF, BOHEMIA

APPARITION TO MARY MAGDALENE KADE

PHILIPPSDORF, BOHEMIA

1866

Hear, sweet Mother, hear the weary,
  Borne upon life's troubled sea;
Gentle guiding Star of Ocean,
  Lead thy children home to thee.

Flora Stanfield.

THAT "the hand of the Lord is not shortened," and that He frequently manifests His wonderful power through the intercession of His ever-blessed Mother, Mary, may be seen from the following facts taken from the authentic official inquiries drawn up by Dean Schubert at Philippsdorf, a town on the northern confines of Bohemia, which border upon Saxony.

The true story we are about to relate is not an old legend, but the history of a woman still living, and well known to all the inhabitants of that place.

Her name is Mary Magdalene Kade, and she is the daughter of a very respectable weaver, the late Joseph Kade. She lives now with her married brother, who follows the same trade, at number 63, in the main street of this little town. From her girlhood she was always a simple, straight-forward, honest, and modest young woman, and had a special devotion to Our Blessed Lady, though without any of that exaltation or sentimentality which is sometimes seen in persons of her sex. She was a strong, healthy, child, and no sign of delicacy appeared in her till she was about eighteen or nineteen, when she began to suffer from cramps in the stomach, and then had a severe attack of pleurisy.

She recovered from that, but continued delicate, and during the next two years got weaker and weaker, and suffered much from internal pains, for which no one could account. At last a cutaneous eruption broke out all over her body, but settled chiefly on her left breast. Notwithstanding all the skill and care of her doctor,* this place got daily worse, and spread to the shoulder and side, becoming a deep wound full of corrupted matter, which had to be dressed twice a day. The poor girl suffered unspeakably, grew weaker and weaker, and when lifted from her bed by her brother, fainted away and remained unconscious for a long time. So offensive was the smell from the discharge from the wound, that the children and others in the house had to keep away from her sick room, and her good brother, who was devoted to her, could only bear it by smoking all the time he was attending to her.

From the beginning of November she had been altogether confined to her bed, and received more than once the last Sacraments. She was attended by the curate of the parish, the Rev. Francis Storch, who was much edified by her wonderful sweetness and patience, and her resignation to the will of God. He came on December 21, 1865, and found her so weak and in such agonies of pain, that he thought her last hour was at hand. She fainted during the administration of the Sacraments and her voice was so feeble as to be inaudible. The doctors (Dr. Joseph Ulbrich, from Georgswalde, and Dr. Grüllich, from Gersdorf in Saxony) who had been called in for a consultation, and who had hoped to be able to perform an operation to relieve her, found that such a thing was no longer possible, and declared the case to be one of incurable cancer in its most advanced stage.

On the 11th and 12th of January her sufferings increased to an agonizing pitch; but she never murmured, and though she could not speak, she showed, by her kisses to the crucifix, her entire submission to the will of God, and her sense of the only source which could enable her to bear her pains in silence.

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*This doctor was a famous physician, Dr. Joseph Ulbrich, who afterwards made a deposition on the whole case.

On the morning of the 12th she had her wound dressed, as usual, by her sister-in-law under cover of the bed-curtains, for fear her brother, who could not bear to look at it, should see it. It was worse than ever. Dr. Ulbrich also visited her that day, saying mournfully, as he left her, to her anxious relations, that there was nothing to be done. Her brother lifted her out of bed to have it made, and she fainted away as usual. This same operation had to be performed that night, at midnight, and her brother asserts that when lifting her that time his hand was saturated with the blood and matter which flowed from the wound. After he had got her back to bed, she begged her brother to go away and have a good sleep, as she wanted nothing more. He obeyed her, and went downstairs to his own bedroom. No one, consequently, remained with the sick girl but Veronica Kindermann, an old friend of hers from childhood, who had undertaken to sit up with her that night, and to watch by her beside. On the table, at a little distance, was a lighted candle. Mary was very weak, but spoke a little to her friend, saying how much she suffered, but that she felt sure Our Lord would not afflict her more than she was able to bear. They both said some prayers together, and the sick girl repeated St. Bernard's prayer, the Memorare, with special fervor.

About three o'clock in the morning the door of the room was flung violently open as if somebody had walked in. They were both wide awake, and Veronica was terrified, but tried to explain it away to the invalid by saying that it must have been one of the lodgers in the house, who wished to see what o'clock it was by the big clock in their room, as she knew he had to go to work very early at the factory. In spite of this fright, after a time Veronica got very sleepy, and as her patient could only talk with difficulty, and was otherwise quiet and recollected in prayer, she lighted a small night lamp, which, for prudence sake, she placed inside a lantern, and blowing out the candle, stretched herself on a bench by her friend's bedside, leaning her head on the bolster, and in that attitude fell fast asleep. An hour later, that is, at four o'clock in the morning, she was roused by the sick girl, who was pressing her with her right arm. Veronica woke, started up, and saw her friend trembling and shaking all over, and covering her eyes and sunken cheeks with both her hands. To her still greater amazement, the sick-room was illuminated with a light far brighter than the brightest sunshine and which was more than human eyes could bear. The invalid whispered to her hastily: "Kneel down, Veronica. Do you not see? Our Blessed Lady, Mary, is here!" and then, with a trembling voice, she began repeating the Magnificat: "My soul doth magnify the Lord." When she came to the words, "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," there stood at the foot of her bed a Lady dressed in white, with a bright and beautiful countenance, and a shining crown on her head, who said to her in a loving voice: "My child, from henceforth thou are healed"—*mein kind! von jetzt an heilt's*—after which she disappeared. For a few moments the room remained full of bright light, which gradually faded away; and then, once more, nothing remained but the feeble glimmer of the night lamp inside the lantern.

Veronica Kindermann, though present, had neither heard nor seen anything but the bright and extraordinary light; but at the entreaty of the invalid, who was in a great state of excitement and joy, she ran downstairs to call her brother and his wife, fearing that she was taken worse and was sinking. But before they could come upstairs from the lower room, they heard Mary calling out in a loud voice which, yet was full of emotion: "My dearest brother! the Blessed Virgin has been here; I am cured!" At first, they thought she was delirious and raving with fever; but when she had told them all that had passed, and that Veronica had borne witness to the wonderful light, they began to believe in the Apparition. Still more marvelous was the fact that their sister had no more pain; that when they examined the place where the fearful wound had been, all trace of it had disappeared, and only a slight scar remained, covered with a fresh skin. The flesh around was completely healed; all offensive smell had disappeared, and the spot which was so sensitive before as to cause her agony when touched, could now be pressed and squeezed without her feeling it in the least. All present, full of astonishment, thankfulness, and emotion, then repeated the Magnificat together to the end, Mary joining in it in a strong, clear voice. She was so perfectly cured that she was able to get up alone and leave her bed, and at the request of her brother, who could hardly believe his eyes, she walked up and down the room, which she had not been able to do for months, and then got into bed again without assistance.

In that same house there were six lodgers, who worked in the factory close by, in Gersdorf, but who came back daily to dinner and to sleep at night. Four of these workmen were from Georgswalde, and all were steady, honest, well-conducted, pious men, who knew perfectly the state of poor Mary Kade, and had often been to see her and to express their sympathy, both with her and her family. When those men came downstairs that morning and saw her whom they had only known as a helpless sufferer, moaning and groaning with pain, now looking so fresh and well and walking about with the rest, they could not understand what had happened, and wonderingly exclaimed: "Can it be Mary? or is it someone else?" When they were told what had happened, they could only marvel at the wonderful miracle God had wrought, and, kneeling down with her and her whole family, they said a Te Deum together. Mary herself shed quiet tears of joy, praising Our Lord for His great mercies, and in her deep humility declaring herself utterly unworthy of so marvelous a grace. When the first excitement was over, she set to work diligently to assist her sister-in-law in all household duties, choosing the hardest and most laborious employments, without being the least the worse for it. On the contrary, she felt stronger and better than she had ever been in her life. The following Sunday, which was the Feast of the Holy Name (a feast kept with great solemnity throughout Austria), she was most anxious to walk to church, which was about half an hour's distance from her house, in order, publicly, to thank Our Lord and His Blessed Mother; only the weather was so bitter, and so heavy a snowstorm came on that she was persuaded to remain at home. Dr. Ulbrich came that day to see her; and could only declare that her unexpected and sudden recovery was a real miracle, for that no human skill could have saved her.

On the 20th of January, being the octave day of her miraculous recovery, she caused a High Mass of thanksgiving to be solemnly sung in the church at Georgswalde, at which she herself assisted with her whole family, and received Holy Communion. The house of God was crowded with people who had flocked together from far and near to be present at this service. Two days before she had gone with her brother to the house of the parish priest, and informed him of all the circumstances regarding her recovery. Not only he, but the whole of Philippsdorf, bore witness to her long and terrible illness, which every doctor had declared to be incurable, and which could only have been so suddenly cured by miracle.

The following year, on the anniversary of this marvelous cure and Apparition of Our Lady, the good folks of Philippsdorf and the surrounding villages determined to keep a solemn feast on that day, without any initiative on the part of the clergy or the officials of the place. On the evening of the 13th of January, the little home of Mary Kade, and especially the "favored room," were illuminated by hundreds of lamps and transparencies with suitable inscriptions. On the very spot of the Apparition, no less than one hundred and forty lights were burning on a stand prepared for the purpose. Inside and outside, wreaths of evergreens decorated the whole house; but every dwelling in Philippsdorf and Weisenthal was also decked with wreaths; and lamps were hung from every window, up to the town of Georgswalde, where the illuminations were carried out on a far grander scale. And what was so remarkable was, that there was no official organization, no preconceived plan, but that it all came spontaneously from both rich and poor, each one feeling moved to do his best, and to join heart and soul in the feast. The word was passed from one to another on the Sunday afternoon, and at once the whole population took it up. All the guilds, the children and confraternities of the parish, even to the members of the fire brigade at Georgswalde, determined unanimously to make this demonstration in Our Lady's honor.

On the Monday morning a long procession was formed, carrying banners of Saints and lighted tapers in their hands, accompanied by two bands of music to lead the hymns which were sung by all the people. They thus reached the parish church, where a High Mass was sung in thanksgiving for all the graces which they had received through the Blessed Virgin's intercession during the past year. The church was unable to contain a fifth part of the devout multitude, masses of whom were seen kneeling and singing outside the building. Notwithstanding the severe cold, upwards of ten thousand people were gathered together on this occasion. When the service was over, the procession was again formed and proceeded, singing hymns and litanies, to what they called the "favored house." In the crowd were a very large number of workingmen, both young and old, devoutly joining in this act of public devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. The clergy could not officially join in the procession that first year, lest they should appear prematurely to approve of a miracle which was still under the consideration of the bishops and other high ecclesiastical authorities. But the Rev. Francis Storch appeared at the door of the "favored house" and spoke to the multitude as follows:

"Beloved Brethren:—Before we begin to offer up here a short, but, I trust, a heartfelt prayer, I must say a few words to you all—words which will be no set sermon, but such as will give expression to the earnest convictions I now feel. Surely it is a wonderful thing to see you all gathered together in such numbers round this little house. A year ago this was but a humble home of a family of poor weavers, utterly unknown to the world, and this room the place of suffering of a very sick and bed-ridden girl. A year ago, my beloved brethren, which of us would ever have thought of traveling a long way to visit this little house? to pray in this room? to seek here for strength and consolation, or to crave the help of Almighty God in our bodily pains and sicknesses through the intercession of His Blessed Mother?—in a word, to come here to obtain heavenly favors? But you have not done this of yourselves, nor have your clergy been the promoters of this pious pilgrimage. It is the hand of God which has led you to this place and which is here made manifest. I need not tell you of the extraordinary fact which happened here just one year ago; nor speak of the effects of it on hundreds of minds; nor of the favors which many have since received through the mercy of God; nor of the innumerable number of people who have come hither, even from far-off countries in the course of the year 1866 to recommend themselves to Our Blessed Lady's protection; nor of the instantaneous cure which took place here very lately of a person who had been hopelessly ill for the last eleven years, and which is a fresh proof of the favors which our dearest, sweetest, heavenly Mother has deigned to grant in this place to those who implore her aid—you all know these things as well as I do. But when I see you all around me here in such vast crowds, I ask myself: 'Wherefore are we all drawn here?' And my heart answers, and the same word is doubtless in every other heart here, it is: Gratitude! Yes. Gratitude is what has brought us all here together to-day to keep the anniversary of a fact so extraordinary and so unheard of before in our neighborhood and even in the whole of our fatherland. When the first anniversary of Our Lady's Apparition at La Salette was held, fifty thousand persons are said to have flocked together. Undoubtedly as many would have been here to-day could we have kept this celebration in summer-time: for even on this bleak and terribly cold winter's day, so many thousands have gathered together from far and near, drawn here by the same faith, the same hope, the same love, the same gratitude. Though the ecclesiastical authorities have, as yet, done nothing to enable us to keep a duly-appointed festival on this day, our courage should not fail for that reason; nor our hope be less strong that God will continue to show forth here His power and mercy, and will be magnified by the wonders He will work through the intercession of His Blessed

Mother. I believe the day is not far distant when we shall be able to raise on this spot a building to His own and His Mother's glory: and that His infinite goodness will go on drawing the hearts of men to this favored place. In this blessed hope and for this intention let us now offer up our prayers to God through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, our great advocate with her Divine Son."

Then the Litany of Our Lady was said by all and the procession devoutly returned, praying and singing hymns, to the market-place in Georgswalde. It is a remarkable fact that though there had been such a multitude of people and so great a crush, exactly opposite the "favored house," there was no accident or disorder of any kind.

One thing which had given so great and impulse to this demonstration of fervor and piety was the instantaneous cure, referred to by the parish priest, of a girl from Georgswalde, which had happened only a few days before, and of which we will give here a short account.

Magdalene Langhaus, a young woman of thirty-three, had been laid up for eleven years and three months with spine disease and cramp, which caused her such acute suffering that she could not even move in bed, nor turn to the right or left without assistance. To add to her pains she became so sensitive that she could not bear the least noise or light; she suffered continually and often had a flow of blood and matter from her left side. Every year she grew worse in spite of all that medical skill could do; and to all who saw her she was the very picture of physical misery. Yet she was ever patient and resigned to God's will.

In November, the previous year, she begged to be carried to Philippsdorf to the "favored" house; but experienced little or no relief. Still she did not lose heart, and was full of confidence that some day she would there obtain her cure. In the midst of all her sufferings she had a marvelous light heart, so that she was often able to give to others a word of hope and encouragement in their trials. In January she entreated her relations to take her once more to Philippsdorf, tetlling them that three nights running she had seen in a dream that great sufferer, St. Lidwina, who told her to be brought again to that house, as Our Blessed Lady had something in store for her there. To please her, therefore, on the morning of the 7th of January they took her, more dead than alive, in the covered sledge to the blessed house, where, however, she remained almost the whole day without consciousness, so that it was determined she should spend the night there. After midnight she was brought into the bed-room where the miracle had before taken place; and the people about her began to say the prayers for the agonizing, as she appeared in a dying state, and even said once herself: "I feel I am going to die; will you give me a drop of water?" They then began to say the Litany of Our Lady by her bedside and, as they came to the words, "Health of the sick," which they thrice repeated, to their amazement, her feet, which for years had been drawn up to her knees, were suddenly stretched out, she got up alone from bed and said to those around her: "I am quite well! Our Lady has cured me!" Then with tears of joy she went and knelt on the spot of the Apparition, kissing it with the greatest devotion; and, after having prayed for some little time, she rose, without the least assistance, and went down stairs, where three other people were watching. When they saw her come into the room, they could not believe their eyes, and afterwards declared that it was impossible to describe what they felt at that moment which was the most joyful one in their whole lives. From that moment she was without pain of any sort, the wounds in her body were healed, she could take all kinds of food and, though still very emaciated in appearance, she felt quite brisk and well. Her home had been in a house which stands in the market-place of Georgswalde, so that thousands had known her and had come in and out of the house and had seen and pitied her terrible state; while they admired her submission to God's holy will in the midst of such sufferings. This miracle, therefore, made even more sensation in the country than that of Mary Kade, and one of the principal inhabitants exclaimed: "He who cannot see in this woman's case the Almighty hand of God, must indeed have his eyes covered with a thick cloud or the darkest of veils!"*

There only remains to add that, as year by year, more pilgrims flocked to Philippsdorf and the same became renowned for more and more miracles wrought by Our Lady, the ecclesiastical authorities instituted a thorough judicial inquiry into all the circumstances regarding the Apparition and the miraculous cure of Mary Magdalene Kade; and, the whole having been proved beyond all possibility of doubt, they permitted the building of a sanctuary adjoining the Gnaden-Kapelle, or "Chapel of Graces," as the weaver's little house was henceforth called, the local authorities all volunteering to make collections for this purpose. A magnificent church was soon raised, to which even many Protestants from Saxony largely contributed. A house was built alongside for the clergy; and the Dean, assisted by a certain number of priests, was busily engaged day by day and especially in summer-time, with processions of pilgrims. The work, however, soon became overwhelming; and they found it impossible to attend, at the same time, to their parochial duties; as, of late, new factories had been erected in that neighborhood and there was a great and rapid increase in the population. Our Lady has evidently blessed this place, even in a temporal sense, and everything that has been started here of late has succeeded. Seeing this, the saintly Bishop of the diocese of Listmeritz offered the new church to the Redemptorist Fathers, and it is they who have now the care of this new sanctuary of Our Blessed Lady.

The 13th of January, year by year, is kept with special devotion. On the eve the whole of Philippsdorf is illuminated. At four o'clock in the morning, the hour of the Apparition, every bell in the place is set ringing, whilst salvos of *petards* (crackers) are being fired according to the custom of the place on great festivals. Then Masses and devotions succeed one another in the Gnaden-Kapelle and in the new church; whilst the chief service of the day is the solemn High Mass of thanks-

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*This narrative is almost literally translated from the admirable work of the Rev. George Ott, parish priest of Abensberg, called *Marianum* (Pustet, 1868).

giving, which is a foundation made by Mary Magdalene Kade herself, and at which she has never failed up to this year (1187) to attend and communicate. For she still lives and is in good health. Having never married, she remains as she ever was, a pious, humble, simple, straightforward woman, earnestly religious, but also hardworking, not less admirable in her humility and simplicity now that God has made use of her to be the instrument of raising a new sanctuary to Our Lady, than she was exemplary in her patience and submission to God's will during her long and trying illness. For it is God alone who gives joy and pain; and whether we receive at His hands favors or chastisements, to Him alone be all praise and honor and glory and thanksgiving forever and ever. Amen.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light and love and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the Eternal curse!
Veiled glory of this lampless universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living form
Among the dead! Thou Star above the Storm,
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
See where she stands! a mortal shape endued
With love, and life, and light, and deity;
And motion which may change but cannot die;
An image of some bright eternity.

Percy B. Shelley.

THE ROYAL NAME OF MARY

Sing for the men whose fearless pen
  Was never known to vary,
Nor pause to weigh how much 'twould say
  In love and praise of Mary.

They gave her name a world-wide fame,
  They raised to Heaven her story.
But ne'er could reach what God would teach
  If He should tell her glory.

Who dares to say that God must weigh
  The gifts of grace He'll render,
Lest He should light a thing so bright
  As to outshine His splendor?

Who dares to think that He would shrink,
  Nor crown, o'er every other,
The one whose claim lay in the name
  And royal right of Mother?

Then bless the men whose fearless pen
  Was never known to vary,
But still to write, in dazzling light,
  The Royal name of Mary.

They gave her name a world-wide fame,
  They sketched from Heaven her story,
But ne'er could reach what God will teach
  When He shall tell her glory.

Sister M. A. Dominic.

SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP
ST. ALPHONSUS' CHURCH, ROME

SHRINE

OF

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP
ST. ALPHONSUS' CHURCH, ROME

1868

Oh, ever help me, Mary Mother mine,
And ask thine Infant Jesus for the grace
That I do need! See, with a beaming face
He places both His little hands in thine;
As, while His eyes with tender mercy shine,
He gives all gifts and graces unto thee,
That with them thou mayst aid and succor me.
Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C.

THE writers who say that the original picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was painted by the Evangelist St. Luke, give it an antiquity of almost 1,900 years. We are probably nearer the truth in saying that it was not painted by St. Luke, but by some Greek artist of the 13th century. But whatever the origin of the picture may be, we know for certain that it was held in the greatest honor more than 400 years ago by at least one man. This devout client of Mary was a wealthy merchant, who lived in Crete.

Crete is an island of the Mediterranean Sea. During the last decade of the 15th century the island was in imminent peril of being invaded by the Turks. Thereupon many of its inhabitants, knowing the consequences of Turkish invasion, determined to seek safety in flight from their native land. At least one band of these exiles set sail for Italy. Amongst them was the pious merchant.

For some days their voyage was favorable, but then there came a great storm. The waves rose mountains high, and dashed over the ship. The poor exiles were filled with fear, and gave themselves up for lost. But there was one amongst them calm and fearless. Whilst the waves were roaring and the winds howling and the exiles despairing, one man was seen going to his cabin. In a few seconds he came out again. It was the pious merchant, and he bore in his hands his image of Mary. Holding aloft Our Lady of Perpetual Help, he exclaimed, "Behold the Star of the Sea! Let us all invoke her! She will deliver us!" His noble words gave courage to their sinking hearts. In an instant all were on their knees before the image of Mary. Their fervent, earnest cry, "Save us, O Mother of Perpetual Help! Save us; we perish!" was heard above the raging storm, and reached the ears of Mary in Heaven. From her bright throne she turned her eyes of mercy on her children, commanded the winds and the waves of the Mediterranean Sea, and there came a great calm. This is the first instance, preserved in history, of Our Lady being publicly invoked as "Mother of Perpetual Help." You see, dear reader, she was not invoked in vain, nor will you invoke her in vain under the same glorious title.

The "Star of the Sea" and "Perpetual Help of Men" brought the exiles in safety to the River Tiber. The merchant disembarked at Ostia, and thence proceeded to Rome, bringing his precious picture with him. You have now, dear reader, the brief story of how the picture came to Rome, where it has ever since remained. The pious Cretan was not destined to live long in the Eternal City. Soon after his arrival he got very ill. As death was fast approaching, he resolved to dispose of the picture, which was, in very truth, his greatest treasure. It had been so highly favored by Our Blessed Lady that he believed she had great designs in its regard. He felt that, in the providence of God, he had come to Rome simply in order that the picture of Mary might become known to the whole world. He seemed to understand that the Blessed Virgin wanted him in Rome that he might leave her picture, not to any particular person, but to the Church of God, of which Rome was the centre. With this thought fixed in his mind, he called to his bedside the man in whose house he lay dying, and who had been hitherto his faithful friend. The cherished picture hung from the wall near the bed. The eyes of the pious merchant were gazing lovingly upon it. "I have always dearly prized that picture," he said to his friend; "through it I have received many graces from my Mother Mary; and now that I am going to die, I seem to hear her saying to me: 'Leave the picture to the Holy Church—I will make it the medium of my perpetual succor to countless souls.'" Then turning to his friend, the merchant said, "It is the will of the Blessed Mary, and it is my last will, that my picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help shall be given to one of the churches of this city of Rome. I now ask you to promise me solemnly that, as soon as I am gone, you will faithfully fulfil this my last will." The man gave his solemn promise.

No sooner was the merchant dead than the wife of the man, who had given the solemn promise, removed the picture to her own room. Her husband remonstrated with her, telling her of the solemn pledge he had given to his dying friend to have the picture presented to one of the churches of the city. She merely smiled, and took no further notice of him; and, as he was unwilling to oppose her, he allowed her to keep the picture, and thus broke his solemn promise. Our Blessed Lady was very displeased with him. She appeared to him in a vision: "I command you," she said, "to keep your promise to my dying client." She might as well speak to stone; for this weak man was too much afraid of offending his wife to heed the words of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A second and even a third time Our Lady appeared to him—but in vain. Seeing him so obstinate, she appeared to him once more and, in a stern tone, threatened him with chastisement should he still persist in his sin: "If," she said, "you will not let my picture depart, you will soon have to go hence yourself." Even this threat failed. A few days later he was borne to his grave.

We have now to record several new wonders. In the first place, there is the inexplicable conduct of the woman whose husband we have just seen stricken by an almost sudden death. Even that tragic event could not induce her to part with the picture; she could not, or rather she would not, get herself to admit that his death was a punishment for his sin, and, therefore, she still clung tenaciously to the holy picture. But Our Blessed Lady was just as determined that her will and the last will of the Cretan merchant should be carried out; so she tried new means, which were nothing less than new wonders. The widow had a daughter very young and innocent—too young and innocent to know that the beautiful image of Mary in her mother's room did not belong to her mother. One day the child was saying some Hail Marys before the sacred image when the Blessed Virgin appeared to her. "My child," she said, "go tell your mother that Our Lady of Perpetual Help wills to have her image given to one of the churches of Rome." The little child ran and told her mother what she had just seen and heard. Her simple story, taken with all that had recently happened, led the widow to think that, after all, it might be prudent for her to let the picture go. In this frame of mind she sought advice from another woman who lived near her. The advice she got was, "How foolish of you to notice the prattling of an infant! Keep your picture." Very soon the unhappy creature who thus spoke had reason to be sorry for her words. In the very moment that she gave her advice, her arm became frightfully black and swollen, and she fell on the ground in agonies of pain. At once she realized that she was being punished for what she had said; and so, repenting of her words, she begged the widow to bring her the picture. When it was brought it was applied to the arm, and instantly the swelling disappeared, all pain ceased, and she was perfectly cured.

And now, at length, the repeated warnings of Our Lady, the sudden death of the husband, the child's vision, and the miracle on the arm overcame the widow's obstinacy. May your will and mine, dear reader, never for an instant resist the sweet will of our dear Lady of Perpetual Help.

The widow was now resolved to part with the picture. But to which of the 300 churches of Rome was it to be given? To the Church of St. Alphonsus? No—for St. Alphonsus was not even born. Our Blessed Lady soon made known her will by herself determining the church in which she wished to be publicly honored in Rome. Appearing again to the little child, she said: "Our Lady of Perpetual Help wills to be publicly honored between St. Mary Major's and St. John Lateran's." Her will could not have been more clearly expressed. Between St. Mary Major's and St. John Lateran's there was only one road, called Via Merulana. On that road there was only one church —the Augustinian Church of St. Matthew. To this church, therefore, so clearly pointed out by Our Lady, the widow took the picture, and offered it to the Prior, telling him all that had hitherto taken place. With a heart full of gratitude to Mary he accepted the precious treasure, and at once began to prepare a fit place for it in his church.

Before the 27th of March, 1499, Father Prior had everything ready. On that day the picture was borne in solemn procession through the streets of Rome. The whole city seemed to have turned out to honor Mary, and as the multitudes passed along, she marked her progress by miracles. I have space only for one. A poor woman had been long stricken with paralysis. One side of her body, and especially her arm, had been stiff and motionless for years. She had heard of the miracle on the swollen arm—already related—and she rightly thought: "If the Blessed Virgin cured the woman who opposed her, she will not refuse to cure me." When the picture was passing the place where the poor creature stood, she asked the bearers to touch her arm with it. Her request was granted, and the instant she felt the picture's touch she was perfectly cured. When the procession was over, the picture was solemnly placed over the high altar in St. Matthew's Church, and from that chosen sanctuary for 300 long years, Mary poured out her perpetual succor upon men. There she consoled the sorrowful and relieved the distressed; there she gave health to the sick and obtained pardon for the sinner; there her children loved to honor her by their pilgrimages and their costly offerings; and there she poured upon them—people, priests, and even Popes—her choicest favors. So numerous were the graces and so striking the miracles obtained at her Shrine that the picture became known in history as "The very miraculous image."

At length, to these 300 years of glory succeeded a long night of oblivion. In the year 1812, during the occupation of Rome by the French army, one of the generals gave orders that the Church and Monastery of St. Matthew should be razed to the ground. Within three days his orders were fully carried out. What became of the picture? Did it share the same fate as the church and monastery? Clearly not; for it still exists. But though not destroyed the picture was lost to the people; and were it not for Mary's providential care, it might have been lost to them still and lost to them forever.

St. Alphonsus Liguori died at Nocera di Pagani in 1787. After his death, his successors—the Superiors-General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer—resided at the same place. In the year 1854, however, Pope Pius IX., wishing the General to be nearer the Holy See, commanded him to change his residence to Rome. After seeking long for a suitable house, Father Douglas purchased the Villa Caserta, and it was transformed into a monastery. Adjoining the house, he erected the Church of St. Alphonsus. This house and church are in the Via Merulana. Little did the Redemptorist Fathers think that their new residence was almost the site of the Monastery and Church of St. Matthew, which had been destroyed in 1812. Indeed they had not the least idea that any such monastery or church ever existed, nor did they know of it for years. In January, 1863, that is 51 years after the French had reduced St. Matthew's to a heap of ruins, as the Redemptorist Fathers were making their evening recreation at the Villa Caserta, one of them told the others how he had been reading that day, that where they were living there stood the Church of St. Matthew, famous for a miraculous picture called "Our Lady of Perpetual Help," which had long since been lost, if it had not been destroyed. This remark might not have led to further results but for Father Michael Marchi. Father Michael

Marchi was a Roman who joined the Redemptorists as a young man in 1855. He had never seen St. Matthew's, and until then he had not known where it had stood; but he had heard about it and had even seen the celebrated picture of which the other Father spoke. He then related how as a little boy he used to frequent the Augustinian Monastery of St. Mary in Posterula where he became very intimate with one of the lay brothers a very old man named Brother Orsetti, who died in 1853. This old man had lived at St. Matthew's to the very day on which it was destroyed by the French. He never told Michael of the site on which St. Matthew's had stood, but he often told him of its glories and of the wonderful picture of Our Lady, which was there venerated for 300 years. "He used often to take me up stairs," said Father Michael, "and when we were in the oratory, he used to get me to pray before a beautiful image which hung on the wall, and he used to say: 'Michael, that is the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help which was formerly in such honor in St. Matthew's. When that church was destroyed we brought the picture here with us.'" And then the old man, as if he had some foreknowledge that the picture would again be restored to its former glory, and that Marchi was to have some part in that restoration, used to repeat again and again: "Michael! remember the picture we venerated in St. Matthew's. That is the picture."

All this was very interesting to the Redemptorist Fathers; but as Brother Orsetti had not told Michael Marchi of the last will of the Cretan Merchant or the will of the Blessed Virgin, that the picture should be publicly honored in a church between St. Mary Major's and St. John Lateran's, there was nothing in Father Marchi's story to show that Our Lady now willed to come forth from her hiding-place, and take up her dwelling in the Church of St. Alphonsus. Yet, such was indeed her will; and the Fathers soon got to know it.

In February, 1863, Father Blosi, S.J., preached in one of the churches in Rome. The subject of his discourse was the long-lost picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He described it as a picture formerly very famous amongst us, but long since lost in oblivion. He told his hearers how, hundreds of years ago, the Blessed Virgin had made known her will that this picture should be publicly honored in a church between St. Mary Major's and St. John Lateran's, and he begged them to make this fact known, so that whoever should have the picture in his keeping might do the will of Our Lady, and restore her picture to its former place of glory. "Who knows," he exclaimed, "what blessings may come down on the world from the revival of devotion to Mary, under the chosen title of 'Mother of Perpetual Help!' "

This sermon pointed clearly enough to St. Alphonsus' Church as the future home of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; and so for two years the community of the Villa Caserta offered fervent prayers to Our Dear Lady that if it was her will to choose their Church for her home, she might take the means of accomplishing it. She heard their prayers. On the 11th December, 1865, the Superior-General, Father Mauron, had an audience with Pius IX., during which he told his Holiness the history of the picture, the will of Mary regarding its place of public honor, its 300 years in St. Matthew's, as well as the fact that St. Alphonsus' Church was on the old site, and that the story of Father Marchi and the sermon of Father Blosi seemed to point to that church as the spot chosen by Our Blessed Lady.

The Pope was deeply impressed by what he heard, and remembering that as a boy he had prayed before the sacred picture in St. Matthew's, he took his pen and wrote that it was his will that the Image of the Holy Virgin of Perpetual Help should be restored to its ancient abode between St. Mary Major's and St. John Lateran's. On the 26th of April, 1866, the will of the Pope and the will of Mary were carried out. On that day, a magnificent procession of the clergy and people of Rome accompanied the Sacred Image through the streets, praising their Dear Lady of Perpetual Help for deigning once more to dwell publicly in their city. As the picture was borne along, Mary looked down from Heaven on her loving servants and lavished favors upon them. "Sweet Lady of Perpetual Help, cure my little son," was the cry of one poor woman whose little boy was dying of fever. Mary heard the cry, and instantly the child arose in perfect health. "Mother of Perpetual Help, have pity on me; my little daughter of eight has been paralyzed and unable to move for the last four years," was the fervent prayer of another. Mary heard that prayer, and the child began to walk. Thus the picture of Our Dear Lady became the medium of her perpetual help, as it was borne through the streets of Rome to her loved Via Merulana and the Church of St. Alphonsus. On the 27th of April a Triduum of thanksgiving began; then the month of May was ushered in. So great were the crowds of worshippers to the new Sanctuary of Our Lady, that it was believed that in the five weeks everyone in Rome had visited the Sacred Image. Mary worked wonders during that time. Pius IX., hearing of them, came to her chosen shrine. "I have heard," said he, "that she performs prodigies; she will not refuse to succor the poor Pope."

So numerous and striking were the graces received and miracles wrought by Our Lady of Perpetual Help that the Holy See decreed a new honor for her sacred image. You may have seen some pictures of Our Lady of Perpetual Help without a crown on the head of Mary or on the head of Jesus. Such pictures show you what the original picture was like until June, 1867. Till then it was uncrowned. On the 23d of June in that year, which was the Sunday before the Feast of St. John Baptist, two gold crowns were solemnly placed on the heads of Jesus and Mary by the Dean of the Vatican Chapter, in presence of Bishops and priests from all parts of the world who had come to Rome for the 18th Centenary of the Martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul. These crowns are the Church's seal on the sacred picture, and are the best proof possible that it is indeed a "very miraculous image."

The great Pope of Mary Immaculate cultivated a very special devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He asked for a facsimile copy of the picture, and he hung it up in his private oratory; it was the first of its kind ever painted. Later on, in the year 1876, when the devotion had become more widespread, his Holiness established the Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and—in memory of the solemn coronation—ordered the Feast, with special office and Mass, to be celebrated every year in June on the Sunday immediately preceding the Feast of St. John Baptist. Besides this, he erected "The Arch-Confraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus," and had himself enrolled the first member.

Dear reader, this great Pope gives you an example of devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Would you not do well to imitate him by having her picture, praying before it, keeping her Feast every year, and by being a member of her Arch-Confraternity?

In this chapter I will give some explanations which, I think, will interest you and serve to increase your devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

Looking at the sacred image you will remark seevral capital letters on five different parts of the holy picture. These are Greek characters. Directly above some of them you see marks or strokes; these simply indicate that the letters are contractions for longer words. Just as in English "Pk." is a contraction for "Patrick," so the first two letters near the face of the Divine Child are the Greek contractions for "Jesus," and the other two for "Christ;" the four letters, therefore, mean "Jesus Christ." The first two letters over each of the angels are the same, and are contractions for "archangel." The last letter over the angel nearest to Jesus is the Greek letter "G," and it stands for "Gabriel." The last letter over the angel at the other side is "M," and it stands for "Michael." Of the four largest letters on the top of the picture, the first two are contractions for "Mother," and the opposite two, for "of God;" so that, taking these four letters together, they mean "Mother of God." On the picture, therefore, four persons are represented; namely, Jesus Christ, the Mother of God, the Archangel Michael and the Archangel Gabriel.

The archangels look as if they had taken flight from their heavenly home and had come with speed into the presence of Jesus and Mary. In their hands are the cross, and lance and reed and sponge—the cruel instruments of the death that Jesus was one day to undergo and Mary to witness. The child in her arms seems startled. He who, when grown up, fell to the ground through fear in the Garden of Gethsemane, from the same cause almost falls from His Mother's arms, whilst yet a child. But Mary does not let Him fall. She "the strong woman," His Mother, who will remain standing beneath His Cross on Calvary, keeps Him up. In His fear at the terrible vision of His passion, His body trembles all over and His little feet strike against each other, causing the sandal or shoe of the right foot to fall down. But He does not fall Himself, for His Mother supports Him on her left arm; and with her right hands she holds the two quivering hands of her little Jesus, who clasps hers for succor. And all the time that she holds Him with her strong hand, she is sadly, sweetly, steadily looking not upon Him or the instruments of His death, but upon you. Little Jesus, also, is not looking on her, but His eyes are turned towards the cross, and He seems to be fixing them upon it or upon something beyond it and not represented on the picture at all.

The picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is a great teacher; it gives us more lessons than many a large book. It reminds us of several great truths. In the first place, it reminds us of our Divine Lord's perpetual and dreadful vision. From the first moment of His human life, Jesus saw clearly and distinctly His passion and death and every sin that had been committed, or that would be committed. This vision is shown on our loved picture. We see there Jesus looking at the instruments of His death, and also gazing out beyond the picture upon all the sins of the world.

It was from this twofold vision in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the night before His death, that Our Lord's agony of fear and sorrow sprang; from the same vision His soul was filled with sadness at every moment of His life; so that in very truth He was what His prophet foretold—"A Man of Sorrows" (Isaiah liii, 3), who alone could say: "My sorrow is always before me" (Ps. xxxvii, 18). Our picture, therefore, also reminds us of the perpetual sorrows of Jesus. Again, from the picture we learn that Mary was to Jesus a Mother of Perpetual Help, so that the picture well deserves the glorious title which she herself has chosen for it. Moreover, the Sacred Image reminds us of Mary's perpetual sorrows. The perpetual sufferings of Jesus made Her a Mother of Perpetual Sorrow. She was in perpetual sorrow from the moment that Simeon told her that a sword should pierce her heart. The picture shows her as this Mother of Perpetual Sorrow—but as the "strong" Mother. She was strong all her life; she was strong even at the foot of the Cross when her Jesus was actually dying. The picture represents her so strong that in spite of the sorrows of Jesus and her own, she is able to succor the Son of God. The evil of sin is another thing that Our Blessed Lady silently teaches us from her Image. "Behold," she seems to say, "behold Jesus and me in perpetual sorrows caused by sin alone; and learn from Our distress what a grievous thing it is to offend God." She also teaches repentance through pity for Jesus and herself. As she looks upon us from her image, cannot we almost hear her say: "My child! pity me—and pity Jesus—cease offending Him—cease crucifying Him. Repent of those sins which have put my Child in the misery in which you behold Him." Lastly, she teaches us that she will be your Mother of Perpetual Help if only you have perpetual recourse to her. "Behold," she says, "my eyes of mercy ever turned towards your miseries; behold my hand ever ready to keep you from dangers, to strengthen your weakness, to raise you up if you have fallen. As I succored Jesus, so I will succor you; but on one condition—you must act like Jesus. As He clung to me with His hands, so must you cling to me by prayer. The one condition of my help is your calling on my name. I must keep the rule laid down by God, Who says to you: 'Ask and you shall receive' (John xvi, 24). He makes your asking the condition of your receiving. Ask me perpetually, and I will help you perpetually. Have perpetual recourse to me, and I will have perpetual help for you."

From what you have just read, you will be able to understand easily the special providence by which Our Lady chose the Redemptorist Fathers as the guardians of her picture and the apostles of the devotion to her as "Mother of Perpetual Help." You will also be able to understand the marvelous spread of this devotion.

SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF ZO-SE
SONG-KIANG, CHINA

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF ZO-SE

SONG-KIANG, CHINA

1870

A chaplet, when I feel distressed,
Means all the world to me:
My Queen's rose-wreath, I love it best—
'Tis Mary's Rosary.

Clifford Westmore Lake.

WHERE is Zo-se? Who has ever heard of Our Lady of Zo-se? It may not be quite satisfactory to the reader to answer the first question by stating that Zo-se is a hill of porphyric rock, about twelve miles north of Song-kiang, in the old delta plain of the Yang-tse-kiang. For though this river will be recognized as the noble stream of central China, the name of Song-kiang may not be so familiar. Yet there was a time when Song-kiang was not unknown to the Western public. Marco Polo visited it in the thirteenth century, and the Jesuit missionaries in the sixteenth. Father Duhalde, in is monumental work on China, described Song-kiang as one of the most flourishing cities of the empire.

In those palmy days Song-kiang was the sister city of Soo-chow, which for its prosperity and elegance, as well as for the accomplishments and the beauty of its inhabitants, was ranked with Hang-chow as the terrestrial paradise. A graceful little rhyme, which has been rather happily translated, states that:

"Above there's paradise, 'tis true,
But here below are Hang and Soo."

Soo-chow and Song-kiang are not what they were; both have suffered from the ravages of war, and their commercial importance has been absorbed by Shanghai.

Zo-se, then, is about twenty-five miles southwest of Shanghai, and it is the largest of a little group of hills which rise out of the unbroken extent of rice fields, and which are known to foreign residents as simply the Hills. Our Lady of Zo-se is the title of the pilgrimage chapel on the summit of the hill, dedicated to Our Lady, Help of Christians. Pilgrimages are made to the chapel twice a year, once in May, on the patronal feast of the chapel, and once in November, on a day chosen as the patronage of Our Lady of Zo-se.

A pilgrimage chapel in China, a Christian shrine of special devotion on a spot once sacred to Buddha, may well excite surprise and curiosity. A pilgrimage shrine, one is inclined to think, should be hallowed by the devotion of centuries or else it should be commended to the faithful in these latter days by wonderful manifestations of divine power and mercy. The shrine of Zo-se has no venerable memory, nor can it lay claim to striking miracles. Yet its history, going back but a quarter of a century, is none the less interesting for being recent, and the favors obtained through Our Lady of Zo-se are, we may hope, no less real for being hidden.

The year 1870 is a sad one in the annals of the Catholic missions in China. Agitations against foreigners had for more than a year been fomenting in various provinces of the empire, and no one knew where or when they would break out into open violence. The simple people, who are naturally of a no less gentle and friendly disposition to-day than they were when described by Pliny, were goaded on by their leaders, the mandarins and the men of letters. France was in trouble at home, and the Catholic missionaries, without their accustomed protection, could not but view the approaching storm with a sense of insecurity. During the year 1869, an English missionary was murdered within thirty-five miles of Tien-tsin, an important port of the North. In the South, a French Catholic missionary and forty native Christians were massacred. Finally, in June, 1870, the little foreign community of Tien-tsin was visited, and the Christian world was shocked by the frightful report from that city that twenty foreign residents, including ten Sisters of Charity, had been murdered there in a single riot. "You wish to kill us Europeans," said the heroic Superioress to the rioters; "then come, we are ten; my companions await you in the chapel. But spare, we beseech you, spare the Chinese who are with us." The victims of that day's massacre included two members of the French Legation to Pekin, with the wife of one of them, a French and a Russian merchant with their wives, the French Consul, a French missionary, a native priest, and more than thirty native Christians.

When the news of the shocking event reached the different provinces, the feelings of the missionaries may be imagined. The news was everywhere received by the pagans with demonstrations of joy and triumph. The time had come, it was said, to rise and rid the empire once for all of the hated intruders. It was, indeed, a critical moment, and not a missionary, we may be sure, ventured out in the discharge of his sacred duties, without a fervent act of contrition in his heart and a generous offering of his life to Him for Whose love he had sought such inhospitable shores. Thus fortified, the missionary could, indeed, go forth bravely and reck but little of the scowls and threats, the insults and the blows which attended his steps. Not so, however, the superiors to whom God had entrusted the harassed flocks.

A hundred missionaries depending upon his orders, thousands of Christians entrusted to his care, the lives of devoted religious women and of innocent children demanding protection—such was the burden weighing upon Rev. Father Della Corte, S. J., then superior of the mission of Nankin. The Vicar-Apostolic of the mission, Bishop Languillat, S. J., had gone to Rome for the Vatican Council, and all the care and responsibility of that hour of danger fell solely upon Father Della Corte. The walls of Shanghai, where he resided, were placarded with inflammatory denunciations of the missionaries, and alarming reports were coming in from all parts of the mission. The principal mandarin of Shanghai was known to favor the anti-foreign fury. A counterpart of the tragedy at Tien-tsin might have been precipitated by the slightest untoward event. What was the good Father to do in his anxiety and helplessness? What could he do for the safety of the mission and for the protection of the precious lives entrusted to him? What could he do but have recourse to Our Lady, Help of Christians—to her whose mercy Catholics the world over daily commemorate in the words of her sweet-tongued servant, St. Bernard: "Never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help or sought thy intercession, was left unaided."

Early in the morning, July 4, 1870, Father Della Corte got into his boat and directed the boatman to Zo-se. A part of the hill had for several years been in the possession of the mission, and was used as a retreat for the missionaries when prostrated by fatigue or sickness. Seven or eight hours on the winding canals brought the Father to the foot of the hill. Regardless of the noon-day sun he began the rocky ascent, nor stopped till he had reached the little chapel on the summit, three hundred feet above the surrounding rice fields. There, keeling down before our Lady's statue, "My dear Mother," he prayed, "our mission is in danger. Save us, and I promise to build you here a beautiful church in place of this little chapel." The vow was made, and our Lady took the mission under her protection.

A few days later, Father Della Corte received a visit at his residence in Shanghai from no less a personage than the chief-justice of the province, who came to express his symapthy with the missionaries for the sad affair of Tien-tsin. It was to the interest of the government to prevent further outrages against Europeans, and the mandarins had to shape their conduct accordingly. They had, however, succeeded so well in exciting the populace, that it was no easy task to quell the violent feelings. The residents of the foreign settlements organized companies for their own defence, and some English gentlemen kindly extended their protection to the Catholic missionary establishments of Zi-ha-wei, four or five miles out of the city.

Toward the middle of July the excitement reached a climax. The night of the thirteenth, it was rumored, had been fixed upon for a general uprising. The foreigners redoubled their vigilance, and a company of Frenchmen remained up all night in front of the church. The night passed, however, without any sign of disturbance, and with the morning came the feeling of relief tat the crisis was over. The excitement of the populace began to subside, and before two months had passed, Father Della Corte, who still lives to tell the story of Our Lady's singular protection, saw that his prayer had been heard, and that it remained but to build the votive chapel. In September he issued a circular to all of the priests and Christians of the mission, recalling the serious danger through which by a special favor they had all passed unharmed, and inviting their co-operation in building the chapel which he had vowed in commemoration of Our Lady's protection.

Chinese Christians as a rule are not among the wealthy mercantile and lettered classes, and the church had to be built principally by the contributions of the poor. However, three families gave as much as a thousand dollars each. An old peddler by dint of hard economy during long years on the streets of Shanghai, had put by a hundred dollars against the ills that might come upon him with age. On hearing of the chapel to be built at Zo-se, he gave up his little hoard to Our Lady, relying upon her mercy to provide for the remnant of his days. A little village girl had received a kid from her parents to raise for herself. She did not waste her affections upon it, as some little children of the West might do, but with the true instinct of her race, she intended it for the market, and was to sell it for a thousand copper coins. She could buy many nice things with a thousand coppers, for though they only amount to a dollar, they go a long way from the fact that they are as many as a thousand. However, she sacrificed her childish gratification to the love of Our Lady, and gave her thousand coppers to the missionary for the chapel of Zo-se.

The building was begun in the following year, 1871, and on the feast of the Help of Christians, Bishop Languillat, who had returned from Rome, laid the corner-stone. Two years later the church was completed and dedicated, and at the opening of May the first solemn pilgrimage was celebrated. The Christians flocked to the shrine from far and near, the neighboring canals were lined with their boats, and as many as twenty thousand assembled for the feast. There were numerous confessions, and two thousand approached the Holy Table at the pilgrims' Mass. Bishop Languillat, assisted by twenty-eight priests, conducted the ceremonies. The scene, we may well believe, was one of rare consolation for the zealous missionaries. The Bishop had himself confessed the faith in prison, and his companions had had their years of toil and danger, and now the sight of thousands of devout Christians gathered in the face of the pagan world to honor Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, could not but arouse within their breasts sentiments of joy and gratitude, mingled with a consoling sense of triumph over the powers of darkness and the enemies of the Gospel. Thus one of them wrote of a scene at the solemn Mass: "When the preacher had ceased, another voice was heard; it was that of the Bishop. Standing on the spot where a temple of false gods had stood, and as it were to bid defiance to persecution, the confessor of the faith intoned the Credo in unum Deum, the Creed which begets martyrs and which traverses the centuries victoriously, in spite of the efforts of hell and in the teeth of tyrants' hate. It triumphed over ancient Rome in the arenas and amphitheatres, and the pretoriums of China shall not prevail against it any more than did those of Nero and Diocletian. The arm of God is not shortened; and blood shall never cease to flow gloriously in His Church, for the heralds of Christ shall never cease to proclaim to their persecutors the words of Peter and John, adopted as their device: *Non possumus non loqui.* "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

A Shrine of Our Lady on the summit of Zo-se derives a special interest from the fact that the hill had for centuries been a favorite site for Shrines of Buddha. A corrupted form of Buddhism, though repudiated by the lettered class and execrated by the professors of Confucianism, is still the prevailing religion of China's masses. In selecting sites for their pagodas and monasteries, the bonzes manifest no mean appreciation of natural beauties and of the picturesque effect to be produced by their fantastic architecture. Zo-se and the neighboring hills offered many an attractive site, and when Song-kiang was at the height of its prosperity, Zo-se became the resort of Buddhist monks. The ruins of their extensive monasteries are still seen, and the annals of Song-kiang, kept according to custom with astonishing exactness, inform us of the dates and the names of the different buildings.

The first one recorded was built in 1048 and was known as the "Light of the Universe." It was burnt down toward the end of the fourteenth century, but its old tower still stands, presenting a desolate but picturesque sight, in a beautiful spot on the northwestern skirt of the hill. When the evening sun creeps around the shoulder of the hill, throwing his mellow rays upon the aspen leaves of the bamboo grove, and casting the shadow of the solitary tower far out upon the rice fields below, one cannot but admire the taste of the old bonzes who fixed their home and built their temple in such a charming solitude.

On the other side of the hill, about half way up the ascent, there was a pagoda which still existed in a dipalidated and abandoned state when that part of the hill came into the possession of the Fathers. They prudently refrained from exciting the pagans by destroying the temple, though their cook, a native Christian, cut up the idols for fire-wood. In 1863, General Gordon, after the capture of Song-kiang, retired with his little army to the vicinity of Zo-se. He was on friendly terms with Father Léveillé, who was then missionary of the district and who recalls with pleasure and enthusiasm his acquaintance with the gallant officer. The good missionary availed himself of the occasion to get rid of the old home of idolatry, and at his request Colonel Thompson, Gordon's lieutenant, sent his men to pull down the old pagoda, under pretext of utilizing some of the material in constructing temporary quarters for the officers. The missionaries' residence stands near the site of the destroyed pagoda.

From the house to the church above there are two approaches; one direct, but steep and irregular, and the other a broad walk, ascending gently in regular zigzags. The latter is so arranged that there are just fourteen turns in the zigzag, and at each turn there is a station of the Way of the Cross. The stations are represented in bronze relief, and placed in simple Tuscan niches about ten feet high.

To understand the special propriety of such an approach to a Shrine of Our Lady, it must be remembered that Zo-se is in a missionary land, where the Way of the Cross must frequently take the place of the Holy Sacrifice of the altar. Many a missionary station is left Sunday after Sunday without the Sacrifice of Calvary being renewed within its modest little chapel, and the Christians have been taught to make up as well as may be by at least commemorating the Sacrifice, and following their Saviour in spirit through the scenes of His sacred passion and death. Thus the devotion of the Way of the Cross has for the scattered little flocks of China an importance which is unknown in lands blessed with a more numerous clergy. Moreover, the persecutions which arise, and the serious danger in which the Christians not infrequently find themselves, naturally strengthen their devotion to Our Lord's suffering. They know not how soon they may be called upon to suffer and even to die for Him. When a foreign missionary meets with a violent death in China, all the Western world is startled and shocked; but hundreds of natives may lay down their lives for their faith, without exciting a remark across the seas.

The chapel, constructed in the shape of a Greek cross, is neither ambitious in style nor of imposing proportions. Solidity rather than elegance was sought in its construction. Yet its simple porticoes and Doric columns, while imparting an air of strength, are not without architectural attractions. The northern arm of the cross is occupied by the main altar and the sanctuary, and in each of the three other faces there are three large doors, so that the whole chapel can be opened at once, permitting of large numbers passing in and out at a time. As the chapel stands on the very crest of a hill, there extends along the whole façade a high parapet, reached on either side by a broad granite stairway. The massive balustrade of the parapet is surmounted by eight granite lions, four of natural size and the others slightly smaller. Strange ornament, it may seem, for a Shrine of Our Lady; but the visitor ceases to wonder when he learns that the lions are the spoils of paganism. In former centuries they guarded the temples of idolatry which clustered around Zo-se, and which have all disappeared and given place to the Shrine of the Blessed Mother of God. The time-worn appearance of the lions and their familiar conventional type, bespeak their former history, and, on viewing them, the pilgrim's heart is filled with joy at the triumph of Christ and His Blessed Mother over one of Satan's strongholds.

And when from the lion's parapet the pilgrim casts his eyes over the extended plain below, over the green rice fields, rich with the year's yield, and the network of canals lined with their bamboos and willows, and when he follows the silvery streams from village to village, to the towers of Song-kiang and Tsing-poo on the south and west, and to the smoke of Shanghai on the northeastern horizon, he finds it a consoling and grateful thought that in the teeming population of the fertile plain around him, there are no fewer than fifty-three thousand four hundred Christian souls reclaimed from the slavery of idolatry. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is there a denser rural population than in the rich plain surveyed from the summit of Zo-se, and nowhere in China is the proportion of Christians so large as in the missionary district of which Zo-se is the centre.—*Rev. W. Hornsby, S.J.*

VIRGIN MOTHER MARY

"O Virgin Mother! pure and sweet,
As low before thee bending,
We cast our garlands at thy feet
In faith and love unending,
We sing the glory of thy name,
Who bore our Lord and Brother,
And since from Heaven an angel came,
Hast been our loving Mother.
Blessed name to God most dear,
Sweetest name to sinners here,
Holy name that all revere,
Virgin Mother Mary!"

Rev. William Livingston.

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

Mother dearest, mother fairest
Help of all who call on thee,
Virgin purest, brightest, rarest
Help us, help, we cry to thee,
Help us, help, we cry to thee.
Free us from all sin and sadness,
Fill our hearts with peace, with gladness:
Mary, Mother, help alway!
Mary, Virgin, help us aye!

Lady, help in pain and sorrow
Sooth those racked on bed of pain,
May the golden light of morrow
Bring them health and joy again,
Bring them health and joy again.

Help the poor, the sad, the weary,
Comfort those whose homes are dreary.
Mary, Mother, help alway!
Mary, Virgin, help us aye!

Mother! help the absent loved ones,
Ah! we miss their presence here!
Help our father, friend, our brother,
Help them, guard them far and near,
Help them, guard them far and near.
Save them from all sin and danger,
Lead safe home the weary stranger,
Mary, Mother, help alway!
Mary, Virgin, help us aye!

Mother, help the wounded soldier,
Set the pining captive free,
Help the sailor on mid-ocean,
Help those in their agony,
Help those in their agony.
From the demon's malice guard them,
In their death-pangs watch and ward them.
Mary, Mother, help alway!
Mary, Virgin, pray! oh pray!

Help our priests, our virgins holy,
Help our Pope—Long may he reign!
Pray that we who sing thy praises,
May in heaven all meet again,
May in heaven all meet again.
Help us when our life grows dreary
Thy heart too was sad and weary,
Mary, Mother, help alway!
Mary, Virgin, pray! oh pray!

APPARITION TO
OUR LADY OF HOPE
PONTMAIN, FRANCE

APPARITION

TO

OUR LADY OF HOPE PONTMAIN, FRANCE

1871

Mother of Christ on thee,
  And thy dear Son we call;
France from all perils free,
  Pray, oh pray, for us all.

Ave Maria.

MANY may think it a sad task to lift the veil beyond which the terrible events of 1870-71 lie hidden. Those were indeed dread days, whose souvenir is ever present, but which the lips are unwilling to recall, the pen reluctant to retrace. To us, however, who, in our pious wanderings to Mary's shrines in France, have so often seen that Heavenly Protectress with her favored nation in its glorious hours of triumph, it seems but natural to seek and find her with her children in their days of anguish. *Consolatrix Afflictorum!* The Blessed Virgin could not be absent when war, with the grim spectre of defeat, had cast mourning throughout the land. *Regnum Galliæ, regnum Mariæ!* Surely, if France was Mary's kingdom in its hours of joy and victory, how much the more should this tender Mother look upon it as her own, and watch over her devoted clients when sorrow weighed them down!

The invader, daily pursuing his triumphal march, cast despair into every heart; even the most valiant, even those in whose bosom the spirit of unbounded faith and confidence in divine help had hitherto remained unshaken,—even they scarce dared to hope. Nothing save a miracle could now arrest the conqueror. Paris—surrounded from the 18th of September, bombarded since the 27th of December, and now starving—could no longer hold out. Each day appeared to bring the capital twenty-four hours nearer the one fatal issue, which now alone seemed possible—surrender. But Mary, celestial harbinger of good tidings, was vigilant. She it was who should announce to her people those words of consolation, bringing back hope to the despairing, and courage to the fainting heart. Prayers so fervent had daily ascended to her throne for the salvation of France, that this loving Mother could not refuse such heartfelt petitions.

The following details of the marvelous Apparition of Pontmain are taken from various fully authenticated documents, which have been placed at our disposal by the never-failing kindness of the Oblate Fathers. May they here receive a public acknowledgment of cordial thanks!

Pontmain is a little *bourgade* lying in the northwest corner of the department of Mayenne, on the borders of Brittany, in that part of the country formerly known as Bas-Maine. It is situated on a wooded slope, leading to a smiling valley, through which runs the river Dairon. The hillside being thickly wooded, the village lies concealed from view, and is only discovered when the pilgrim, or traveler, almost enters it. Pontmain has been compared to a "mysterious Eden" hidden away in a leafy bower. In far-distant ages, however, it was a powerful town, strongly fortified, having a fortress castle, the grim dwelling of a valiant Breton lord. Old chroniclers relate that, in the second half of the ninth century, this spot was chosen by Mèen—a prince of the house of Gaën, the noblest family in Brittany—as his residence. Not content with his fortress, Mèen built formidable ramparts to protect the town, which quickly sprang up around the château fort. From his title was derived the name of Pont-Mèen, later changed to Pont-Main, and now written Pontmain.

For several centuries Pontmain retained the reputation of being one of the most strongly fortified towns in France. But under the ruthless English Earl of Arundel the fortress was taken, and destroyed about 1431 or 1432. Only a few of the inhabitants escaped death, Arundel well deserving the odious appellation of "Scourge of Bas-Maine," by which he was known. The site of the ancient castle can still be seen, a portion of the ruined ramparts yet remaining. These relics of old times form a striking contrast to the splendid oaks now flourishing on the very spot where once stood the fortress of Prince Mèen.

The inhabitants of Pontmain are principally occupied in agricultural pursuits; they are simple and pious, devotion to the Mother of God being the characteristic feature of their piety. So unimportant was the little town, that not until 1840 was it raised to the dignity of a parish. Then the village—predestined to be honored by the visit of Mary—received, as its first pastor, the venerated Abbé Michel Guérin; as if the living example of such virtues as his was necessary to prepare the villagers for the supreme grace that God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, intended to bestow on them. The saintly Curé's devotion to Our Lady was saintlike. Many believe the priceless favor granted to Pontmain was the reward of his love for the Blessed Virgin and his unbounded confidence in her protection.

The evening shadows had fallen on the village of Pontmain, as it nestled peacefully though sadly beneath its immaculate shroud, on that ever-blessed Tuesday, January 17, 1871. The villagers had each and all returned to their tranquil, happy homes, and silence reigned around.

The Barbedette family—a model in the village—consisted of the father, mother, and three boys. The eldest, Auguste, had set off on September 25, 1870, to join a regiment of mobiles;* the second, Eugène, was twelve; and the third, Joseph, ten years old. They were a truly Christian family, in which the solid practices of piety were daily exercised. The boys rose at six o'clock, dressed quickly, set about doing some household work, then recited the Rosary for their absent brother; and, after breakfast, went off to the village chapel to perform the Way of the Cross for his intention; then they served the Curé's Mass. After Mass there were public prayers for France and her army, and often the saintly Curé said:

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*Of the little band of thirty-eight mobiles from Pontmain, not one was injured. Before departing, they were consecrated to Mary, and all returned safe and sound from the campaign. A large white marble tablet, erected in the village chapel near the Blessed Virgin's altar, speaks their grateful thanks for this truly remarkable preservation.

"Let us add penance to our prayers, and then we may take courage. God will have pity on us; His mercy will surely come to us through Mary."

The words sounded like a prophecy. At the conclusion of these prayers the village children went to school, and at five o'clock the little Barbedettes turned their steps homeward.

The soil around Pontmain being unfavorable for the cultivation of fodder, the general food for horses is derived from the tender branches of the furze bushes. The branches are pounded in troughs, by means of large wooden mortars commonly called *piloches.* To prepare the evening meal for their horses constituted a daily occupation for the Barbedette children on returning from school; and scarcely had they entered the house than, seizing their *piloches,* they and their father set to work to accomplish the allotted task. This pounding process was carried on in the barn, and had been in progress for nearly half an hour, when the door was opened by a neighbor, named Jeannette Dètais. This good woman had just returned from a neighboring village, and having heard good news of the little band of Pontmain mobiles, charitably came to reassure Barbedette and his wife as to the fate of their beloved son.

This absent soldier was Eugène's god-father, and the child dearly loved his eldest brother. How came it to pass—at the moment when Jeannette, all excited with the news she had learned, came to give it to the Barbedette family—that Eugène, instead of listening, should have left the group. But so it was. No doubt some strange, invisible magnet drew him from the spot. Later on, when asked to explain, he would simply answer: "I went just to see what the weather was like." And there, at the door of that humble dwelling, hitherto all unknown, henceforth to be almost hallowed ground to all the Catholic world, Eugène Barbedette stood transfixed. All was white outside, so far as the eye could reach; the heavens were bright and clear, and it seemed to the child that never before had the firmament shown such a wealth of brilliant stars. There in the heavens, at seven or eight meters above an opposite neighbor's house, the child beheld what he called a "*grande, belle Dame.*" Such a celestial and unexpected vision might have frightened others, but Eugène felt no fear. The heavenly Lady smiled; the boy, all entranced, gazed on.

The Lady's dress was dark blue*—as the children described it afterward,—of the color of the blue balls used for bluing linen, and spangled with brilliant, golden stars. It fell in loose folds from the neck to the feet, and was not enclosed by any girdle; the sleeves were loose and hanging. The Lady wore soft slippers (*chaussons*), of the same color as the dress, fastened with golden ribbons, forming rosettes. Over the head fell a soft, black veil, covering the hair and ears completely, partially concealing the forehead, and then falling over the shoulders half down the back. She wore a golden crown, somewhat raised in front, but not pointed; and a red band passed around it, dividing the crown in the centre. The Lady's face was small, pale, and of matchless beauty. Her age appeared about eighteen or twenty. The arms were bent down, the hands extended, as in the image of Mary Immaculate. All the while she smilingly looked at the child, who remained gazing; then, as Jeannette Dètais was leaving the barn, the boy said excitedly:

"Look, Jeannette, and tell me what you see over Augustin Guidecog's house!"

"I can't see anything," she replied, after a moment.

The father, hearing these few words, came to the door with his other son, and could not discern anything.

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*The darker blue of the dress was easily distinguishable from the blue of the sky, which was much lighter. Notwithstanding the brightness of the stars on the robe, no rays fell from the celestial apparition.

"Look, Joseph,"† said Eugène to his brother, "and tell us if you see anything."

"Oh, I see a beautiful Lady!" replied Joseph, immediately; and he described her dress in all its details.

The father looked again, and, being utterly unable to descry the celestial Apparition, turned toward the children.

"My poor boys," he said, "you don't see anything; for if you saw, we could see, too. Come quickly, and finish pounding the furze." Then, as a parting injunction to Jeannette Dètais: "Be sure not to talk in the village of what the children say they see."

"Don't fear," answered Jeannette.

And good Barbedette, closing the door after the visitor, resumed his work; the boys, ever obedient to their father's orders, did the same. But they had scarcely taken up their *piloches* when Barbedette said:

"Eugène, go to the door and see if your Apparition is still there."

The boy, all delighted, rushed to the door.

"Yes, yes, father!" he exclaimed; "it is the same, the very same."

"Well, go and tell your mother I wish her to come here for a few moments."

Off ran Eugène, quickly returning with his mother. In the meanwhile Joseph went to the barn door, and was standing there, clapping his hands, when they came.

"Oh, how lovely! how lovely!" exclaimed the happy child.

The two children begged their mother to look very carefully above Guidecog's house, and tell them what she saw. But, strain her eyes as she would, Madame Barbedette could not perceive anything. Disappointed, the children described the Apparition, which, so far, refused to show itself to other eyes than theirs; and the mother, moved by the sincerity of their tones, and well knowing her boys to be incapable of deception, said, after a moment:

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†Joseph Barbedette is now an Oblate Father. Once, when yet a child, a priest having said to him: "I cannot believe you have seen the Blessed Virgin; you are too naughty," Joseph returned: "You are just like St. Thomas." And the abbé answered: "Oh, St. Thomas was a great saint!" To which the boy promptly replied: "No doubt. But *not* when he disbelieved."

"Perhaps, after all, you see the Blessed Virgin; so let us kneel down and recite five Paters and Aves in her honor."

Then, closing the door quickly (for the neighbors were already wondering at all this chatter, so unusual in the peaceful village at that hour), they knelt down on the barn floor and prayed together. Their devotions over, Madame Barbedette, all anxious to learn if the vision still remained, her maternal heart dreading lest it be a sign from Heaven announcing the death of her absent son, told the boys to go and look once more.

"Just the same, mother!—just the same!" exclaimed the delighted children.

"Well, I must take my glasses and look again," returned their mother. But, look as she would, no Heaven-sent vision rejoiced her eyes. "No, I don't see anything," she said brusquely, after a moment; "nor you either, I believe. You are a pair of little visionaries. Come, and finish your work and take your supper."

The boys obeyed, but with regret; and hardly was supper finished than they begged permission to return to the barn.

"Well, go," said their mother. "And if you still see the Lady, recite again five Paters and Aves; but say them standing; the barn floor is too cold to kneel down."

Scarce had they opened the door of the barn than the boys fell involuntarily on their knees.

"They still see the vision!" said their father, watching them from a distance, and their mother, coming toward them, inquired how tall the Lady was.

"Just the height of Sister Vitaline," returned the children, in the same breath.

Sister Vitaline was one of the religious attached to the village school.

"I'll go and ask her to come here," said Madame Barbedette.

"The Sisters are better than you. And if you see anything, they will surely see it, too."

And she set off quickly with Eugène, returning after a few moments accompanied by the nun. On the way Madame Barbedette explained to the Sister why her presence was desired. On her arrival at the barn door, the nun tried to see the vision, but was unable to discern anything.

"How is it possible you don't see!" exclaimed Eugène. "The Apparition is so splendidly brilliant. Don't you see those three bright stars forming a triangle?"*

"Yes," answered the nun; "I see them."

"Well," continued Eugène, "the highest star is right over the Lady's head; the other two are on a level with her elbows."

The triangle of these stars being all that revealed itself to the nun's anxious eyes, she returned to the school accompanied by Madame Barbedette.

"Don't talk about what the children say they see," was the good woman's last word to Sister Vitaline.

The nun promised; suddenly an idea struck her, as she caught sight of three little girls, boarders at the school, who were sitting round the class-room fire.

"*Petites,*" she said, "go with Victoire (the familiar name by which Madame Barbedette was known in the village). "She will show you something."

"What is it?" inquired the children.

"I don't know," returned the nun; "for I have not seen anything myself."

All curious, Françoise Richer, eleven years old, and Jeanne-Marie Lebossè, two years younger, set off. A third girl accompanied them; she, however, could not see anything during all the time the vision lasted. Before reaching the barn, Françoise Richer exclaimed:

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*Everyone, it seems, saw three stars, which appeared to be of the first magnitude. It was first thought they might be in the constellation of the Plough; this, however, was found to be an error. On several evenings following the apparition, the children having gone out in the hope of again seeing the celestial vision, neither they nor their parents could ever again find the same three stars.

"I see something bright, right above Augustin Guidecog's house!"

And a few steps farther, almost at the barn door, the two little girls cried out together:

"Oh, the beautiful Lady, with her blue dress and golden stars!"

And they described the vision exactly, as Joseph and Eugène Barbedette had done. By this time Sister Vitaline joined them, accompanied by Sister Mary Edward.

"As it is the children who are privileged to see," said the latter, after vainly endeavoring to perceive the Lady, "we must send some more little ones."

She went off to bring other children; and passing by the Curé's house, entered, begging the holy priest to come and see the wonder.

"M. le Curé, the children say they see the Blessed Virgin!"

"An Apparition! The Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed the Abbé Guérin. "Sister, you frighten me!"

And he remained motionless. His aged servant, who was present, lighted the lantern, however, and said:

"M. le Curé, you had better go and see what it is."

On going out, the Curé found nearly all the villagers—eighty in number—assembled, the news of the prodigy having spread like wildfire. A delicate little boy, Eugène Friteau, six years old, was among those present. He also beheld the glorious vision; but, owing to the intense cold of the evening, he was not allowed to remain long in the open air. Ere many months had passed the soul of this happy little *voyant* winged its flight to heaven, there to sing the praises of Mary forever. Another child—a girl of two years and one month, the daughter of Boitin, the sabot-maker—was scarce before the barn door than, clapping her tiny hands, she exclaimed, looking at the heavens, "*Le Jésus! le Jésus!*" the only pious word her innocent baby lips had yet learned to lisp. In his turn the holy Curé sought to discern the celestial vision. Impossible!

At this moment a small red cross was formed over Our

Lady's heart, and the children cried out in one voice that something was being prepared. Instantly the Apparition became surrounded by what may be termed a frame, or circle, about five inches wide, of a darker blue than the robe, and about twenty inches distant from the image of Mary, always leaving the three stars of the triangle outside the circle. Four sockets attached to the frame, each containing a candle, not yet lighted, became visible at the interior of the circle. All these wonders the four children related together, with such sincerity that doubt was impossible. One man declaring that if he had a telescope he, too, could see, Mme. Barbedette at once went and fetched hers; and the incredulous villager having tried and failed, some of the assistants laughed. Then the children announced that the beautiful Lady had ceased to smile and looked very sad, whereupon the Curé said:

"If the children only are privileged to behold the celestial vision, it is because they are more worthy than we are."

"M. le Curé," remarked Sister Mary Edward, "if you were to speak to the Blessed Virgin?"

"Ma Sœur," replied the Abbé Guérin, "I do not see her."

"Well, if you were to tell the children to speak to her?"

"Let us all pray," returned the priest.

Everyone knelt down, some in the barn, others outside; despite the intense cold and the deep snow, no one seemed to feel the rigor of the temperature. Sister Mary Edward began the Rosary, all the assistants answering the prayers.

Suddenly the Holy Virgin began to rise, growing taller, the feet remaining at the same place.

"She is twice as tall as Sister Vitaline now!" exclaimed the children.

At the same time the deep blue circle extended in proportion; and the stars of the sky—as the children called them, to distinguish them from those on Our Lady's dress, all of which had five points—appeared to move aside, as if to allow the vision to rise, and then came and ranged themselves beneath the Virgin's feet, outside the frame; these stars were about forty in number, and were visible only to the children, whilst all the villagers saw perfectly the three stars of the triangle. Soon other stars with five points appeared at a certain distance from the Apparition, and immediately fastened themselves on the dress. After a moment, the children said:

"Oh, there are so many stars the Blessed Virgin will soon be gilt all over!"

During the recital of the Rosary Our Lady ever continued smiling, her appearance during all the time the vision lasted being that of a perfectly living creature; sometimes the mouth opened, as the Holy Mother smiled to her children, who then saw the teeth, which were of dazzling whiteness. As soon as the Rosary was finished, Sister Mary Edward began the Magnificat; and before the first verse was sung the four children cried out with one voice:

"There is something being prepared now!"

A plain white band, about one yard wide and extending all the length of the roof of Guidecog's house, unrolled itself quickly. On it appeared, in golden letters, the first stroke of the letter M, then the entire letter.

"It is an M!" cried the children. "And now there is another letter,—it is an A!"

And after a couple of moments they read the word *Mais.* This word remained alone for about ten minutes; then other golden letters appeared, and before the Magnificat was ended the delighted children read, *Mais priez, mes enfants* (But pray, my children), traced by the invisible hand on the white band. Scarce had the words appeared when a villager, returning from a neighboring town, and hearing the people sing the Magnificat as he passed, exclaimed:

"Oh, you do well to pray the good God! The Prussians are at Laval."

"If they were at the entrance of the village," answered several voices, "we should have no fear now!"

Learning the prodigy, the man joined the group and prayed likewise.

"Let us sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin," said the Curé, "and ask her to tell us what she wills."

They had not been singing long when the children again cried out:

"There is something more to come now! It is a letter,—it is a D!"

The singing continued, interrupted by the voices of the children, who repeated the letters as they appeared, and read the words. At the end of the litany, the line, full of hope and consolation, *Dieu vous exaucera en peu de temps* (God will hear you in a little while), lay before them in brilliant, golden letters; the words were followed by a round spot, which the happy witnesses declared to be as bright as the sun. And all the while the Holy Mother smiled.

After a few moments the Inviolata was sung. As it began the children announced that other letters were forming, always on the white band, but on a second line. When the singers came to the words, "*O Mater Alma Christi carissima!*" (O sweet, dearest Mother of Christ!) the children read: *Mon fils* (My Son).

"It is in very truth the Blessed Virgin," said the children. "Yes, yes; it is Mary! It is indeed our Mother!"

No words can describe the emotion which filled all hearts in that moment of unspeakable happiness; tears were shed by many present.

One by one new letters of hope were traced; before the Inviolata was over the children read: *Mon fils se laisse.* And as the Salve Regina was recited, the word *toucher* appeared; a long gold line then formed under this second sentence—*Mon fils se laisse toucher* (My Son permits Himself to be moved). Could Mary bring any message more full of holy consolation to her afflicted children at such a moment?

The Curé desired that their familiar canticle, Mère de l'Espérance,* should be sung; and at once all began, with Sister Mary Edward:

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*This canticle, which for long years had been sung at St. Brieve, reached Pontmain accidentally. It so pleased the holy Curé that it was at once adopted as *the* canticle of the Mayenne village, in Mary's honor.

"Mère de l'Espérance,
Dont le nom est si doux,
Protégez notre France,
Priez, priez pour nous!"†

No sooner had the canticle begun than the Blessed Virgin raised her hands almost to a level with the shoulders, moving her fingers as if to keep time with the singing, and looked smilingly at the children. Whilst the eight verses were being sung, the inscription remained visible; but after the last verse a blue band, the "color of the sky," passed over the blessed words, and effaced them. Another canticle was sung—*Mon doux Jésus* (My Sweet Jesus), the Parce Domine being added after each verse,—during which the Holy Virgin's face assumed an expresion of sadness.

Presently the children exclaimed:

"There is something preparing now!"

And at the same moment appeared a red cross, about twenty-four inches high, bearing a figure of Christ, also of the same color. This crucifix seemed to be about a foot distant from the Blessed Virgin. Her hands, which had been raised during the singing of the canticle, now lowered, took the crucifix and presented it, as it were, to the children. At the top of the cross appeared the words *Jésus-Christ,* in red letters on a white band. Suddenly a star shot up from beneath the Holy Mother's feet, to the left side, lighted the lower candle, then the higher one, at the same side, passed over the Blessed Virgin's head and came down, lighting the two candles at the right side; then it rose again, passing outside the blue circle, and remained suspended, as it were, over Mary's head. The crowd now sang the Aves Maris Stella; as the hymn proceeded, the red crucifix disappeared, and the celestial vision again assumed the attitude of the Immaculate Conception. Then on each of the shoulders was seen a small white cross about eight inches high.

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†"Mother of Hope, whose name is so sweet, protect our France and pray for us."

When the hymn was finished, the holy Curé said:

"Now let us all recite our evening prayers."

On reaching the examination of conscience, the children announced that a large white veil, gradually rising from beneath the Holy Mother's feet, hid the Apparition from their view. Little by little rose the veil, the voyants gazing with loving eyes on the image of Our Lady,—that heavenly Protectress who never visits her children of the earth but to warn or console. At last the vision disappeared, never more to be contemplated by the happy children of Pontmain until the blessed day when that Divine Son, whose Sacred Heart was touched by the sorrows of their country, shall call them into the realms of everlasting bliss.

"Do you still see anything, little ones?" inquired the Abbé Guérin.

"No, M. le Curé. All is over. Everything has disappeared."

It was now a quarter to nine; the Celestial Apparition had lasted more than three hours. At that very hour in Paris, in the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires, at the close of a novena to obtain the cessation of hostilities, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, a solemn vow was made—the offering of a golden heart promised at her hallowed Shrine;—at that same solemn moment when Notre Dame d'Espérance, having brought Heaven-sent hope to the hearts of her sorrowing children, withdrew from their delighted gaze in the humble village of Pontmain. The armistice was signed on the 27th of January. Notre Dame des Victoires proved faithful to the promises of Notre Dame d'Espérance.

The father of the happy voyants died on the 2d of June, 1871; his wife still lives on a little farm just outside Pontmain. Joseph Barbedette, as we have said, is a holy Oblate, one of the nine guardian priests; his brother Eugène is a secular clergyman in the parish of Renazè, on the borders of Mayenne and Anjou. Auguste, the young mobile of 1870, has just died, leaving a widow and several children. The barn no longer serves for the furze pounding; it is converted into a kind of oratory, ornamented with many banners and other pious emblems offered by pilgrims. Jeanne-Marie Lebossè entered the community of the Sisters of the Holy Family, of Bordeaux; and Françoise Richer, though not a nun, is employed in a religious establishment near Pontmain. Thus we see that the four children have proved faithful to the supreme grace God bestowed on them. The Abbé Guérin—so frequently compared to the Venerable Curé of Ars—was called to his reward on the 28th of May, 1872, at the age of seventy-one. Truly the saintly priest could say on the threshold of eternity, "*Nunc Dimittis;*" for though his eyes had not seen the celestial vision, his heart had ever understood that through Mary lay the way of salvation.

Beyond Augustin Guidecog's house lay a vacant space—a field almost,—over which the heavenly vision appeared. This ground belonged to the family Morin du Tertre. But M. Morin du Tertre no longer looked on it as his property after the Apparition, Mary having deigned to mark it as her own. The field was therefore offered for the building of a church; on it now stands the beautiful Gothic basilica, a model of ecclesiastical architecture.

In 1875 M. Morin du Tertre lay at death's door, suffering from a painful illness, which earthly physicians and remedies proved alike powerless either to alleviate or to cure. "I'll go to Pontmain," he said; "the good Virgin, who robbed me of my field, will surely restore my health." Between life and death, he was carried to Pontmain. There he prayed fervently and received Holy Communion. After a night of suffering, passed on the floor as usual, Mary's devout client found himself restored to perfect health.

Would we might relate all, or even a third, of the miracles wrought in this privileged spot; but Our Lady's records are so exhaustless, our space so small, she will forgive us.

In 1836 some vestiges of the ancient castle were found; fragments of walls seven feet thick appeared, and an old grey tower rose up like the silent guardian of Pont-Mèen's former glory.

More interesting than all was the discovery, amidst the ruins, of two ancient seals, which appear in very truth like two dumb but eloquent prophecies. One—that of the lords of Pont-Mèen—represents Our Blessed Lady holding the Divine Child in her arms, whilst at her feet a monk, with clasped hands, prays in ecstatic fervor. Could any image more perfectly portray the Oblates, our Heavenly Mother's chosen servants, who now so faithfully and devotedly guard her sanctuary? The other seal is that of the castellany, or castle-ward; it represents a silver triangle, in the centre of which the letters M A are interlaced; the triangle rests on an azure shield, at each of whose corners lies a star with five points, whilst round the triangle runs the name Pont-Main.

The hope that this event had awakened in the hearts of the inhabitants of Pontmain spread rapidly, and brought consolation to the stricken country. From that day a pilgrimage was organized; people flocked to the barn of Barbedette, and many began to question the happy children, whose veracity was no longer doubted. Before a year had elapsed one hundred thousand pilgrims followed one another to Pontmain, the Baron de Carette and a great many of his heroic Zouaves among the number. Numerous favors were obtained in this privileged spot. The Bishop of Laval wished to purchase the field over which our Heavenly Mother had condescended to appear, but M. Morin, the owner, would not consent to receive any indemnity. In the middle of this ground a pillar was erected bearing a statue of the Apparition; later on a beautiful chapel was built, contributions pouring in from all parts.

On the 17th of January, 1872, France, relieved from the disasters of war, according to the celestial promise, celebrated with solemnity the first anniversary of the Apparition. On the 2d of the following February, Feast of the Purification, Mgr. Wicart, after careful investigation, issued a pastoral letter pronouncing the fact miraculous, and approving of the worship of the Blessed Virgin under the title *Notre Dame de l'Espérance du Pontmain* (Our Lady of Hope of Pontmain).

The Bishop of Laval, Mgr. Wicart's pastoral letter, which, with the document that followed it, was read in all the churches of the diocese on Sunday, February 2, 1872, dealt with the details of the event of Pontmain.

Then followed the Bishop's profession of faith in the Apparition. "Considering," he says, "that it shows in itself and its attendant circumstances the characteristics of a Divine and supernatural fact, we declare as follows:

"Article I.—We consider that the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, really appeared on January 17, 1871, to Eugène and Joseph Barbedette, Françoise Richer, and Jeanne-Marie Lebossè in the hamlet of Pontmain. In all humility and obedience, we submit this our decision to the judgment of the Holy See.

"Article II.—We authorize in our diocese devotion to the Blessed Virgin under title of that of Notre Dame d'Espérance de Pontmain.

"Article III.—We reserve to ourselves the right of approving all formulæ of prayers and hymns and all books bearing upon the Apparition.

"Article IV.—In answer to wishes expressed to us on all sides, we have conceived the plan of erecting a sanctuary in honor of Mary on the spot above which the Apparition appeared."

The sanctuary designated in the Bishop's pastoral was to be a magnificent church, subscriptions for which began coming in at once.

The foundation-stone of the new building was laid in June, 1873, the ceremony being the occasion of religious celebrations which lasted five days.

That year, 1873, saw upwards of 100,000 pilgrims and visitors to Pontmain.

The solemn blessing of the new church took place June 26, 1876. Ten bishops, as well as other church dignitaries, took part in the ceremony.

On October 11, 1896, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the

Apparition, was to be celebrated as a silver jubilee. Moreover, on this occasion, a peal of twenty-five bells, one of the finest in France, belonging to the commemorative church, by this time raised to the dignity of a Roman basilica, were to receive their liturgical consecration.

The bells, decked in robes of ceremony, stood waiting. Some were in lace and some in cloth of gold. Some were named after French provinces, as the "Normandie," the "Maine," and the "Anjou;" and some after towns, as the "Marseillaise," the "Rouennaise," and the "Bordelaise." The great bell, or bourdon, was the "France."

When they had been blessed, they made their voices heard. The bourdon chimed Te Deum Laudamus, te Dominum confitemur. The "Immaculee" sang sweetly with her voice of metal, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Deus Sabaoth! The "Bretagne," as the voice of Brittany, sang triumphantly, Tu Rex gloriæ Christe. And so with the remainder of the twenty-five bells and their respective tasks.

These notes, grand and sweet enough to seem a revival of the bell-music of the Middle Ages, echoed through the vale of Pontmain and over the surrounding forest land of Normandy, Brittany, and Maine.

Two years later there was another important religious ceremonial at Pontmain, the occasion being the promulgation of the Papal Brief changing the title of the Archconfraternity there established, from that of Notre Dame d'Espérance to that of Notre Dame de la Priere (Our Lady of Prayer). The association was then enriched with fresh indulgences.

In the last year of the nineteenth century, the basilica of Pontmain, with its spires looking at a distance like lace in stone, was the scene of another important ceremony. On October 15, 1900, its liturgical consecration took place at the hands of Mgr. Geay, Bishop of Laval, assisted by Mgr. Leroy, Bishop of Alinda, and Mgr. Meunier, Bishop of Evreux.

MARY KEPT ALL THESE WORDS

Mother of Him who neither strove, nor cried;
Who "looked" His pain, when by a friend denied;
Whose whisper on the Cross to one forgiven,
Cancelled the past and sent a saint to Heaven.
Whose Voice was in the noisy streets unknown,
His passage, by His mercies marked alone—
Mother, whose heart was e'en on earth a shrine
For holy memories and thoughts divine,
Whence hymns of praise and adoration rose,
As from a crystal fount the clear stream flows;
Or, the white speechless lilies of the field
The fragrant tribute of their perfume yield—
Mother, perchance for that dear likeness fell
A glance Divine upon the flowery dell,
And Jesus praised the children of the sod
For love of thee, the fairest work of God;
For Solomon in all his glory bore
No brighter aspect than these emblems wore—
Mother, we fain would learn of thee to stand
The Cross beside, and with no feeble hand
To clasp its form, and resolutely pray
For strength to bear the burden of the day;
To meditate alone, nor speak of all
The hopes that stir, the terrors that appall
Our secret souls, as in their inmost cells
The storm careens, or the bright sunshine dwells.
Teach us that solemn silence of the heart,
E'en while we fill with zeal life's earnest part,
With footsteps swift to hurry on the way
Wherever love and duty sheds its ray;
But from the earth we tread to raise our eyes
With calm repose to the unchanging skies.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

APPARITION OF
OUR LADY ALL MERCIFUL
PELLEVOISIN, FRANCE

APPARITION
OF
OUR LADY ALL MERCIFUL
PELLEVOISIN, FRANCE
1876

O favored mortal Mary's child,
Can tongue reveal thy bliss?
The spotless angels 'round her throne
Know not a name like this.

Cecelia McHenry.

ESTELLE FAGUETTE, lady's maid to the Countess Arthur de La Rouchefoucauld, was dangerously ill in Paris at the end of May, 1875. At that time she was thirty-two years of age, and was obliged, owing to her ill health, to leave her situation. Through the influence of her mistress she obtained admission into an hospital under the care of the Augustinian nuns, Rue Cudinot. Towards the end of July, as her master and mistress were returning home, they had her brought to their country residence, the Chateau of Poiriers, near Pellevoisin, Indre, Diocese of Bourges. She was then very ill. Dr. B——, who had been her medical attendant for several years, declared, in the month of August, "that, besides the internal diseases under which she was suffering, her lungs were also affected," adding to Madame de La Rouchefoucauld, "this poor girl is totally unfit for service; she is dying slowly." Then he wrote a prescription and went away, saying: "You must not forget that she is in consumption." To all appearances, indeed, the poor girl was "dying slowly," as the doctor had declared. In the beginning of September, after having commenced alone several Novenas, she made, as she called it, "her will." A small grotto in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes had just been erected in the park at Poiriers, so Estelle wrote a letter to the Blessed Virgin, and, as she was unable to take it herself, she asked Mademoiselle Reiter to place it at the feet of her statue, concealing it well under the stones. We shall see later on the wonderful way in which this letter turned up again.

On the 18th of December, after a severe attack, during which she was again given over by the local doctor under whose care she had been for several years, she received the last sacraments with the greatest resignation. Her employers, before leaving for Paris, at the end of January, 1876, had her removed with the greatest care to a house belonging to them at Pellevoisin, where her father and mother came to mind her. On the 8th of February another severe attack followed, and on the 10th she could not possibly be much worse. Another doctor was sent for, but the moment he saw her he declared she had only a few hours to live. As he was told that no nourishment would remain in her stomach, he replied: "It is useless to torture her for the short time she has to live." She was in great agony, but perfectly conscious and resigned to die.

On Sunday evening, the 13th of February, she asked M. Le Curé of Pellevoisin, to write to Madame de La Rouchefoucauld, begging of her to have a taper lighted for her intention at Notre Dame des Victoires, and another before the altar of Our Lady of Lourdes in the Jesuits' Church, Rue de Sevres. These tapers were lighted at the Shrines of Mary on the following day, Monday. On Tuesday morning Estelle told the parish priest that she had seen the Blessed Virgin during the night, and that she would be either dead or cured on the following Saturday. The priest said a few kind words, but he thought she was only laboring under a delusion. The next day she told him that she had once more seen the Blessed Virgin, and that she would be cured on the following Saturday. "Yesterday," replied the priest, "you told me you would be dead or cured. What will you tell me to-morrow?"

Estelle knew by his words that the priest did not believe her, and she said so to him. On Thursday morning she again declared that she would be cured on Saturday, but this time so emphatically and with such extraordinary details, relating to circumstances known only to herself and the priest, that he was astounded, and no longer wished to remain the only depository of this prediction. He persuaded the dying girl to relate all she had seen to several persons whose discretion could be depended on, and she obeyed him willingly.

On Friday night, about ten o'clock, Estelle seemed to be in her last agony. She was completely exhausted, and could scarcely breathe. The priest recommended her to receive the Sacrament of Penance once more, although she had done so eight days previously, but she replied most emphatically that she preferred to defer her confession till the next day, as she would then be cured. The clergyman was very uneasy about her, but, as his house was not far away, he returned home, making Estelle's mother promise him that should the slightest change in her condition take place, she would send for him immediately. M. Le Curé returned the next morning. Estelle told him that she felt as if she had been cured, but that, as yet, she could not move her right arm, of which she had lost the use five or six days previously, it having become greatly swollen and quite numb. She then related the vision she had had during the night, and the priest went to say Mass, promising to come back and bring her the Holy Viaticum. As being unable to make the sign of the Cross with her right hand, Estelle used to make it with her left, M. Le Curé said to her before leaving the room: "The Blessed Virgin is all-good and all-merciful; if she wished it she can, indeed, restore you to your health, but to prove to us that all you have said is not an illusion, as soon as you shall have received Holy Communion try to make the sign of the Cross with your right hand. If you succeed, it shall be a proof that the Blessed Virgin intends to cure you." He returned soon after and gave her Holy Communion. There were seven or eight persons present at the time. As soon as she had received the Sacred Host the priest knelt down for a moment, but, standing up again immediately, he approached the bed, and said in a voice trembling with emotion: "My poor Estelle, you have edified us by your courage and resignation; be now full of confidence, and to prove to us that all you have said is not an illusion, make the sign of the Cross with your right hand." Estelle instantly raised her right hand and, before all present, made the sign of the Cross without the least difficulty. "Begin again," said the priest, in a voice trembling with emotion, and again she obeyed, making a large sign of the Cross, crying out: "I am cured. I know and feel that I am cured." A murmur of admiration passed through the room; a smile of joy illumined the faces of all present, the first sunbeam, so to say, seen in that chamber of death for at least a month. Each one left it now, acknowledging with the prophet, that they had seen wonders. It was Saturday, the 19th of February, about eight o'clock in the morning. The same day Estelle rose, dressed herself without any help, in the presence of several persons, partook of some food, and talked gaily with all around. The tumor from which she had suffered for eleven years had entirely disappeared. It had grown much larger during her illness, and had been rubbed with ointment repeatedly during the time. The last doctor who had attended her was summoned on the 28th of February. He appeared thunderstruck on seeing her, but did not hesitate to declare her perfectly cured, and that her marvelous recovery could not have been the result of any natural means. On being informed of it, Dr. B—— also declared, "That there was in this cure, when considered with the various symptoms he had remarked during the course of Estelle's illness, something sufficiently extraordinary to upset all medical previsions, and that the whole case should be considered as quite exceptional."

From the time of her miraculous cure, Estelle has not had the slightest relapse or any other indisposition; in fact, she enjoys much better health than before her illness. On the following day she began, through obedience, to write the recital, which is here published.

A PRAYER COMPOSED BY ESTELLE AFTER HER CURE.

O my good Mother, behold me in thy hands. Look with pity on thy poor servant. Do not permit the designs of Providence towards my unworthy self to be frustrated by my infidelity to grace. May thy Jesus, who dwelt in thy heart, and who has this day deigned to visit mine, be my salvation and my only support. May He subdue in me that pride which has so often nearly caused my ruin. May He root out of my heart every evil inclination, and completely destroy everything that does not tend to His glory and thine. Most Holy Virgin, who hast shown thy power by granting me health of body, heal also my soul so often the slave of sin. O my powerful Protectress, thou who art, after God, my consolation; thou who didst soothe my pain; thou who art the light of my soul, having revealed all my iniquities to me; thou who art my strength, my treasure, my joy, the hope of my life and of eternal salvation, thou hast said to me: "You are my daughter." Thou canst not then reject my prayers. Deign to grant them, and to have compassion on me as beseems the Mother of my God, who has shown such love and goodness to men. He is their Father; and He has appointed thee their Mother. Since thou hast deigned to place me among thy own privileged children, obtain for me all the grace necesary for the salvation of my soul. I promise thee in return, O my good Mother, to do all in my power to become more worthy of thy favors.

ACCOUNT OF THE MIRACULOUS CURE OF ESTELLE

THE FIRST FIVE APPARITIONS

During the nights of the 14th, 15th, etc., up to the 19th of February, 1876

Written on the 21st and 26th of February, 1876

Pardon me, O my God, if I write these lines; I do so in a spirit of obedience, and if they tend to the glory of Thy Blessed

Mother I shall be only too happy. Grant, O my God, that this act of obedience may help to expiate my sins.

During the nine months that I was ill I suffered much, not only in body, but also in mind.

I can never describe all my heart endured. I could not resign myself to die, and leave behind me my father and mother and a little orphan niece I had reared, of all of whom I was the only support; still, every hour of the day I repeated: "My God, may Thy holy will be done." Then, again, realizing the approach of death, my heart would revoke the words uttered by my lips. I got no rest, either night or day.

God is a good Father, but He must have all or nothing. The three last attacks of my illness took place with scarcely any intermission. He made use of them to recall me to His service. As I suffered intensely, my master and mistress did everything in their power to get me some relief. They called in again the doctors who had declared that I was incurable. I heard them say: "She cannot recover. She will die during one of these spasms." I owe a great deal of resignation to my mistress, for she often said to me: "My poor Estelle, you have been in so much suffering for such a length of time, it would be far better for you if God took you to Himself, for there is every reason to believe you can never recover." Then I would reflect over her words. I would weep and say: "What will become of my parents?" The day that I received Extreme Unction I became more calm and, after Holy Communion, I repeated several times: "My God, thou knowest better than I what is good for me; do with me as Thou pleasest; only enable me to make my sacrifice generously." This time I spoke from the very depths of my heart, and God heard my prayer. When the attack was over I felt a little better, and hope began to revive in my heart, but it was not destined to remain there long. After a few days I was worse than ever. This time, however, I was no longer dissatisfied; my only wish was to die well, and in my greatest suffering I often said: "My God, in expiation of my sins, let me suffer. Behold, I am ready, strike as it shall please Thee; only give me courage, patience, and resignation to Thy holy will. If groans escape from my lips, deign to receive them as prayers from my heart to Thine." After a few days I grew weaker still; I could no longer pray. My sacrifice was made, and I asked for nothing more. The Blessed Virgin interceded for me, and it is with sincere gratitude and profound humility that I relate the favors she has bestowed upon me. I am most unworthy of the favors I have received through her intercession, and after all my ingratitude she ought to have abandoned me rather than have favored me so highly. Let all who read these lines be convinced of one truth: that it was not on account of any merit of mine that the Blessed Virgin obtained my cure from her Divine Son. Far from it; it was that many might know we have a good mother who watches over us and intercedes for us. What return can I ever make to her for all she has done for me?

For five successive nights I gazed upon the same enchanting vision. On the nights of the 14th to the 15th, that is to say, between Monday and Tuesday, I was very ill. I am not quite sure whether I was asleep or not at the time of the vision. I was trying to get some rest, when suddenly the demon appeared at the foot of my bed. He was horrible, and at once began to make grimaces at me. Scarcely had I perceived him when Our Blessed Lady appeared on the other side at the corner of my bed. She wore a pure white woolen veil, which fell in three folds. I can never describe how beautiful she was! Her features were regular; her color, white and rose-tint, rather pale. Her large, gentle eyes reassured me somewhat, but not completely; for the demon, perceiving the Blessed Virgin, drew back, dragging the curtain and the iron rod of my bed. This increased my terror, which became unendurable. I crouched down in my bed. He did not speak, but turned his back to me. Then the Blessed Virgin said to him sharply: "What brings you here? Do you not see that she wears my livery, and that of my Son?" He disappeared, gesticulating. Then she turned to me and said gently: "Fear nothing; you are my daughter."

Then I remembered that from the age of fourteen I had been an "Enfant de Marie." I now felt less fear. She said to me gently: "Have courage, be patient; my Son will allow Himself to be prevailed upon; you will suffer five days longer, in honor of the five wounds of my Son. On Saturday you will be either dead or cured. If my Son restores you to life, I wish you to publish my glory." I was so taken by surprise that I quickly replied: "But how can I do it? I who am so insignificant, I know not what I can do." Immediately I saw between her and me a slab of white marble, which I recognized as an *ex-voto*. I said to her: "But my good Mother, where shall it be placed? Is it in Notre-Dame des Victoires at Paris, or at Pellevoisin?" She did not give me time to finish the word Pellevoisin. She replied: "At Notre-Dame des Victoires they have sufficient proofs of my power, whereas at Pellevoisin they have none. They require a stimulus." She then remained a few minutes silent. I cannot explain what I felt. I trembled, and yet I was very happy. I promised her to do all that was in my power for her glory. She then said tome: "Have courage; I wish you to keep your promise." And then all disappeared. I continued gazing a long time, but saw nothing more that night.

The second night the demon appeared, and again I was overwhelmed with fear. He remained, however, a little farther away from me. Almost at the same time the Blessed Virgin appeared, and said to me: "Do not be afraid; I am here. This time my Son has allowed Himself to be prevailed upon. He grants you life. On Saturday you will be cured." I replied all at once: "But, my good Mother, if I had my choice, I would prefer to die, now that I am well prepared." Then the Blessed Virgin said to me, smiling: "Ungrateful one, if my Son restores you to life, it is because it is necessary for you. What has He given to man on earth more precious than life? In restoring you to life, do not believe you will be exempt from suffering; no, you will suffer; you will not be free from sorrow. This is what makes life meritorious. If my Son has allowed Himself to be prevailed upon, it is on account of your resignation and your patience. Do not, by the choice you now make, deprive yourself of it. Have I not told you if He restores you to life you will publish my glory?" The white marble slab was there, and beside it as much fine white paper as equaled it in thickness, which seemed a great quantity. I tried to lift up a few sheets of the paper, but I could not do so. The Blessed Virgin looked at me with a smile while I was doing so, but then saying, "Look at your past life," her face grew sad, though still retaining its sweetness of expression. I am still covered with confusion at the faults I have committed, although to my own eyes they appeared only slight ones. But I will be silent about what the Blessed Virgin said to me on this subject. I shall merely say that she reproved me severely, as, indeed, I deserved. I would have longed to cry out for pardon, but could not; my grief overcame me; I felt stunned. The Blessed Virgin looked kindly at me, and then, without speaking again disappeared. Oh, how sad I felt.

The third and fourth nights I again saw the demon, but he kept so far off that I could scarcely distinguish his gestures. The third night the Blessed Virgin said: "Come, take courage, my child." As she spoke, her reproaches of the preceding night recurred to my mind. I felt terror and I trembled. She again reproved me about other matters, but so sweetly that I felt reassured. Then she said: "All this is passed. By your resignation you have expiated these faults." Then she pointed out to me some good works I had performed. They were, indeed, very few beside my faults. The Blessed Virgin perceived my trouble, for she said to me: "I am all-merciful, and the mistress of my Son. These good works and some fervent prayers have touched my mother's heart. Among others, that little letter you wrote to me in the month of September. What moved me was the phrase, 'See the sorrow of my parents. If I fail them they are on the eve of begging their bread. Remember, then, what thou didst suffer when thy Son Jesus was stretched out upon the Cross.' I have shown that letter to my

Son. Your parents have need of you; for the future try to be faithful. Do not lose the graces which are given to you, and publish my glory."

The fourth night resembled the preceding ones, and each night I again saw all the words she had said to me previously. This night, however, it appeared to me that she remained a shorter time with me. I wished to ask her for graces, but could never do so. I was so confused by the rapidity of my thoughts I read in my mind the words which the Blessed Virgin had reported to me: "Fear nothing, you are my daughter; my Son is touched by your resignation." Her reproaches for my faults when she said: "I am all-merciful, and the mistress of my Son." These words: "Take courage, be patient and resigned, you will suffer, you will not be exempt from sorrow, try to be faithful. I wish that you should publish my glory." All these and several other things passed rapidly before me, but how, I cannot explain. I both saw and heard, however, perfectly. How came it that while Our Blessed Lady was there looking at me, she who is so good and gentle, that I always felt unable to ask her anything? She disappeared, as on the preceding nights, repeating: "You will publish my glory." I once more tried to ask her how, but had not time. She replied as she left me: "Make every effort."

The fifth night, from Friday to Saturday, was not altogether the same. The Blessed Virgin did not remain at the foot of my bed. She approached to the middle of my curtains. My God, how beautiful she was! She remained a long time silent and motionless, standing, in the midst of a clear vapor. If it be only a dream, why cannot it last forever? After a long silence she looked at me. I know not how I felt—I was so happy. She was smiling. She reminded me of my promises. I once more saw the marble slab, but this time it was no longer white. In the four corners there were golden rose-buds. In the highest part a golden heart emitting flames, transpierced with a sword, and surmounted by a crown of roses. These words were inscribed on it:

"I called upon Mary in anguish and pain;
From her Son she obtained for me health once again."
—*Estelle.*

I promised her again to do all in my power for her glory. She said to me: "If you wish to serve me be simple, and let your actions correspond with your words." I asked her if in order to serve her it were necessary to change my state of life? She replied: "One can be saved in every state. Where you are you can do a great deal of good, and you can publish my glory. What afflicts me most is the want of respect shown by some people to my Divine Son in the Holy Communion and the attitude taken for prayer, when, at the same time the mind continues occupied with other things. I say this for people who pretend to be pious." After these words she resumed her smiling look. I asked her if I should repeat what she had said immediately. The Blessed Virgin answered: "Yes, yes; publish my glory, but before doing so, await the advice of your confessor and director, for people will endeavor to entrap you. They will treat you as a visionary, as a person of disordered imagination, as a fool, but pay no attention to all that; be faithful to me; I will assist you." I gazed long upon her, my eyes would never weary of beholding her, but at length she disappeared gradually from my sight. Never had I seen anything so beautiful. By degrees she vanished, till only the soft light which had surrounded her remained. This, too, soon faded away, and all disappeared. At this time I suffered fearfully, while my heart beat so violently that I thought it would leap out of my bosom. I was in great pain, but I recollect holding my rosary in my left hand, having lost the use of the right.

I offered my sufferings to Almighty God. I did not know that they were the last of that illness. After having rested a little I felt quite well. I asked what o'clock it was. It was half-past twelve in the morning. I felt that I was cured, with the exception of my right arm, the use of which I did not regain until after I had received Holy Communion. Oh, what thanksgiving do I not owe to thee, my good heavenly Mother." My heart can never thank thee sufficiently. Supply thyself all that is wanting to me.—Estelle.

SIXTH APPARITION, SATURDAY, JULY FIRST, 1876

It is in Thy presence, O my God, that I relate the visit I received last night from Thy Blessed Mother, notwithstanding my nothingness and my sins. May it tend to Thy glory.

When I knelt to say my prayers, my mind, as usual, reverted to the visions I had seen in February. Immediately afterwards I took up a book to read a few lines, as I did not wish to go to bed late, as I had been forbidden to do so. It was a quarter-past ten o'clock. I was on my knees before the fire-place, when all of a sudden I saw the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by a soft radiant light, as she had formerly appeared, only this time I saw her whole figure from head to foot. What beauty! what sweetness! The ends of her cincture nearly reached the hem of her dress. She was all in white, and remained standing. Her feet seemed to be on a level with the floor, which was apparently somewhat lower than usual. When I first perceived her she had her arms stretched out, and from her hands there fell drops like rain. She looked at something fixedly, then taking one of the tassels of her cincture, she raised it to her breast, on which she crossed her hands. She smiled and, looking at me, said: "Be calm, my child, have patience; you will have sorrows, but I will be with you." The tassel of her cincture, which she held, fell from her hands; it passed quite close to me. I said nothing. I could not speak. I felt too happy. The Blessed Virgin remained a little while longer, then she said to me: "Courage, I will come again." She then disappeared very slowly, as she had done in the month of February. Why have I not been able to follow thee, my good Mother, but thou wilt come again? (Written the 2d of July. This vision took place on the eve of the Feast of the Visitation of the

Blessed Virgin, which was also that year the eve of the Consecration of the Basilica of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

SEVENTH APPARITION, SUNDAY, JULY SECOND, FEAST OF THE VISITATION OF B. V.

Since I am to publish your glory, I will now, through obedience, relate your visit this past night.

I went to bed at half-past ten o'clock. It cost me something to retire to rest, as I had seen the Blessed Virgin the night before, about the same hour. I fell at once into a profound sleep. I awoke at half-past eleven, aroused myself thoroughly, got up, and partly dressed myself, to see what o'clock it was. I thought I had slept much longer. Seeing what time it was, I hoped to see the Blessed Virgin before midnight. I knelt down and said half the Hail Mary. The Blessed Virgin stood before me. I could not finish the prayer. I was too happy. She appeared the same as she did last night: the drops of rain falling from her hands, and, as she stood there, in a soft halo of light, there was, in the background, a wreath of roses surrounding her. She remained thus for some time. Then she crossed her hands upon her breast. Her eyes were fixed upon me. "You have already published my glory." Then she confided to me a secret which I cannot reveal. "Continue to do so. My Son has also some souls attached to Him. His Heart bears such love for mine that He cannot refuse me any requests. Through me He will touch the most hardened hearts." "Continue." She looked most beautiful as she spoke. I was able to ask her something. I remembered the pile of papers I had seen on the 15th of February; so I said to her: "My good Mother, what must be done with this paper?" "It will serve to publish this recital in the manner several of my servants think it ought to be done. There will be much opposition; but fear nothing—be calm." Then I wished to ask her for something else; that is to say, for a proof of her power, but I felt embarrassed; I did not know how to express myself. At last I said: "My good Mother, for your own glory, if you please——" She understood me and, with a loving smile, replied: "Is not your cure one of the greatest proofs of my power? I have come especially for the conversion of sinners." And, while she was speaking, I was thinking of the various ways in which she might manifest her power. She replied to my thoughts: "It will be seen later on." She remained with me a good while longer, and then slowly disappeared. The wreath of roses remained after she was gone; then gradually faded away, together with a surrounding halo of light. I remained on my knees for a short time, then returned to bed. It was half-past twelve o'clock. I slept but little during the rest of the night; and it is only through obedience that I have written these lines.

All for thy glory, my good Mother; thanks for thy favors. May the Divine Son also be touched by these small efforts which it has been in my power to make, in order to publish thy glory.—Estelle.

[The first part of this account was written soon after the Apparition, at one o'clock in the morning. The rest of it in the morning of the 3d of July.]

EIGHTH APPARITION, MONDAY, JULY THIRD

Last night I saw again the Blessed Virgin. She appeared the same as she did the other night; but she only remained five minutes. She reproached me gently: "I would wish that you were still more calm. I will not disclose to you the day nor hour on which I intend to return. You require repose. I will remain only a few minutes." At this moment I desired to express my wishes to her. She said to me, with a smile: "I have come to end the feast." She remained a few moments longer; then went away, as she did on the other nights. It was not yet midnight.—Estelle.

[Written on the 4th July, 1876. The 3d July, 1876, was the Feast of the Coronation of Our Lady of Lourdes.]

NINTH APPARITION, SEPTEMBER NINTH

(On the Saturday within the Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin it being also the eve of the Holy Name of Mary.)

Since thou dost ask I should publish thy glory, my good Mother, it is solely in order to please thee that I am about to write thy words.

For several days I have wished to revisit the room in which I had been cured. At length, on the 9th September, I have been able to do so. I was finishing the Rosary when the Blessed Virgin appeared. She was the same as on the 1st July. Before speaking to me, she looked around in silence, then she said: "You deprived yourself of a visit from me on the 15th of August; you were not sufficiently calm. You have indeed the French character, wishing to know all without learning anything, and to understand everything before knowing it. I would have come to you yesterday, too; again you deprived yourself of it. I was waiting for this act of submission and obedience from you." At that moment I understood perfectly that if I had not been submissive and obedient I would have deprived myself of ever again beholding her. She paused; then said: "For a long time the treasures of my Son have been open. Let them pray." Saying these words she raised the small piece of woolen cloth which she wore upon her breast. I had always seen this, but without knowing what it meant; for hitherto it was always pure white. As she took it up I perceived a red heart, which appeared distinctly in relief. I thought all at once that it was a Scapular of the Sacred Heart. She said to me, holding it up: "I love this devotion." She paused, then added: "It is here I will be honored."

[This vision took place about a quarter to three in the afternoon; it lasted seven or eight minutes.]

TENTH APPARITION, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER TENTH, FEAST OF THE HOLY NAME OF MARY

The 10th of September the Blessed Virgin came at nearly the same hour. She made no delay, saying: "Let them pray." I show them the example." While speaking she joined her hands, then disappeared. The bell for Vespers rung out at the same moment.—Estelle.

[The Blessed Virgin wore the Scapular she had revealed on yesterday, and also in each of the succeeding Apparitions.]

ELEVENTH APPARITION, ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH, FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

On the 15th of September, with the permission of my mistress, I went to pray in my room. What a happiness for me! why cannot I spend my life there? I went there twice, but it was only on the second occasion that I saw the Blessed Virgin. It was then a quarter to three o'clock. She appeared as usual, her arms stretched out, drops of rain falling from her hands; she remained a long time silent before speaking to me. She looked about in every direction, and then told me some things which refer only to myself. "I will remember the efforts you have made to be calm. It is not only for your own sake, I ask this, but also for that of the Church and for France. In the Church there is not the calm I desire." She sighed and shook her head, saying: "There is something else, then." She paused; she did not tell me what it was, but I understood immediately that there was some discord. Then she continued slowly: "Let them pray and let them have confidence in me." The Blessed Virgin looked sad, as she added: "And France, what have I not done for her? How many warnings, and yet she refused to listen! I can no longer restrain my Son." She appeared deeply moved as she said: "France will suffer." She laid particular emphasis on these words. Then she paused once more and continued: "Courage and confidence." At that moment the thought occurred to me, if I say this it is likely no one will believe me. The Blessed Virgin understood me, for she replied: "I have arranged all beforehand. So much the worse for those who may not be willing to believe you. Later on they will recognize the truth of my words." Then she gradually disappeared. O my good Mother, there is still time, thy encouraging words will increase our confidence and love for thee. Thou art "all-merciful and mistress of thy Son." Thou hast said: "The treasures of my Son are open." Ah! if it pleases Him to try us still more, and to punish us as we deserve, at least we shall have the consolation of drawing from this inexhaustible source, which issues from His Sacred Heart. This devotion, which thou dost love, my good Mother, I will speak of it as much as I possibly can; and thou wilt permit that my good-will to please thee may serve for thy glory.—Estelle.

The Scapular is now revealed; the mission of Estelle becomes public, and it is worthy of remark that henceforth witnesses will be found present at every succeeding Apparition. Mdlle. Blanche de Tyran had followed Estelle into her room. The following is an abridgment of her deposition: Estelle began to say the Rosary, kneeling almost in the middle of the room. She had said about a decade and a half, when Mdlle. de Tyran, who remained about two feet away from her, no longer heard the words, the sound of her respiration, nor the slightest noise of her beads moving. Estelle remained thus on her knees about three-quarters of an hour, perfectly motionless, her hands joined and slightly extended. At the end of that time she drew a long, sorrowful sigh, seemed to wipe away her tears, and asked Mdlle. de Tyran if she had not seen the Blessed Virgin. The latter, placed a little distance behind her, could not see her eyes, but saw quite plainly the deep flush on her cheeks. Estelle then described to her the Scapular of the Sacred Heart, and told her some of the details of her vision.

TWELFTH APPARITION, ON THE NOVEMBER FIRST, FEAST OF ALL SAINTS

Thou hast not spoken to me, my good Mother; yet, nevertheless, for thy glory I will describe the visit with which thou hast deigned to favor me to-day. For the last fifteen days, notwithstanding all my efforts to refrain from desiring to see the Blessed Virgin again, I could not succeed in doing so, and at the very moment I resolved most firmly not to think of it, my heart would leap within me at the thought of again beholding her. To-day, at last—1st November—I once more saw this good heavenly Mother. She appeared as usual, with her arms stretched out and wearing the Scapular she had shown to me on the 9th September. As usual, also, she gazed intently on something I could not see, then looked around on all sides. She did not speak, but at last, casting her eyes on me, with an expression of the greatest kindness, she disappeared. Oh! if I could only follow thee, my good Mother. This is always my first thought when I see her. To-day, immediately after the departure of Our Blessed Lady, when I looked around the room, everything appeared dark to me. What grief I felt; my God, what dost Thou wish me to do? I am ready. Do with me what Thou dost wish. And as for Thy most holy Mother, who is so good and merciful, what does she require from a poor creature like me? What am I to do? Speak, O most holy Mother! I renew the promise I have made before thee. I will do all that depends on me for thy glory.—Estelle.

[This Apparition took place about half an hour after midday. It lasted only a few minutes. Mdlle. de Tyran was present during this Apparition.]

She relates that when she had seen Estelle enter the room, she followed her, accompanied by Madame de La Rochefoucauld. After about a quarter of an hour they both left it together, but Mademoiselle soon returned and found Estelle in the same fixed, motionless state as she had been when she saw her on the 15th September. This lasted only a few minutes, but she remarked afterwards to Madame de La Rochefoucauld that Estelle must assuredly have seen the Blessed Virgin.

Estelle was depressed that evening, because she had not heard the Blessed Virgin speak, as on former occasions. Monsieur le Curé, in order to ascertain her opinion, said that perhaps it was a farewell visit, that it was true the Blessed Virgin had not spoken, but that she seemed to indicate by her Scapular that it should be propagated. "I do not know if I shall see the Blessed Virgin again. This does not appear to me like a farewell visit, but I think I shall see her again."

THIRTEENTH APPARITION, ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER FIFTH

About half-past two o'clock I went to my room to say my beads, and when I had finished it I saw the Blessed Virgin. She looked as beautiful as ever. As I gazed upon her I reflected how unworthy I was of her favors, that so many others were more deserving of them than I, and could do so much more to publish her glory. Then she looked at me and smiled, saying: "I have chosen you." Oh! how happy I felt! What goodness in her look, and what mercy! She wore her Scapular; how beautiful it was! She paused a moment, and then continued, smiling: "I choose the little ones and the weak for my glory." Again she paused, then said: "Courage! the time of your trials is approaching." Then she crossed her hands upon her breast and disappeared. All for thee, my good Mother.

This vision lasted a quarter of an hour, according to the testimony of Sister Maria Theodosie, the superioress of the nuns, who was present at the time. She states that she entered the room with Estelle, who knelt to pray, but not in her usual place. After a few minutes the sister went back to the church, where she remained about ten minutes, after which she returned to Estelle. The noise she made on entering the room did not disturb Estelle, who was then kneeling in her usual place, and whose state of ecstasy she remarked, as she approached within two feet of her, so that she might clearly see her face and watch her eyes. Her face was calm; her eyes fixed. The sister could not hear her breathe; however, she saw her respiration, but her lips did not move. She remained during the whole time perfectly motionless. At the end of the vision she heaved deep sighs and the sister saw her wiping away her tears. Notwithstanding the announcement of her trials, Estelle was cheerful and even joyous after the Apparition. This was remarked by all who saw her on that and the following day.

FOURTEENTH APPARITION, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

On yesterday, Saturday, I again beheld the Blessed Virgin. I went to my room to pray, having felt for several days previously an impulse to do so which I could not account for. I even wished to set out in the morning so that I might have more time, but God had now His designs; I could not go until the afternoon, and it was about four o'clock when I reached my room. I had finished my beads and said a Memorare, when the Blessed Virgin appeared. She looked as usual; her arms were stretched out and she wore the Scapular. How beautiful it is, and how prominent it appears on her breast! When she appeared she remained silent for some time. Then she looked at me and told me something for myself alone. She also said to me: "You have not lost your time to-day; you have worked for me." (I had made a Scapular.) She smiled and added: "It will be necessary to make many more." She paused for some time and afterwards became somewhat sad, and said to me: "Courage." Then she disappeared, crossing her hands upon her breast. Have pity on me, my good Mother. —Estelle.

Five persons were witnesses of Estelle's ecstasy during the

Apparition, which lasted twenty minutes. Mdlle. de Tyran was present during the whole time; also three sisters, Marie de Jesus, St. Chrysostome and St. Angelique, and Mdlle. Thersile Salmon during the last five minutes. Mdlle. de Tyran deposed to the same fixed look and immobility of body during former ecstasies. The mother of Estelle, making some noise, came into the room to speak to Mdlle. de Tyran, but Estelle did not appear to hear her. She had been on her knees, in her usual place, for ten minutes, when the first four persons mentioned above entered the room. They were talking, and one of them lit a taper quite close to Estelle. They heard noise outside, but Estelle was insensible to everything. They all state that the eyes were fixed without any movement of the eyelids. At the end of the vision Estelle raised her hand as if to grasp or follow something. She heaved a deep sigh and big tears rolled down her cheeks. She remained a few moments longer motionless, and appeared quite astonished at seeing a taper lit and five persons close beside her. As Estelle had been seen by Mdlle. de Tyran, first saying her Rosary, and then some other prayers, she did not remain less than forty minutes altogether on her knees.

FIFTEENTH APPARITION, FRIDAY, DECEMBER EIGHTH, 1876, FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Some hours have now elapsed since my return from Pellevoisin, and I have not as yet recovered from my emotion. I have once more seen the Blessed Virgin, and I shall never again see her on earth. She told me so. No one can possibly understand what I feel; yet I am ready to sacrifice everything for the glory of her who has bestowed so many favors on me. Her promises will console me. I shall not see her again; but she will speak to my heart. O my good Mother, grant that I may be docile to thy voice, and that I may never wander from the path thou hast marked out for me. Thou hast said to me: "I will assist you." I trust in thee—thou wilt never abandon me. I shall then, for thy glory, relate with the greatest confidence, thy last visit to me.

This day after high Mass, I once more beheld my sweet Mother. She was more beautiful than ever. She was encircled by a wreath of roses, as in the month of July. When she appeared, she remained for some time without speaking. Then she said: "Recall to mind all my words." At that instant all that she had said since the month of February recurred to my memory. The following words in particular: "You know well that you are my daughter. I am all merciful, and mistress of my Son." Her complaints when she said: "What afflicts me most is the want of respect shown by some people to my Son in Holy Communion, and the attitude which they assume in prayer when the mind is occupied by other things." Then the words of the month of July: "His Heart has so much love for mine, that He cannot refuse my requests. Through me He will move the most obdurate. I am come in particular for the conversion of sinners." Then those spoken in the month of September: "The treasures of my Son are open; let them pray." And, when showing her Scapular, she said: "I love this devotion." These remarkable words: "It is here I will be honored." For France: "I recommend calm, not only for thee but, for the Church and for France." Then the words spoken in November: "I have chosen thee. I choose the little ones and the weak for my glory." Besides these words, there were several others which I will keep secret. All this passed rapidly. The Blessed Virgin continued looking at me steadily. She said to me: "My child, remember my words. Repeat them often; they will strengthen and console you in your trials. You will see me no more." Then I exclaimed: "What will become of me without you, my good Mother?" The Blessed Virgin replied: "I will be invisibly near you." At the same instant I saw in the distance, to the left of the Blessed Virgin, a crowd of persons of all classes, who threatened me and made angry gestures at me. I felt a little frightened. The Blessed

Virgin smiled and said: "You have nothing to fear from these." I have chosen you to publish my glory, and to spread this devotion." The Blessed Virgin held her Scapular with both hands. She was so encouraging that I said to her: "My good Mother, if you would only give me this Scapular?" The Blessed Virgin did not appear to hear me, but she said: "Arise and kiss it." Oh! how quickly I stood up! The Blessed Virgin bent towards me, and I kissed it. It was for me a moment of delight.

Then the Blessed Virgin, raising herself up again, said, referring to the Scapular: "You will go yourself and see the Prelate. You will present to him the model Scapular you have made. Tell him that he is to help you with all his power, and that nothing will be more acceptable to me than to see this livery on each of my children, and that they all endeavor to repair the outrages received by my Divine Son in the Sacrament of His Love. See the graces I will bestow on those who will wear it with confidence, and who will assist you in propagating it." Whilst speaking thus the Blessed Virgin stretched out her hands and from them there fell an abundant rain, in each drop of which I seemed to read such graces as piety, salvation, confidence, conversion, health; in a word, all sorts of graces more or less favored. Then the Blessed Virgin added: "These graces are from my Divine Son; I take them from His Heart; He can refuse me nothing." Then I said to her: "My good Mother, what should be on the other side of this Scapular?" The Blessed Virgin replied: "I reserve it for myself; you will submit your thought and the Church will decide." I knew that this good Mother was about to leave me now, and I felt deeply grieved. She gently ascended, still looking at me and saying: "Courage! should he not be able to grant your request, and should any difficulties arise, you will go further. Fear nothing, I will assist you." She went half way round my room, and disappeared a short distance from my bed. My God, how grieved I felt! Thanks, my good Mother, I will do nothing without thee.—Estelle.

[This vision took place about half-past twelve. It lasted more than a quarter of an hour. Fifteen persons were witnesses during a greater or less portion of the time, as they did not come into the room all together.]

The following is a résumé of their depositions:

Sister M. Theodosie, the superioress of the nuns; Sister Ste. Emerance, and Mdlle. de Tyran saw Estelle for a quarter of an hour. She was already motionless as in the preceding ecstasies, when they perceived her immobility. All three saw her a few minutes afterwards stand up in a great hurry, approach the mantelpiece, which on that day had been transformed into an altar for the reception of the Children of Mary, stretch out her trembling hands, place them on a bouquet of roses in the center of the altar, and then raise herself up as if to grasp or take hold of something. All three saw her also advance her head and lips as if to kiss something. Her gaze was fixed, but her lips were moving. During the rest of the time her lips were as motionless as her eyes. A few minutes previously the superioress of the sisters and Sister Ste. Emerance had seen her looking towards the angle of the wall next the window. Had it not been for the breath which issued from her mouth she might have been taken for a corpse.

Mdlle. de Tyran left the room to call Madame de La Rochefoucauld, her two daughters, Mdlles. Solange and Louise and Mdlle. Simonet, their governess. As they came in a hurry they made a great deal of noise, but Estelle was insensible to it. She remained standing, her hands crossed, and her eyes fixed upon something before her. Mme. de La Rochefoucauld approached until she was within two feet exactly in front of her. She made a noise moving the chairs, but Estelle did not appear to perceive it. At the same time the superioress went to call M. le Curé, who came at once, followed by Mdlle. de Menon, by Mdlle. Thersile Salmon, his sister, and the superioress. Estelle was still standing. A few moments after, all saw her turn her head, but without moving her eyes or her eyelids, towards her bed, which was almost in the middle of the room. M. le Curé, standing between her and Mme. de La Rochefoucauld on the same level, looked at her nearly full in the face. She turned suddenly, seeming to follow something with great eagerness, her countenance was greatly flushed. A few moments after she knelt down. Questioned that evening as to whether she was aware of having stood up and touched the roses, she replied that she did not know anything about it, but that she must certainly have done so, as the Blessed Virgin had ordered her to do so. As for touching roses, she did not understand what was meant by it. Several persons went to pray in the room during the evening, and there was great emotion at Pellevoisin.

LETTER FROM ESTELLE

Brought early in September, 1875, by Mdlle. Reiter to the feet of Notre Dame de Lourdes at Poiriers, and returned to Mme. de La Rochefoucauld at Pellevoisin the day after the last Apparition.

Oh, My good Mother, behold me once again, prostrate at thy feet. Thou canst not refuse to hear me. Thou hast not forgotten that I am thy child and that I love thee. Obtain for me then, from thy Divine Son, for His glory, the health of my poor body. Look upon the grief of my parents. Thou knowest that I am their sole support. May I not complete the work begun by me. If, on account of my sins, a complete cure cannot be granted, obtain for me at least a little strength to enable me to support my parents. Thou seest, my good Mother, that they are on the point of being obliged to beg their bread. I cannot think of it without being deeply afflicted. Remember the sufferings thou didst endure the night of the birth of the Saviour, when thou wert obliged to go from door to door, seeking for shelter. Remember, also, all the grief thou didst endure when Jesus was extended on the Cross. I have confidence in thee, my good Mother. If thou dost will it, thy Son can cure me. He knows that I have ardently desired to be numbered among His Spouses, and that it was solely to please Him that I sacrificed my life for my family who needed my services so much. Deign to listen to my supplications, my good Mother, and to repeat them to thy Divine Son. May He restore me health, if it is pleasing to Him, but His will, not mine be done. May He at least grant me perfect resignation to His decrees, and may this tend to my salvation, and that of my parents. Thou dost possess my heart, holy Virgin; keep it always, and may it be the pledge of my love and gratitude for thy maternal goodness. I promise thee, my good Mother, if thou dost grant me the graces I implore, to do everything in my power for thy glory and that of thy Divine Son. Take under thy protection my dear little niece, and keep her out of the way of bad example. Grant, O holy Virgin, that I may imitate thee in thy obedience and that one day I may with thee possess Jesus for all eternity. Amen.

This letter was found untouched, a few days before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1876, by a workman who had been employed to repair the grotto at Poiriers. Through some negligence, it was not sent to Madame de La Rochefoucauld, who was at Pellevoisin, until the 9th December, the day after the last Apparition. Strange coincidence, it would seem, that, as Our Blessed Lady wished the marble slab to be placed at Poiriers, she also wished to return the letter there, as if to say: "They believed that all was over when this letter was sent to me, but all will not end until I shall have given it back again."

ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF OUR LADY OF PELLEVOISIN

BRIEF OF POPE LEO XIII

We are accustomed to enrich, willingly, with particular titles and honors associations consecrated to exercises of piety and charity, not only to encourage them to pursue their noble project, but even to enable them to produce more abundant fruits of sanctification.

As Our venerable brother the Archbishop of Bourges has earnestly entreated Us to bestow the title of Arch-confraternity on the pious association canonically established in the parish of his diocese called Pellevoisin, under the title of All-Merciful Mother, We have resolved to favor these pious wishes, convinced that this title would still more develop the said association.

This is why, wishing to give all and each of those in whose favor these letters are delivered a mark of kindness, and (solely on account of the present occasion) absolving and regarding them as having a right to be absolved from any sentence of excommunication and interdict which they may have incurred, and which may have been pronounced against them, in whatever cause it may be, We, by Our Apostolic authority, in virtue of the present circumstances, erect and constitute into an Arch-confraternity to perpetuity, with the usual privileges, the said Confraternity in the parochial church of Pellevoisin.

Given at Rome, under the Fisherman's Seal, on the 8th of May, 1894, the 17th year of Our Pontificate.

M. Cardindal Rampolla.

While the history of Pellevoisin has been writing itself in facts over the world, Estelle Faguette has been living a quiet, exemplary life, and proving the truth of those words which she gives as having been delivered to her in one of the Apparitions: "I chose the weak and the lowly ones for my glory."

Integrity of life and purpose have characterized her from the beginning. Simplicity—intelligent simplicity—is stamped upon her humble person. While remaining in her sphere and in retirement, she has, during the last twenty-six years, come in contact with the public; she has been questioned and cross-questioned by it; she has been probed by ecclesiastics of note. In her replies, no discordant note has been detected; in her attitude, no weak point.

In the January of 1900, we see Estelle in the Eternal city, and at the feet of the Holy Father. She had been led thither by the Duchesse d'Estissac, representing a branch of the de la Rochefoucauld family, and by Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans. His Holiness had said just before: "Let Estelle come in." Estelle had entered, and all other persons had withdrawn. The Father of the Faithful and the voyante of Pellevoisin were alone. We have heard from Estelle's own lips the account of what followed. The fact that was to follow concerning the Scapular will best tell the result of the interview.

Leo XIII. called the lowly woman at his feet "Figlia Stella." He bent forward to listen to her communications. His attitude was one of the most paternal benevolence. The conversation turning upon France, he said: "Now, tell me about France."

"Holy Father," replied Estelle, "the Blessed Virgin said that France would have to suffer."

"Yes,' echoed the Pontiff, "France will have to suffer."

He then questioned Estelle on the subject of the Apparitions, and accepted a Scapular of the Sacred Heart, which, kneeling, she offered him.

"And what, Figlia Stella, do you wish me to do concerning your Scapular?" he asked, after a few moments.

"To approve it and give it your blessing, most Holy Father," was the reply. The petitioner then ventured to make a request, to the effect that His Holiness would deign to convey in a written form to the Rev. Jean Baptiste Leminus, O.M.I., then Superior of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, certain instructions and encouragement concerning this scapular, in order that the same might spread over the world from the national basilica as from a great radiating centre.

"Does this good religious often come to Rome?" asked His Holiness, in reference to the Rev. J. B. Lemius.

"Yes, most Holy Father," was Estelle's reply.

After a few moments, Leo XIII. said: "Let him write, and I will sign." The Sovereign Pontiff continued:

"Figlia Stella, speak to me of the Blessed Virgin." And afterwards: "You must pray to her for me, Figlia Stella; you must pray that my life may be spared for the good of the Church."

The Rev. Joseph Lemius, O.M.I., Procurator General of the Oblate Congregation at Rome, informed of what had taken place between Estelle Faguette and Leo XIII., saw further into the affair at once. The idea occurred to him of trying to obtain the canonical approbation of the Scapular in question, and he lost no time in conferring on the subject with Cardinal Mazzella, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites.

The Cardinal, thus appealed to, at first held out little hope of a request to such an effect being acceded to. He promised, however, to lay the matter before the Pope.

A few days afterwards, Estelle had another and farewell audience with the Sovereign Pontiff, at which the Bishop of Orleans and the Duchesse d'Estissac were present. In the course of this interview, the Holy Father, looking at the voyante of Pellevoisin and smiling, said: "Figlia Stella, I have not forgotten your Scapular. I will speak about it to-morrow."

When, according to Cardinal Mazzella's promise, the question of the canonical approbation of the scapular of the Sacred Heart, as presented to him by Estelle, was submitted to his Holiness, the Pope granted his approval. The Congregation of Rites examined the said Scapular, and approved of it in a decree dated April 4, 1900.

By a decree of the same Congregation dated May 19, 1900, the rights concerning the scapular were conferred on the Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, with the power of delegating these rights, not only to priests of his own Congregation, but to all others who might apply for them.

In this same Roman decree, the Superior of the Chaplains of Parey-le-Monial, the Superior of the basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, and the Rector of the Church of the Pace in Rome are made sharers with the Oblate Congregation in the privileges conferred.

We turn from the Civilta Catholica to an official notice published by the Oblate Congregation, in their Petites Annales, in 1900, and translated from their Libretto. This notice, after giving the history of the *quasi* scapular of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, mentions 1876 as the date of the scapular of the Sacred Heart, properly so called, coming into existence. Then, in a footnote, we read: "Allusion is here made to the scapular of Our Lady of Pellevoisin, approved July 28th, 1877, by Mgr. de la Tour d'Auvergne, and at the present day in use among the faithful: it is the scapular which, in the year 1900 was presented to the Sovereign Pontiff, and which the Congregation of Rites examined and approved, having made, however, concerning it, two slight modifications. One of these is that the liturgical words, "Mater Misericordiæ" are substituted for "Je suis toute misericordieuse," and "J'aime cette devotion."

OUR LADY OF PELLEVOISIN

"ALL-MERCIFUL MOTHER"

Oh! by those mystic drops that fall,
  In countless varied graces—
And by those tender outspread hands,
  Enclasping erring creatures.
Oh! by thy true maternal heart,
  Connecting earth with Heaven;
And by the Love, which pours in streams,
  Like dewy falls at ev'n,
We pray Thee list, O Mother dear,
  Our Lady of Pellevoisin!
You've styl'd yourself, "All-Merciful,"
  The Queen of this devotion.

Oh! by that loving soft appeal,
  Whisper'd near the Sacred Heart,
And by that look of Love Divine
  (Estelle's cure had here a part),
Oh! by that vision deign'd to her
  'Midst darkest night and moonlight gleaming,
And by that calm illuming light,
  Encircling Majesty's bright beaming,

We pray Thee to this title list,
O Lady of Pellevoisin!
Vous êtes "toute misericordieuse"
Vous aimez "cette devotion."

Oh! by that gracious smile which bent
On lowly things a sweet approval,
And deign'd to let your servant kiss
The emblem of our Holy Union.
Oh! by those lips so sweetly moved
To ask us to atone—repair—
And to uplift our heart's desires,
By earnest, calm, and tranquil prayer
We pray Thee list, O Queen and Mother,
Our Lady of Pellevoisin!
To-day we pray that all hearts may
Unite in this devotion.

The Sun of Justice looks with ire
On earth, for "sin hath delug'd all,
"The proud have lifted up their heads,"
Ambition's Throne hath seated all.
The worldly wise (Ah! better say)
Slaves to all that's changeable,
They living live, and dying die,
Unheeding The Immutable—
O! then sweet Mother, soothe His Heart,
Dear Lady of Pellevoisin!
And shelter with your loving arm—
Confrères de cette devotion.

Gather, gather Mother dear,
All within the One True Fold;
Nestle, nestle 'neath Thy wing
Rich and poor, the young and old
Sweetly call the wandering
Back into the "Sacred Nest"—
Warbling let the rain-drops fall
On the foul, but once pure breast.
Lay Thy hand of lily whiteness,
Dropping dew of richest grace;
Let the Light with magic swiftness
Enter where no ray had place,

To the mourner's heart give cheering—
To the sad a bright'ning ray;
O'er the world pour joy and gladness,
To thy Mother's Heart we pray.

Sister M. de Sales.

QUEEN OF THE ROSARY

Queen of the Holy Rosary!
Thee as our Queen we greet,
And lay our lowly, loving prayers,
Like roses, at thy feet;
Would that these blossoms of our souls
Were far more fair and sweet!

Queen of the Joyful Mysteries!
Glad news God's envoy bore.
The Baptist's mother thou dost tend,
Angels thy Babe adore.
Whom with two doves thou ransomest—
Lost, He is found once more.

Queen of the Sorrowful Mysteries!
Christ 'mid the olives bled.
Scourged at the pillar, crowned with thorns,
Beneath His cross He sped
Up the steep hill; and there once more
Thine arms embraced Him—dead!

Queen of the Glorious Mysteries!
Christ from the tomb has flown,
Has mounted to the highest heaven,
And sent His spirit down;
And soon he raises thee on high,
To wear the heavenly crown.

Queen of the Holy Rosary!
We, too, have joys and woes;
May they, like thine, to glory lead!
May labor earn repose.
And may life's sorrows and life's joys
In heavenly glory close!

Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF CONSOLATION CAREY, OHIO

1878

Mary hath borne all the lack and loss;
  On heights of pain, in depths of woe hath stood.
Tell o'er thy decades holding fast the Cross—
  That badge and bond of Mary's Motherhood.
Margaret M. Halvey.

WHEN we think of Shrines and of pilgrimages the mind reverts to the Old World, to ages gone by; we think of Italy, Germany, France and the Holy Land. It rarely, if ever, enters into our calculations that a Shrine is possible here in the New World, even in our very midst—and yet, why not? Is the arm of the Lord shortened? Is He not able to raise up Shrines anywhere, ay, even of our very American stones?

The writer was one among a little company of pilgrim strangers who made a first pilgrimage to Carey, May 1, of this year. It is my wish to give those of the readers who have never visited Carey some idea of the pilgrimage Church of Our Lady of Consolation, situated in that little town. The church bears the distinction of possessing a Confraternity of Mary, canonically established and erected into a confraternity by a decree of His Holiness, Pope Leo, on the 8th of May, 1878. From the little manual of the confraternity, we read that the same was first established in the year 1652, in Luxembourg, Germany, by the Rev. James Brocquart, of the Society of Jesus, and was from the very outset favored with numerous indulgences by the Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent X. Numbering its members by thousands, it continued to exist in Luxembourg up to the close of the eighteenth century, when the French Revolution, sweeping like a destructive torrent over the face of Europe, ruthlessly overturned all that was holy and all that was venerable. The confraternity, too, fell before it and lay torn, destroyed and almost forgotten, until recalled to life by the Rev. Joseph P. Glodin in the Church of Our Lady of Consolation, at Carey, in 1877. Shortly after it received the approbation of Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, and a little later was acknowledged, approved and enriched with indulgences by His Holiness, Pope Leo, who manifested a special interest in the church and presented it with his jubilee gifts, among them being a very fine antependium and altar, the antependium bearing the coat of arms of His Holiness.

As its name implies, the object of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Consolation is to honor the "Comforter of the Afflicted" by choosing her as a special advocate with God against all evil, particularly against mortal sin. In all needs of soul and body the members shall fly to her for refuge and confidently invoke her assistance. From these introductory lines we may plainly see why the pilgrimage church at Carey is visited annually by thousands.

To-day many Catholics assemble at Carey on the even of the first day of May, when the annual pilgrimage is made, while others of adjoining towns arrive on the early morning trains and repair to the church, where services are being conducted at all hours by the pastor, Rev. Father Mizer, assisted by visiting clergymen, one among whom is usually the venerable, white-haired Father Glodin himself. All along the route from depot to church, on either side of the street, may be seen long lines of farmers' vehicles ranged, reminding the visitor that no small part of the congregation must belong to the farming population of the adjoining country. Arriving at the church-shrine, a roomy but simple frame structure, if you are a late-comer you find every available inch of standing room already taken, the vestibule crowded, and people standing about the doorway. But all is so quiet, orderly and respectful that the newcomer cannot but be impressed with the air of devotion that characterizes the entire assemblage. Inside the church the impressiveness grows apace. The flower-decked altar, with the sacred statue of Mother and Child crowning its summit, the kneeling worshipers around, is a spectacle to move the most skeptical. Seemingly forgetful of all class or station, the women in silken gowns kneel beside the commonest clad, all united by the common sentiment that draws them to the Church of Our Lady of Consolation, each heart full of its own secret craving, or, it may be, of thanksgiving for favors already received.

Kneeling in the midst of a congregation of people all swayed alike by the one desire of giving thanks and honor to the Mother of Jesus, that Mother who, though sinless, suffered the sword-thrust of sin's penalty of agony, the heart is filled with the deepest emotion; nay, a passion of gratitude sweeps over the soul that it is privileged to be numbered with those who even in life may come so close in touch with all that must be so pleasing and acceptable to Almighty God. The soul cries out unto the invisible throng: It is good to be here! And then with poignant humility,—What have I done to be so favored? And in such moments, when before the altar of God, whose head droops not beneath a sense of utter unworthiness of so great a store of mercy and love?

Not all the worshipers who come as pilgrims to the little church at Carey come as petitioners. Many come to give thanks.

At the closing of the Vesper services, a ceremony of no small impressiveness is the reception of all the pilgrims into the confraternity. The entire assemblage, standing, repeats the prayer word by word as it falls from the lips of the pastor, after which all pass to the altar rails and there their names are inscribed upon the records as members, each one receiving a little manual and medal of the confraternity. No pious person can visit Carey without receiving added strength and fervor, and the lukewarm and indifferent should go to gain grace and devotion to their religion.

OUR LADY OF CONSOLATION

Ave Maria! At thy feet
Oft have I knelt, my bliss complete;
Unmindful of all else beside,
Since thy pure arms were open wide.
Ave Maria! Let it be
My sole delight to honor thee!

My heart was full of love, and threw
Strong tendrils as young grape vines do:
Earth forced them rudely all apart,
And left a torn and bleeding heart.
Ave Maria! I appealed
To thee, and every wound was healed.

I loved all beauty; but I saw
Beauty was subject to the law
Of death, decay,—the law of earth,—
And beauty grew as nothing worth.
Ave Maria, then I turned
To thee, and fadeless beauty learned.

I loved the truth, but always found
Falsehood did more than truth abound.
My life grew chill. I came and knelt—
Thy truth unswerving here I felt,
O Mary Mother, then thy child
Was, by thy justice, reconciled!

I yearned for science. Everywhere
Earth's answer was an empty air:
A mocking sound, a vain pretence,
Whose din and folly drove me thence.
I fled sweet Mary to thy shrine,
And learned a science all divine.

Fame called to me with clarion voice,
And held her laurels for my choice;
I turned, heart-sickened, for I knew
The thorns amid her bays she threw.
Ave Maria! Then 'twas sweet
To burn fresh incense at thy feet.

Then let me ne'er unmindful be
Of all in joy I owe to thee!
Ave Maria, keep my soul
Forever bound 'neath thy control,
So, whereso'er my lot be cast,
Thine now, I shall be thine at last.

Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.E.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

Spirit, Creator of mankind,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
And sweetly let thy grace invade
Our hearts, O Lord! which thou hast made.

Thou art the Comforter, whom all,
Gift of the highest God, must call;
The living fountain, fire and love;
The ghostly unction from above;

God's sacred finger, which imparts
A seven-fold grace to faithful hearts;
Thou art the Father's promise, whence
We language have, and eloquence.

Enlighten, Lord, our souls, and grant
That we thy love may never want;
Let not our virtue ever fail,
But strengthen what in flesh is frail.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son in thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
To the Son equal praises be,
And, holy Paraclete, to thee. Amen.

SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS
AURIESVILLE, NEW YORK

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS AURIESVILLE, NEW YORK

1884

Here bloomed the Lily of her race,
  Sweet Catherine; and, pure and fair,
Before us shines the youthful face
  Of saintly René. All the air
Is filled with fragrance, and thy Shrine,
  Regina Martyrum, that gleams
With light and beauty all divine,
  A dream of heaven to us seems.

IN August, 1885, on the feast of the Assumption, four thousand people gathered on the brow of the hill that rises back of the village of Auriesville. They were mainly from the parishes of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, and St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam, and they had gone thither on pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. Religious banners waved in the breeze, the chant of litanies and hymns floated on the air, Masses were said at the temporary oratory and fifteen hundred pilgrims received Communion. This was the formal opening of the pilgrimages that have since continued to be made at various times to the American Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. Of this pilgrimage the late John Gilmary Shea, who was present, wrote: "Speaking in my own person, I may say positively and frankly that no more consoling and interesting sight will remain on the tablets of memory than that impressed there by the scene on that Auriesville plateau overlooking the Mohawk, on the feast of our Lady's Assumption, in the year 1885. Since my youth, full of devotion to Father Isaac Jogues, the pioneer priest to visit New York island and plant the Cross among the Agnieronnon, it has been my hope to contribute in some way to rear a memorial on the spot where he closed his labors by a glorious death, as his companion, René Goupil, had done four years before. For nearly half a century my pen has endeavored to make this servant of God known in this land."

But let us first see where and what Auriesville is, and then try to learn why pilgrimages are made here to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.

Auriesville is in Montgomery County, New York. It is a railway station of the West Shore line, seven miles west of the Knickerbocker city of Amsterdam, the county-seat, and forty miles west by north from Albany, the capital of New York State. The railway runs along the south bank of the Mohawk River, side by side with the Erie Canal, back from which rise the hills forming the Mohawk Valley, while on the north bank the New York Central railway speeds on its course to the great West. "Aurie" in the old New York Dutch mouth was the same as Aaron. This was the name of an old Indian chief who was the last of his tribe in the beginning of the present century to remain here in the home of his warrior ancestors. He had a hut in a corner of the hillside near the river and, though poor Aurie was a degraded and drunken old Iroquois, he has left his name to this picturesque village.

Few places are richer in the charms and beauties of nature than the spot where now is the property of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. Ascending the hill southward from Auriesville, up the road called the "Hill of Prayer," and bordered on one side by drooping willows, an ever-changing view expands itself before the eye. Standing on the hilltop and looking to the north across the valley the placid and picturesque scenery is unrivalled. Far to the right and left winds the bending river through green fields and meadows, till the view is dimmed in the azure of the sky above the distant mountains. Dark tufts of trees beside water-courses, steep bluffs against the horizon, yellow- and black-eyed daisies and fluffy goldenrod, and waving tasseled tops of Indian corn, quicken the keenness of vision by their variety. Westward, across the Hill of Prayer, pines and hemlocks shade what is now commonly called "The Ravine," at the meeting of two water-courses where Father Jogues hid the body of his faithful companion, René Goupil, in the water, while eastward the scene stretches across undulating fields to the Schoharie which sluggishly empties itself into the Mohawk. It was on this river that the late veteran editor of the *Freeman's Journal,* James A. McMaster, may perhaps have obtained the muscular force that in later years characterized his pen. Writing of the Shrine in August, 1885, he said: "Auriesville is now a village. Near fifty years ago, the writer of this, as a boy, pulled sometimes the rough oars of a country rowboat on the Schoharie and on the Mohawk. But he remembers nothing that could be called a hamlet where Auriesville now is. He was fool enough, in those days of young boyhood, to try to write poetry himself; but he never could understand the hallucination that made Tom Moore write:

'From rise of morn to set of sun
I've seen the *mighty* Mohawk run.'

"Yet this had been plain prose to the seventeen-year-old boy compared to the imagination that the thing [the pilgrimage] could ever happen that has happened within the past week."

It is not the bold scenery of the Delaware Water-Gap, or the wide-spreading hills and valleys of the Switch-Back at Mauch Chunk, or the grandiose heights of the Palisades on the Hudson, or the wild ruggedness of Lake George, but more like the placid vistas of Lake Champlain, gentle, pleasing, peaceful, satisfying and refining. The wonder is that this spot has never become a popular resort for summer idlers and seekers of rest and recreation. May it not be considered providential that this place has thus been preserved from profane uses? Have not many of her famous Shrines been chosen by Our Lady in out-of-the-way places where the glories of nature appear in their greatest grandeur and wealth?

But let us turn to the time when the League of the Five Nations of the Iroquois Indians—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas—held undisputed sway over this section, stretching from the river Mohawk to the Genesee. Their savage bravery and indomitable desire of conquest made them the exterminators of the various tribes along the St. Lawrence and the Lakes and the cruelest foes of both the white and red men and the most relentless persecutors of the Christian missionaries and their converts, though later it was to fall to the lot of one of these same savage Iroquois to be the guide of Father De Smet into the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The Mohawks were the easternmost of these Five Nations, and they inhabited the valley of the river to which they have left their name. At the time of their first contact with Christian missionaries, they had three principal villages, "or castles,"—Ossernenon (Our Lady of Martyrs); Andagaron, several miles west; and still farther west, Tionnontoguen (Twin Mountains, so called from the neighboring bluffs between which the river flows, now known as the "Noses"). Only a brief account from the Annals of the Mission founded by the Society of Jesus in this nation can here be given.

On August 14, 1642, Father Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, and William Couture, with several Christian Hurons, were brought to Ossernenon (Auriesville), having been taken captive while carrying much needed supplies from Quebec to the Huron Mission. The savages, young and old of both sexes, were waiting along the bank and up the hill, ranged in two lines and armed with sticks or the iron ramrods of their muskets. The prisoners passed in single file between them under a shower of blows. Father Jogues remembered that it was the eve of the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary: "I had thought all along," he says, "that the day of this great joy of Heaven would be for us a day of sorrow, and I gave thanks because of it to my Saviour Jesus, since the joys of Heaven are bought only by sharing in His sufferings." René fell beneath the heavy blows, and it was necessary to carry him to the platform in the village, where the public torture was to be inflicted. He was so bruised and bleeding that Father Jogues declares that there was no white spot left on him, except the white of the eyes.

On the platform, an old Indian sorcerer obliged a captive Christian woman to cut off the left thumb of Father Jogues; ‘for it is he I hate the most.” After the day spent in the most bitter torments, they passed the night, tied hand and foot, on the ground. It was then the savage children were let loose on them to make their apprenticeship in cruelty. For seven days they were dragged from village to village, in each meeting with a renewal of their sufferings. At Tionnontoguen they met four new Huron prisoners, whom Father Jogues found means to instruct and baptize before they were put to death. At the end of this time, the fate of the captives was decided. Two were burned in Tionnontoguen, a third met a like fate at Andagaron, and the fourth, who was only twenty-five years of age, was burned and finally tomahawked at Ossernenon.

The Frenchmen were left to a life of slavery, Couture in Tionnontoguen, René and Father Jogues together in Ossernenon. September 7th, Arendt Van Curler, with two companions, arrived from the Dutch colony, and made fruitless overtures for their release. Meanwhile, René's habit of constant prayer, and especially his teaching the children the sign of the Cross, which the Indians had learned to hate, had caused some among them to seek the opportunity of killing him.

The 29th of September, feast of St. Michael Archangel, towards evening, he had gone with Father Jogues to a wooded hill near the village, that they might pray in peace. Two young men came and ordered them to return to their cabin. “I had some presentiment,” Father Jogues relates, “of what was to happen, and I said to Goupil: ‘My dear brother, let us commend ourselves to our Lord and to our good Mother, the most holy Virgin. I believe these men have some evil intention,’ ” They turned their steps toward the village, reciting the Rosary as they went. They had finished the fourth decade when they came to the gate, the two savages following them. One of these suddenly drew a tomahawk from beneath his garments, and struck René a violent blow on the head. He fell half-dead with his face to the ground, uttering the name of Jesus. Father Jogues, who, on his knees, awaited a like fatal blow, was told to rise, that he should not then be killed. He gave the last absolution to the still breathing René, and, with tears pressed him to his heart. The savages tore him away and two more blows of the tomahawk made sure their ghastly work. Father Jogues afterward wrote in solemn words: "It was the 29th of September, 1642, that this angel in innocence and this martyr of Jesus Christ was immolated, at thirty-five years of his age, to Him Who had given His own life for his redemption. He had consecrated his soul and his heart to God, his hand and his existence to the service of the poor savages."

Two days later the missionary was allowed to look for the body, and found it at the foot of the hill on which the village was built, where in a ravine a rivulet joins a water course on its way to the river. It was already mangled by the dogs, and to save it until such time as he might return with a spade and give it burial, he placed it in the deepest part of the stream, weighed down by stones. Two days again passed, and, when he was at last able to return to the spot, he found nothing, and the savages only answered him with lying stories. The body had in reality been hidden in a wood hard by, as Father Jogues learned in the ensuing spring. "After the melting of the snow," he says, "I betook myself to the place pointed out to me, and gathered together a few half-gnawed bones which had been left by the dogs, the wolves and the crows, especially a head cleft in several places. I kissed with respect these holy relics, and I hid them in the earth, in order that some day, if such is God's will, I may enrich with them some holy and Christian soil. He deserves the name of martyr, not only because he was killed by the enemies of God and of His Church, and in the exercise of an ardent charity towards his neighbor, but particularly because he was killed on account of prayer, and expressly for the Holy Cross."

René Goupil entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus after having been educated as a physician. Ill health compelled him to leave the Society, but later on he became a *donné* to the Fathers of the Canadian Mission, that is, one who gave his services gratuitously to the missionaries.

During the winter months of 1643, Father Jogues learned the language of the Mohawks, and labored much in trying to instruct them, not only satisfying their curiosity about natural things, but especially in regard to the faith of Christ. His zeal was not without fruit, for, during the thirteen months of his captivity, he conferred baptism on more than seventy persons.

While the missionary was visiting the cabins to baptize the dying children and instruct the well-disposed among the sick, he soon came upon a young man in the last stage of a painful disease. He addressed the Father by his Indian name, Ondesonk, and asked him if he did not remember one who, the year before at Tionnontoguen, when suffering from the cords with which he had been tied had become unendurable, came forward in the midst of the general derision, and cut the bonds. The missionary exclaimed: "Often have I prayed for thee to the Master of life." And he went on to speak to him about God—the Creator and Rewarder—of Jesus Christ and His sufferings, of the recompense of eternal life. Touched by grace, the sick man could only say: "What must I then do in order to please the Master of life?" "Believe in Him," said the Father, "and in His only Son, dead for our sake, and be baptized." The young savage yielded and embraced the Christian faith; and after fully instructing and baptizing him, Father Jogues remained long enough to see him die, resigned and full of hope, after receiving the reward of his former good action, a hundredfold even in this life.

Father Jogues again returned to Ossernenon, but the war with the French made the Indians fierce against him. The commander of the post urged him to take the opportunity to escape by means of a ship which was to set sail in a few days, assuring him that no serious damage would result to the colony. To the astonishment of the worthy soldier, Father Jogues asked the night in order to deliberate. He says: "I passed the night in prayer, beseeching our Lord with much entreaty that He would not leave me to come to a conclusion by myself, that He would grant me light to know His holy will, that I wished to follow that in all and everywhere, even to burning at a slow fire." The reasons of zeal which could retain him were evidently at an end. On the contrary, he might at some future time return and, with his knowledge of the language and habits of the country, lay the foundations of a successful mission. For God's glory, therefore, as it seemed to him, he chose life for the present.

His escape was not easy, nor of short duration. Christmas Eve at last saw him on French soil, and the following day, when the bells were ringing in *peace to men of good will,* he received for the first time in seventeen dreary months the Sacraments of Penance and of the Eucharist, and assisted at the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

When Urban VIII., the reigning Pope, was asked for the needed dispensation for saying Mass, in order that fingers so horribly mutilated might again lift up the sacred Host and raise the consecrated chalice, he made answer: "It were unworthy that a martyr of Christ should not drink Christ's Blood!"

By the month of May, 1644, Father Jogues was already on his way back from France to his dear missions. During the course of the summer the Iroquois sent an embassy to treat of peace with the French and Hurons and their savage allies. The meeting was held at Three Rivers, and Father Jogues was present unknown to the savage orator. "We wished," the latter said, "to bring back both, but we could not accomplish our design. . . . The Mohawks had not the intention of putting them to death." Father Jogues could not help smiling at these words, and whispered: "If God had not snatched me from their hands, I should have been well and fairly burned and dead a hundred times over; but let him talk."

On this occasion William Couture was at last brought back from his long captivity at Tionnontoguen. He had become popular with his captors, and was actively employed in the negotiation of peace. He afterwards married, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-four years, dying as late as 1702. Among his numerous descendants was the late venerable Archbishop Bourget, of Montreal.

In 1646 it was thought necessary that Father Jogues should return in solemn embassy to the Mohawk nation, and finally conclude the peace which had now been talked of for nearly two years. Meanwhile, the missionary had been occupied in the humble details of the ministry at the French post of Montreal.

In the memory of René Goupil the name of Mission of the Martyrs was chosen for the new attempt at apostolic work, which was to be the first fruits of the peace.

The 16th of May, Father Jogues set out on his perilous mission, accompanied by a devoted layman, M. Bourdon, the engineer of the colony, four Mohawk deputies, and a small delegation of the allied savages. The 30th of that month, the feast of Corpus Christi, they were at Lake George, which the missionary named, in honor of the day, Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. The 4th of June they reached the Dutch colony, and Father Jogues was able to thank in person his kind benefactors of three years previous. The 7th, he once more arrived at the well-known village of his former sufferings, whose name the savages for some reason had changed, and to which he now gave the Christian designation of Holy Trinity. All pressed around him and seemed to forget the grievous wrongs of which they had been guilty towards him. He exercised again his pious ministry among the captives and the sick, and baptized the dying children. When the great council was over, they urged his departure for fear of some new war on the part of the upper Iroquois Nations. It was not a favorable sign of the reality of their good dispositions; but he had done his best, and set out from the village of the Trinity on his return, the 16th of June. The 29th, the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, he was already at Three Rivers in Canada.

The heart of the missionary was now turned to his own work, and he proposed wintering among the intractable Mohawks. At first the superior would not listen to it. Some days after, however, the *Relation* records another important consultation, and its result in these brief words: "Resolved, the wintering of Father Jogues among the Iroquois." He set out accordingly on the 27th of September, accompanied by several Hurons, who were to help on the way and wished to visit their relations who were captives among the Mohawks, and by a young Frenchman. This was John de la Lande, who, through Christian motives, had asked as a favor to be the missionary's companion in his dangerous undertaking. The Hurons, with a single exception, soon abandoned the intrepid priest, but he did not turn back. Arrived within two days' journey of the villages, he fell in with a party of Mohawks on the war-path. Their whoop of triumph told him that our Lord was now in very deed to hear his prayers.

The savages threw themselves on the missionary and his companion, stripped them of their garments and, loading them with insults, led them off prisoners to the first village, the old Ossernenon. As the Mission of the Martyrs, Father Jogues was soon to have a lasting right to share in its name and fame. Once more he crossed the river and went up the hill as a captive, beaten with cruel blows. "Wonder not," they said, "you shall die to-morrow; but take courage, we will not burn you. We will strike you with the tomahawk and put your head on the stockade, so that when we take your brothers they may still see you." One of the Indians, seizing hold of the Father, deliberately sliced off pieces of flesh from his arms and shoulders, and devoured it, saying: "Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of an Okton" (one of their spirits).

The next day a great council met at Tionnontoguen, several miles away. In the evening Father Jogues, still in the first village, was invited to sup in the cabin of the Chief of the Bear. He obeyed humbly, as to Divine Providence. As he entered the door, a tomahawk was buried in his head, which was at once cut off and put upon the stockade, the face turned in the direction from which he had come. The next morning, La Lande and the faithful Huron were treated in like manner, and the bodies of all three thrown into the river. It was the 18th of October, more than four years since the like death of René at the village gate.

This first chapter in the history of the Mission of Martyrs had a fitting close. One year after the death of Father Jogues, a Mohawk was brought to the Indian settlement near Quebec. The allied savages demanded his death as an example. This was granted on condition that his sufferings should not be long nor his flesh eaten. Meantime, the missionaries prepared him for his fate. He listened, was moved, and at last made it appear, to the surprise of all, who had little expected it, that he and no other had been the murderer of Father Jogues. A Huron, arriving from the Mohawk country, also identified him. With shame and all the signs of repentance, he asked for instruction in the Christian faith. During his torments, nothing of the savage was shown. He had said as he came to his death: "My captor is the cause of my going to Heaven. I am glad of it, and I thank him." At the stake he only repeated over and over: "Jesus! Jesus!" In the baptismal register of the time, there may still be read this significant name: "Isaac, a Mohawk captive about to be burned."

The thirty-eight years following the death of Father Jogues were eventful in the extreme for the Mission of Martyrs. Many priests visited the Mission and many Christians were tortured and slain. Father Poncet, who exercised the ministry of a Catholic priest for the first time at Albany, was captured and tortured here, but afterwards returned to Canada. Father Lemoyne, in 1656, built the first chapel in New York State at Onondaga, near Syracuse, and established three Sodalities. This same year the Prefect of the Huron Sodality, with several of his fellow-sodalists, was put to death amid bitter cruelties. It was this year also that the French, under Marquis de Tracy, destroyed the Mohawk villages, on the twentieth anniversary of Father Jogues' death. The following year Fathers Frémin and Pierron made the Mission of the Martyrs a settled station under the name of St. Mary's, and in 1673 the General Superior of the Mohawk Missions, Father Bruyas, took up his residence here.

In 1675, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Father James de Lamberville, who had brought the venerated statue of Our Lady of Foye* (Faith) from Quebec, inaugurated the devotion to Our Lady under this title.

The original sanctuary of Our Lady of Foye is at Celles, near Dinant, Belgium. In 1621 a sanctuary under this title was erected at Douay, where the first permanent Sodality was established outside of Rome on the anniversary of the confirmation of the rules of the Annunciate Nuns. To these religious was given the privilege of the first Mass in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs. A duplicate of the Douay statue was made and sent to Quebec, whence, on the dispersion of the Hurons, it was taken to the Mission of the Martyrs.

The year 1656 was signalized by the birth of Kateri Tekakwitha, at St. Peter's, now Fonda, five miles west of Auriesville, but she was not baptized till Easter Sunday of the year 1676, by Father de Lamberville. This fair flower of the West, the "Lily of the Mohawks," bloomed here in the valley of the Mohawk and spread among her people the good odor Christ, so that she was commonly called the "Good Catherine." It was through one of the murderers of the noble Father Brébeuf that she afterwards escaped to Caughnawaga, near Montreal, where her remains are kept to this day as a precious treasure by her own Indian people.

At the beginning of the year 1684 the Missions among the Mohawks were abandoned on account of the French and English war, and thus closed the old Mission of the Martyrs.

To keep alive the memories of the past and to renew the lessons of devotion to Our Lady, a pilgrim Shrine has been

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*In the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs,* for 1886, a detailed account of the origin of this statue is given by the Right Reverend Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky.

erected on this hallowed ground. In 1884, two hundred years after the destruction of the Mission of the Martyrs, the attempt to reopen this mission was begun. Since then nearly the whole site of the old Indian village of Ossernenon, comprising ten acres, has been purchased and now forms the property of the Shrine. A small octagonal oratory, large enough for an altar and for the priest and his server, stands on the brow of the hill —where was the Indian platform of torture—and the gilt cross which surmounts it may be seen from far down the valley. The Shrine dedicated to Our Lady of Martyrs revives the memory of Our Lady of Foye. Over the altar is a life-like Pietà—the Sorrowful Mother holding her dead Son upon her knees.

The Saviour from the Cross they took:
  Across His Mother's knee He lies:
She wept not, but a little shook,
  As with dead hand she closed dead eyes.

The Saviour from the Cross they took:
  Across His Mother's knee He lay:
O passers-by! be still and look—
  That Twain compose one Cross for aye.

A glass-plate in the front door enables visitors to pray before the altar during the year when the oratory is closed. Southward from the oratory, centrally located, rises high up from a large mound the grand crucifix, with an heroic-size figure of the Crucified, at the foot of which are statues of the Blessed Mother and St. John. This is called the "Calvary." Around this in circular form is the Way of the Cross, each station marked by a large wooden cross. Those who have witnessed the thousands of pilgrims making the Stations of the Cross in this open space and have heard the plaintive strains of the Stabat Mater thrill the air, will not readily forget the impressiveness of the scene. Westward, at the top of the Hill of Prayer, wooden steps lead up the bluff into the grounds at the entrance of the Indian village where René Goupil was struck down by a tomahawk. Here is erected a Memorial Cross recalling the early missions; the Most Holy Trinity, June, 1646; St. Mary's, 1667; St. Peter's, 1673. On the panels of the base we read:

"The Blood of Martyrs is the Seed of Christians."

"Near this spot René Goupil was slain for the Sign of the Cross, September 29, 1642, and before and after, in different years, many other Christians, men and women, companions and disciples of the missionaries, of French and various Indian races."

"In memory of the native converts of the Mission—Hurons, Algonquins and Iroquois—whose virtues, like those of the primitive Christians, shone in captivity and persecutions; especially of the Lily of the Mohawk, Kateri Tekakwitha, Iroquois Virgin, born here in 1656; baptized in the Mission Church, Easter Sunday; died in Canada, 1680."

"On this Indian village site the Mission of the Martyrs was founded in his blood by Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., slain October 18, 1646. In this, the first and chief Iroquois Mission, fourteen priests of the Society of Jesus toiled and suffered till its destruction in 1684."

"Erected for the 200th Anniversary."

All this is but temporary, but this much has been done by the pious gifts of the faithful. It is hoped that soon a memorial worthy of the heroic men and women who suffered here will be erected to perpetuate the lessons of the Mission of the Martyrs. From the beginning the warm approbation of the Right Reverend Bishop of Albany, in whose diocese the Shrine is situated, has encouraged the work, and this has been accompanied by the approval of many Archibishops and Bishops of the American and Canadian hierarchy. A further encouragement is the united petition of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore to the Holy See for the introduction of the cause of the beatification of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Kateri Tekakwitha—names so closely associated with the Mission of the Martyrs.

What is most pressingly needed is a larger structure in which the faithful can hear Mass, along with some building to form a suitable shelter for pilgrims who tarry here. Were some religious community to establish itself here, having a house of retreat, as was originally proposed, the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs would speedily become the frequented resort for American pilgrims. Such would be particularly the case, as now the site of old Ossernenon has been identified beyond reasonable doubt. General John S. Clark, of Auburn, New York, who is recognized as the leading authority in this line of research, "is positive it will stand the test of the severest criticism," and in this conclusion the late John Gilmary Shea fully concurred.

Father Jogues, while in captivity, had a vision in which he saw the palisaded Indian village replaced by a "Temple," over whose doors were inscribed the words: "Laudent nomen Domini." The prayers of pilgrims and the gifts of Our Lady's clients have already partially fulfilled this prediction. May it soon be fully verified.

PILGRIMAGE TO AURIESVILLE

The Marble Group of the Pieta Unveiled at the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs

Auriesville, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1903.—More than four thousand pilgrims from various parts of the State to-day visited the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs here, the occasion being the unveiling of a marble group of the Pieta. On the arrival of the pilgrims, early in the day, Mass was said by the Right Rev. Thomas M. Burke, D.D., of Albany. The Bishop also preached in the chapel this afternoon. The worshippers knelt before the various crosses on the sacred grounds and conducted brief services.

At three o'clock Bishop Burke unveiled and blessed the new statue, representing the Saviour after He was taken down from the Cross, supported by His mother; and placed the gold crown on it. The Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., of New York, preached the sermon. The services were impressive throughout, about twenty priests from various points assisting.

At four o'clock the pilgrims departed by special trains over the West Shore road for their homes in the Hudson and Mohawk valleys. Hundreds were present from Albany, Troy and Amsterdam.

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

Dear Mother of Sorrows, thrice blessed art thou!
The crown of the Martyrs encircles thy brow
And the special protection thy children do claim
Whenever they call thee by that blessed name.

Dear Lady of Martyrs we claim thy blest care;
Remember the title thou lovest to wear.
At the foot of the Cross 'twas first given to thee,
And there in thy mercy thou'rt praying for me.

Thy pray'rs were the sources whence the Martyrs of old
Drew faith for the trial, and strength to behold.
Death did not affright them, God's foes they defied,
While "Jesus" and "Mary" they sang as they died.

We, too, have a battle to fight and to win—
A battle with trial, temptation and sin,
But our hearts cannot fail, and our faith cannot shake
When we know we are fighting for Mary's dear sake.

Dear Lady of Martyrs, what angel above,
What saint, though enkindled with heavenly love,
Could tell of thy graces and glories apart?
In Heaven alone we shall know all thou art!

Elizabeth Cross Alexander.

APPARITION

TO

OUR LADY OF SORROW CASTELPETROSO, ITALY

1888

O Lady of the Passion, dost thou weep?
  What help can we then through our tears survey,
If such as thou a cause for wailing keep?
  What help, what hope, for us, Sweet Lady, say?
"Good man, it doth befit thine heart to lay
  More courage next it, having seen me so
All other hearts find other balm to-day—
  The whole world's consolation is my woe."

Elizabeth B. Browning.

ON March 22, 1888, the day before the Feast of the Compassion of Our Blessed Lady, two countrywomen belonging to Pastine, a hamlet in the diocese of Bojano, in Southern Italy, were sent to look for some sheep that had strayed on a neighboring hill, to which Castelpetroso is the nearest village. One was named Fabiana Cecchino, and the other Serafina Giovanna Valentino; the former being a spinster aged thirty-five, and the latter a married woman a little younger. Before long they returned home, crying, sobbing, trembling, and terrified. People naturally inquired into the cause of their emotion, and heard from these women that they had seen a light issuing from some fissures in the rocks; and when they approached nearer the spot they saw distinctly the image of the Addolorata—a lady, young, very beautiful, pale, with disheveled hair, and bleeding from the wounds received from seven swords.

No one paid much attention to these statements, which were looked upon as absurdities; but further evidence was forthcoming. First of all a child and then an avowed heretic gave testimony to similar Apparitions. People began to go to the mountain and visit the spot of the alleged Apparitions, some 2,600 feet above the sea-level; and some affirmed that they saw the Mother of Dolors bearing in her arms her dead Son. Pilgrimages commenced as a matter of course, and within a few days some four thousand persons visited the spot,—that is, double the number of those living round about; and soon a place which but three short months before had been unknown to all but very few, suddenly became the centre of attraction to countless crowds from the neighboring country.

Of those who went, some testified that they saw the Blessed Virgin under the form known as Our Lady of Mount Carmel; others saw her as Our Lady of Grace, others as Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary; but for the most part she appeared as Our Lady of Dolors. Generally, too, she was alone, but sometimes she was accompanied by St. Michael, sometimes by St. Anthony, sometimes by St. Sebastian, and sometimes by troops of angels. Among those who testified to these Apparitions was a well-known scoffer, who received the grace of seeing Our Lady four times in half an hour.

But it must not be supposed that these marvelous statements were allowed to pass unchallenged by the ecclesiastical authorities. On the contrary, the archpriest of Castelpetroso not only treated the whole affair as delusive, but publicly preached against it from the pulpit of his church. He could not, however, prevent his hearers from going in pious pilgrimage to the favored spot. Another priest, a very old man, who had disbelieved in the Apparitions, went and saw and was conquered. The following is his own narrative of what took place:

"I had many times derided those who visited the mountain on which these wondrous Apparitions took place. On May 16, 1888, however, more to pass the time than for anything else, I felt a desire to visit the place. When I arrived I began to look into one of the fissures, and I saw with great clearness Our Lady, like a statuette, with a little Child in her arms. After a short interval I looked again at the same spot; and, in place of the Most Holy Virgin I saw, quite clearly, the dead Saviour bearing the crown of thorns and all covered with blood. From that time forward when I have heard a mention of that thrice-blessed mountain and of the Apparition I have felt myself moved to tears, and have not been able to say a word."

This testimony was authenticated by the signature of Don Luigi Ferrara, the priest in question.

In due course news of the occurrences reached Mgr. Macarone-Palmieri, Bishop of the diocese of Bojano, in which Castelpetroso is situated. He was called to Rome by the business of his diocese, and whilst there made the Holy Father acquainted with what was going on at Castelpetroso, adding that he should have liked the Apparitions to have been confirmed by some prodigy. The Pope replied by asking whether he did not think the Apparitions in themselves prodigies; and requested the Bishop to return to his diocese, visit Castelpetroso, and report again. The Bishop did as he had been directed. He visited Castelpetroso, in company with the archpriest of Bojano, on September 26, 1888, and saw Our Lady three times.

The Vicar-General and many other ecclesiastics of the diocese were no less favored; but perhaps the most remarkable evidence of all was that rendered by a man who believed neither in God nor Saints, though he frequented the Sacraments out of human respect. This man, who had been leading so miserable a life, went to Castelpetroso, saw the Blessed Virgin, and was converted.

In May, 1888, a spring of water made its appearance on the spot, and on the 21st of the following March the Bishop of Bojano mentioned the fact in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Servo di Maria.* This water has been used by the faithful in the same manner as that of Lourdes, and not a few favors are piously believed to have been received in consequence. Cures are related of a character well known to all who have studied the history of the Shrines of Our Blessed Lady. *Il Servo* contains a new list month by month; and from it we select the following case, which has received the, at any rate informal, approbation of ecclesiastical authority.

The Bishop of Bojano informed the editor of *Il Servo* that a certain child named Angelo Verna, of Fara S. Martino, who had been born a mute, had received his speech; and at the same time the Bishop forwarded the sworn depositions of some relatives of the child. The editor applied for further information to the Archbishop of Lanciano, who in turn applied to the Archbishop of Chieti, in whose diocese the place turned out to be. In his reply the Archbishop of Chieti said that he had heard nothing of the matter before the receipt of the letter of the Archbishop of Lanciano, and that he had received the information with no little incredulity. All the same, he sent on the letter to a priest in whom he had much confidence—one of the canons of the collegiate church of Fara S. Martino,—requesting him to institute a strict inquiry into all the circumstances of the case. The worthy canon did so, and reported that Luigi Verna, of Fara S. Martino, and Annantonia Tavani, his wife, had a child named Angelo, six years of age; and that from his birth this child had been mute. The father having obtained some of the water from the spring at Castelpetroso, sent it to his wife. Annantonia, full of faith, gave it to the child to drink, and the boy there and then received the gift of speech.

Among those who were drawn to Castelpetroso by the fame of the Apparitions was Father Joseph Lais, of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri; a man learned in physics and in medicine, sub-director of the Vatican Observatory, and an eminent, "all-round" scientist. He left Rome on December 18, 1889, in company with Father Morini, a Servite. They examined everything, and Father Lais was soon convinced that optical delusion, at any rate, was out of the question. He then proceeded to examine the evidence.

He found that at first the clergy of the district were much opposed to the belief in the Apparitions, but that they had been convinced, either by ocular demonstration or by the evidence of others. He found, too, that the belief in these Apparitions was very widespread, and that large numbers of persons were credited with having seen them. For example, an innkeeper at Bojano told him and Father Morini that up to that time more than two hundred persons from Farazzano, five hundred from Bojano, and many more from other places, had been favored by them. He examined various persons, whom he took by chance. One woman had gone, but had seen nothing; a girl of nineteen had seen Our Lady of Dolors; a man had seen Our Lady of Loreto. Father Lais learned, too, that others had seen her only on certain of their visits—for instance, one man saw her once in six times—and that some had been much terrified,—two men fainted at the Apparition. To these must be added the two original witnesses, as well as the Bishop of Bojano and the archpriests Don Achille Ferrara of Castelpetroso, and Don Giuseppe Nardone of Bojano.

Father Lais dwelt on the fact that the two archpriests had zealously combated the belief in the Apparitions, and on the natural effect of this opposition on the popular mind; and hence the increased force of the popular evidence, intensified as it was by the circumstances that the priests in question afterward joined the ranks of the believers in the Apparitions, and added their evidence to that of the people. This eminent scientific man speaks thus of the inhabitants of the district:

"The observations I made of the character of the people lead me to recognize that they are profoundly convinced of the event having taken place; and, on the other hand, their simple and ingenuous demeanor does not suggest the suspicion that the fact should be, to some extent, fanciful or the effect of the imagination; whilst the natural formation of the rocks excludes the theory of trickery."

Father Lais saw nothing himself; in fact, the Apparitions appear to have ceased for a time, though fresh ones are reported in *Il Servo* for June, 1890; but, short of personal ocular experience, he could hardly have given stronger reason for believing in the truth of the statements made by those who aver that they have been blessed by the sight of God's holy Mother.

And, to give full force to his judgment, it must be remembered that not only is he a stranger in the district, and not a member of the venerable Order devoted to the service of the Mother of Dolors, but he is a man of necessity accustomed to weigh evidence, and one who, from his training and skill in physics, must be naturally inclined to look for physical explanations of matters of this kind.

Early in 1889 the Bishop of Bojano formed a committee, of which he took the post of president, for the purpose of collecting funds to build a church on the spot hallowed by the presence of Our Lady; and he has determined to place it under the care of the Servite Order, founded, as our readers are aware, for the express purpose of honoring the Dolors of Mary. The Holy Father deigned to bless the work, and sent a telegram, through Cardinal Rampolla, his Secretary of State, imparting the Apostolic Blessing to the members of the committee, and to all those who contributed to the fund.

The *Servo di Maria,* a religious journal published at Bologna, gives the following letter received by the editor from the Bishop of Bojano, Italy, relative to the Apparitions which took place at Castelpetroso, a village in his diocese:

"On the 22d of March, 1888, two shepherdesses of Castelpetroso related that they had beheld an Apparition of the Blessed Virgin in the mountains overlooking the village. The report of this event spread far and wide, and very many persons, young and old, visited the spot. Day after day hundreds of the faithful thronged to the sacred place, many of them passing the whole night there, in sighs and tears and prayers. In a short time pilgrimages were organized of pious Christians wishing to behold the miracle with their own eyes. And so great were their faith and piety that very many among the pilgrims had the happiness of obtaining their wish.

"The Blessed Virgin appeared daily—more frequently as the Mother of Sorrows, and at other times as Our Lady of Mount Carmel or the Queen of the Holy Rosary. A number of persons affirmed that they saw Apparitions of St. Michael, St.

Anthony, St. Joseph, St. Sebastian, together with the Blessed Virgin, and also the Holy Face of Jesus surrounded by angels.

"As the event became more widely known and acquired a high degree of credibility, I deemed it expedient to have an account reduced to writing, and certified to by the depositions, under oath, of those who had been eye-witnesses of the prodigy. The preparation of this report occupied several months. When it was completed I took it in person to Rome to submit it to the Sovereign Pontiff, that the Holy See might pronounce authoritatively and definitely in the matter.

"I myself can bear witness that I visited the sacred spot, and, after some time spent in prayer, saw the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin. At first the image of Our Lady appeared faint and indistinct, but at length she appeared in the attitude and proportions of the representation of the Mother of Sorrows published in one of the numbers of the *Servo di Maria.* Besides myself and the very large number of persons whose names are recorded in the official report, there are the Vicar-General of the diocese, the Archpriest of the Cathedral, and many other ecclesiastics, who also beheld the miraculous Apparitions. . . ."

A beautiful Gothic church was built on the spot where the Blessed Virgin appeared; the corner-stone was laid in May, 1890.

AN ALPINE MONUMENT TO MARY

On the very top of the eternally snow-covered Rocciamelone, a peak of the Alps, has been raised a colossal bronze statue of the Blessed Virgin—the Madonna of the Snow. Soldiers carried the heavy pieces up the rugged mountain sides. It cost $150,000, raised by the children of Italy, the King and Queen, her brother the Duke of Genoa, and her step-brother the Duke of Abruzzi, contributing. The mountain peak is called the Sentinel of Italy, and stands above the town of Susa, presenting a view of the River Dora in the valley below, the hills about

Turin, Mont Cenis and the confines of France way off to the left. The Latin inscription is by Pope Leo XIII., literally translated:

Spirit Mother of God,
Purer than the snow, Mary,
Turn thy benevolent look on thy Susa,
Protect the Italian frontier,
Celestial Patron!

THE PASSION OF MARY

O Lady Mary, thy bright crown
Is no mere crown of Majesty;
For, with the reflex of His own
Resplendent thorns Christ circled thee.

The red rose of this passion-tide
Doth take a deeper hue from thee,
In the five wounds of Jesus dyed,
And in thy bleeding thoughts, Mary.

The soldier struck a triple stroke
That smote thy Jesus on the tree;
He broke the Heart of hearts, and broke
The Saints' and Mothers' hearts, in thee.

Thy Son went up the angels' ways,
His passion ended; but, ah me,
Thou found'st the road of further days
A longer way of Calvary.

On the hard cross of hope deferred,
Thou hung'st in loving agony,
Until the mortal-dreaded word
Which chills our mirth, spake mirth to thee.

The angel Death, from this cold tomb
Of life, did roll the stone away;
And, He thou bearest in thy womb
Caught thee at last into the day
Before the living throne of whom
The lights of heaven burning pray.

ENVOY.

O thou, who dwellest in the day,
  Behold, I pace amidst the gloom;
Darkness is ever round my way
  With little space for sunbeam-room.

Yet, Christian sadness is divine,
  Even as thy patient sadness was:
The salt tears in our life's dark wine
  Fell in it from the saving cross.

Bitter the bread of our repast;
  Yet, doth a sweet the bitter leaven.
Our sorrow is the shadow cast
  Around it by the light of heaven.
O Light in light, shine down from heaven.

Francis Thompson.

LET US PRAY

O God, from Whom are holy desires, right counsels, and just works; give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give: that our hearts may be disposed to keep Thy commandments, and the fear of enemies being removed, the times, by Thy protection, may be peaceful. Through Christ our Lord. Amen. Amen.

100 *days. Plenary once a month.*

EJACULATORY PRAYER

Blessed forever be the most pure, most holy, and most Immaculate Conception of the glorious Virgin Mary Mother of God.

[Popes Gregory XV. and Benedict XIII. granted a hundred days' Indulgence for the recital of this prayer.]

SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF LOURDES
SAN JUAN, NEW MEXICO

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF LOURDES
SAN JUAN, NEW MEXICO
1890

The thought that Mary kindly bears
Our daily needs to God in prayers,
The sadness of my life shall cheer,
And strengthen me, no ill to fear.

Henry Coyle.

A SHRINE to Our Lady of Lourdes in this brown Territory, a veritable place of pilgrimage whither thousands flock in solemn procession, with banners flying, the chanting of litanies and the recitation of the Rosary, can be a matter of surprise to those only who know not the faith of New Mexico's people.

In all the troublous times which they have seen, their love of Our Lady has been like a powerful beacon-light cleaving the darkness. When the Holy Mass had ceased to be said in many a parish church, because the brave Franciscan padre had been driven from the land and as yet no priest had come to take his place, when burning desert and bloodthirsty savage had all but deprived the people of communion with the mother Church in Durango, that light burned without a flicker in their hearts and showed them that the bark of religion might be tempest-tossed a while, but could never be sunk. Sunday after Sunday, the congregations gathered where no pastor could come to them, and prayed on their beads that the breaking of the dawn might be soon; and the same beads brought the family each night to their knees in pious union to invoke the Queen of Heaven that their faith might not falter, that the long abandoned churches of Christ might be restored, and that His spirit might once again be abroad in all the land.

If the floating of the Stars and Stripes above it has proved a benison to New Mexico, this has been due to Our Lady. She has answered those ceaseless prayers that went up to her in the darkness. Our Lady of Guadalupe has proved herself not a whit less compassionate in New Mexico than she has always been at Tepayac and wherever her sacred name has been invoked in the older land of Montezuma. Not otherwise can we account for the new life that was given the Church in New Mexico with the floating of that flag. Then indeed was it snatched from the jaws of a wolf that was rending her, the Mexican Republic, which had already expelled from its midst the devoted religious Orders, and whose one unchanging object has ever been, through all its revolutions, to despoil the Church of its property, so freely given and so productive of good in its administration, and to subject the clergy to a thousand petty cruelties that crush their spirit and cripple their best endeavors. Then was it given a Bishop of its own. Then did its ruined churches start again in beauty from the dust. New parishes were opened on every hand, and a large and devoted body of clergymen, coming from distant climes, gave to the Church of New Mexico a fresh impetus, a more vigorous life than ever, which bids fair to rank it soon with the most fruitful of all the vineyards of Christ in America.

Knowing this touching page in the history of New Mexico's faithful people, and recalling how often the name of Our Lady figures in the earlier times of the Territory's conquest and reconquest, the writer was not surprised to be invited one day to visit the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes at the famous old pueblo of San Juan de los Caballeros.

St. John of the Cavaliers had earned its title far back in the centuries, when its red inhabitants had shown the greatest hospitality and courtesy to the very first band of Spanish settlers under Oñate in 1598. Not far from their pueblo, called Oj-qué in their own Tehua language, had been erected the first church in the Territory, a mile or so to the west, where the Rio Chama enters the Rio Grande, and where the village of Chamita now stands. When Oñate's colonists began to build their houses, break the new land and plant and irrigate their crops, the kindly natives of San Juan came to their assistance in a hundred ways, and immeasurably softened the hardships of pioneering. The pumpkins, beans and corn of their own raising, the deer which they shot in the mountains and the fish which they caught in the Rio Grande, their buffalo robes and their various fabrics of cotton, were all freely shared with the Spaniards. This unlooked for generosity, combined with their powerful and handsome physique, and the rare good taste with which they dressed in their home-made garments and in the feathers of the eagle and turkey, well won for them the appellation of gentlemen, and to this day their descendants still deserve it.

The rebel Po-pé, it is true, was born in San Juan, but when he was hatching his plans of murder, and sought, first of all, for ruffians to assassinate the governor and afterwards to set all New Mexico aflame with the horrors of war, he had to quit his native town and seek for fellow-murderers in Taos. Two famous Mexican authors assure us that rebellion found no sympathy in San Juan, and certainly we have no records to the contrary. Fathers Luis de Morales and Sanchez de Pro, who were slaughtered by the rebels, had their residence in San Ildefonso (O-jo-qué, in the Tehua tongue), a sister pueblo further down the Rio Grande, of which San Juan was only a *visita,* or outlying mission. It was, in fact, at San Juan that the regular work of the Church in New Mexico was first organized. It was there that, on September 9, 1598, was held the first meeting of the whole Territory, to which came chiefs from nearly all the pueblos and avowed their pleasure at the thought of having the Christian missionaries come to their homes; and there, in pursuance of their warm invitations, Father Martinez, the first commissary of the missions, apportioned his brethren amongst the pueblos. San Juan, together with San Ildefonso, San Gabriel, Santa Clara and others, in the province which

Coronado called Yuque-Yunque, fell to the lot of Father Cristóbal de Salazar. Since then, their history has been, perhaps, the most peaceful and prosperous of all the pueblos, and no wonder that Our Lady's first great place of pilgrimage in the Territory should be amongst a people so long and so deservedly renowned for their courtesy and fidelity.

The Indian here, as in all the pueblos, is first a farmer. Locating near the river, he leads away its water in ditches by a system of irrigation that antedates the Spaniard, and carries it into his patches of melon and corn and wheat, and into his orchards, and so raises crops that are the envy of all his white neighbors. No vineyards, however, are permitted on the three miles of land which are owned and tilled by San Juan. Wine, whisky and all intoxicating liquors are forbidden here. Though this is not the rule in all the pueblos, it cannot be said that drunkenness is a serious evil anywhere amongst them. Unlike so many of the savage tribes to whom it has brought extermination, it is seen only on rare occasions with the pueblos, and then only when they have strayed to the white man's town and fallen victims to some unscrupulous Mexican or Gringo (Yankee) seeking to outwit them in buying and selling. The pueblos are, in fact, as numerous to-day as when they first met the white man. After farming the San Juan people turn their attention to the making of beautiful ornamental pottery and numberless beaded trinkets, not to mention the so-called idols which they make by stealth and sell to the credulous tourist. They also weave and tan their own garments. As hunters, too, they prove themselves rare sportsmen. In the distant mountains on the east and the west, they shoot the bear and deer and the royal eagle. In the fields near by the rabbit is their frequent prey, and so are the fish of the Rio Grande and its many tributaries. Turkeys, chickens and pigs, dogs and cats, burros and horses, abound in their streets and courts.

How strange to find the town of these gentle barbarians adorned with a statue in gilded bronze and a chapel in sculptured lava rock in honor of Our Lady! How unexpected in this bare and isolated region, so remote from the great marts of trade and the centres of population! What a promise they give of a long and peaceful life to a people whose Ismael brothers are being blotted so fast from existence!

The statue stands in the centre of the pueblo, before the parish church, to the west of the plaza. A work of art it truly is, which would decorate rather the proudest city in the Union than this adobe-built town of Indians. Itself seven feet in height, it rests upon a pedestal of rose-colored granite twenty-five feet high. An iron railing runs about the base, and from this a flight of five stone steps leads to the ground. The statue was cast in the foundry of Verrebout in Paris, and is a reproduction of the one so much endeared to the Catholic heart by the miracles wrought at its feet in Lourdes—Our Lady gazing with clasped hands toward heaven, her Rosary pendant from her right arm and roses blooming at her feet. A group of Indians is always to be found seated or kneeling on the steps. Hard as it is to imbue them thoroughly with an understanding of the great truths of faith, yet all of them have imbibed a heartfelt devotion to the Mother of God.

Directly back of the statue is the renovated parish church of San Juan. Its present handsome appearance is due, as are the statue and the Shrine, to the taste and devotion of the venerable pastor, Camille Seux. Only those who remember the sad condition of the old adobe church can realize the thoroughness of his work. The cost of both statue and Shrine was met from his own private resources. As a reward of his zeal, it is a pleasure to record that the present Archbishop has created him one of the three irremovable pastors in the diocese. His humble residence, adorned with a latticed veranda and opening on a well-swept, sunlit courtyard, nestles close to the church. His garden lies a hundred yards to the north, across the *acequia,* and is brilliant with chrysanthemums and heavy with the perfume of berries and fruit.

Due east across the plaza from the statue rises the Gothic Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. It was erected two years later than the statue and has become the holy place to which it seems that thousands yet shall come in pilgrimage, as thousands have already come in the short time since its erection.

STATUE, SHRINE AND PILGRIMAGE

Father Seux unveiled the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in his pueblo of San Juan de los Caballeros on the 9th of April, 1888. The pious story runs that he did so to commemorate his elevation to the sacred priesthood. Could he have chosen more wisely than to thus enthrone the Mother of God over the limitless stretches of country that roll from the pueblo in every direction, to make the great valley ring with canticles in Her honor, and to bring hither Her devotees from every corner of the Territory? To prepare for the unveiling an eight days' mission was preached by the Jesuit missionaries, Fathers Paschal Tomassini, of Conejos, and Aloysius Ramos, then of Trinidad. So great was the religious enthusiasm excited by these preachers that over two thousand Communions were received during the mission at the parish church, and a number of notable conversions were made to the true Faith. Fifty and a hundred miles was no uncommon distance for the people to come.

On the day of unveiling, at least four thousand persons were in attendance. One thousand came by special train from Santa Fé, and almost every parish in the territory was represented, while large delegations came down from Antonito, Conejos and Del Norte in Colorado. When the pilgrims alighted from the cars at Chamita, they formed in solemn procession, and sang the Litany of Our Lady and recited the beads aloud as they crossed the country to San Juan. The line of march was enlivened by several bands of music, and was gay with dozens of banners, the most conspicuous of which was that of Mary Immaculate, at the head of a band of two hundred Children of Mary from Santa Fé.

Pontifical High Mass was sung in the church by His Grace, Archbishop of Salpointe, assisted by many of his clergy. The ceremonies were rendered especially inspiring by the presence of fifty-four girls and boys who there for the first time received the Body and Blood of Our Lord. After Mass, the line of procession was taken up again, and the pilgrims moved slowly through all the streets of the pueblo. Returning, they formed in a circle around the statue, while Father Grom, then of Las Vegas, addressed them in an appropriate and touching sermon on the exalted prerogatives of the Mother of God. The exercises of the first pilgrimage to San Juan were then brought to a close by the Archbishop, who imparted his episcopal benediction to the assembled multitude, and granted an indulgence of one hundred days to those who should devoutly recite the Memorare and an Ave Maria before the statue.

The idea of a pilgrimage thus so happily inaugurated was eagerly seized upon by the people of the Territory, and hardly a month passed by that did not witness bands of the pious faithful coming to visit the statue through private devotion. Instead of waning, their devotion seemed only to increase until, two years later, Father Seux determined to erect a special chapel for the pilgrimage in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, and so to place all his people under her special protection. The legend has it, also, that he was more urgently moved to do so by the miraculous intervention of Our Lady on a certain occasion when he was threatened with a violent death.

Be this as it may, he was astonished to find his plan opposed by the Indians themselves. The greater part of them confine the practice of their faith to having their baptisms, marriages and death attended with all the rites and blessings of the Church, to attendance at Mass on Sundays and feast-days, and to the unfailing reception of their Easter Communion—would we could say so much for all our parishes of white people!—and even amongst the most lukewarm no trace of paganism seems to linger. They profess and exhibit the most tender love for everything connected with the service of God; but they had grown jealous of the encroachments of the whites.

They had already permitted a number of Mexicans to live in their midst, and to the Jewish postmaster they had also given the right to erect a pretty frame house in the suburbs; and they now feared that any further concession might mark the beginning of their own downfall.

History shows us, alas! that they were not wholly to blame for their view of the question; but Father Seux knew that no such danger threatened them in this instance. An adobe house stood on the site of the present Shrine, and the earnest pastor offered them twice and three times its real value, but they stubbornly refused, until at last some of his Mexican friends came to his help. The *acequia madre* or main irrigating ditch, upon which the Indians depended to cultivate their orchards and farms, ran through the property of these Mexicans. Heretofore the Indians had enjoyed a right of way without payment, but they were now threatened with a lawsuit and heavy taxes on the same unless they yielded to their pastor's pious designs. The threat had the desired effect, and the Indians yielded gracefully. To show that money had not been their object, they declined all payment for the property, except a small present to the owner, for whom they at once built another equally good in another quarter of the pueblo. Work on the Shrine began immediately and, in its completion, they repeatedly expressed to Father Seux their pride in possessing it, and their pleasure in the thought that their first opposition had been overcome. Every morning now, week days and Sundays, the voice of the venerable *fiscal* of the pueblo is heard ringing in stentorian tones through the streets and calling his people to Mass, just as every day at sunset the same sonorous voice announces all the duties of the morrow. As these Indians have no instruments of music except their drums, the office of church-bell and newspaper alike are filled by the powerful lungs of the *fiscal*. A fair number always answer his summons to Mass, and at least one devout Indian is always glad to act as server.

The pilgrimage which marked the opening of the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes at San Juan was held on June 19, 1890.

As for the unveiling of the statue, an immense crowd left Santa Fé in company with the Archbishop and his clergy, and was met at Chamita by an equal multitude who had either come up the evening before, or had arrived the same morning from the towns in the north and east, Santa Cruz, Las Truchas, Rinconada, Mora, Taos, Tierra Amarilla, El Rito, Antonito and Conejos, and all the intervening ranchos and plazitas. The crowd was too great to be formed in regular lines as before, but their march was again brilliant with banners, enlivened with strains of music and devout with the ceaseless recitation of the Rosary. As, too, the heart of the Indian is most effectually moved by noise, the firing of guns and the booming of cannon were kept up steadily during all the services.

When the pilgrims had assembled in the plaza, the Archbishop and his assistants came in procession from the parish church and, passing around the new Shrine, performed the exercises usual at the blessing and consecration of a new church. These exercises were preceded by a sermon delivered by the veteran worker amongst the Indians, Father Jouvenceau, of Tierra Amarilla, and, after the outside walls had been duly sprinkled with holy water, the doors were thrown open and the interior was similarly blessed. Pontifical High Mass followed, and the long and consoling services of the second great pilgrimage to San Juan ended by the chanting of the Magnificat at the base of the statue. The refection which was afterwards served to the clergy and invited laity at the residence of Father Seux, was marked by a very happy address on the part of Major Sena, of Santa Fé, thanking the Archbishop and the pastor for the glorious work that was done this day, and protesting the ardent love of New Mexico's people for the Queen of Heaven.

The Shrine is, as we have seen, a tasteful Gothic structure cut in a pale blue lava stone from the neighboring mountains. The sanctuary is fitted up to reproduce as far as possible, in the same material, the miraculous grotto at Lourdes. In a niche on the Epistle side, appears Our Lady, radiant with roses, with the famous inscription above her: "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception." The maiden Bernadette kneels on the Gospel side, with a lighted taper in her hands. The grotto proper is occupied by the altar. A wrought iron railing divides the sanctuary from the body of the Shrine, where, as usual in Mexican churches, no pews are set to rest the worshippers, but men and women sit devoutly on the floor. The whole building is quite a model of beauty and good taste, while the idea of the pilgrimage so greatly pleased the Archbishop that he favored it with the usual indulgences of a privileged altar.

Twice again since the opening of the Shrine have solemn pilgrimages left Santa Fé, and the other cities named, for San Juan. The date has been the 8th of September, the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady. In 1891 and 1892, as many as six hundred pilgrims went thither from Santa Fé, one hundred came down from El Rito, and no less than seven hundred on both occasions from Conejos. An unfortunate misunderstanding as to the date prevented any public manifestation in 1893, but numberless private pilgrimages were held throughout the year. A large throng also gathered at the Shrine in 1894, in spite of the enforced absence of the pastor.

The daily increasing interest in the pilgrimage is proved by the unbroken streams of visitors all year long, and arrangements have now been made by which the feast will unfailingly be celebrated with great pomp every year hereafter. The Shrine is still new, but it has taken a marvelous hold on the faithful of New Mexico, manifesting an ardent and practical devotion to the Mother of God, which promises the greatest blessings for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Territory.

Rev. George O'Connell, S. J.

HOLY NAME OF MARY

Dear honored name, beloved for human ties,
But loved and honored first that One was given
In living proof, to erring eyes,
That our poor flesh is near akin to Heaven.

Sweet word of dual meaning: one of grace,
And born of our kind Advocate above;
And one, by memory linked to that dear face
That blessed my childhood with its mother-love,

And taught me, first, the simple prayer: "To thee,
Poor banished sons of Eve, we send our cries,"
Through mists of years these words recall to me
A childish face upturned to loving eyes.

And yet, to some the name of Mary bears
No special meaning and no gracious power;
In that dear word they seek for hidden snares,
As wasps find poison in the sweetest flower.

But faithful hearts can see, o'er doubts and fears,
The Virgin-link that binds the Lord to earth;
Which to the upturned trusting face, appears
Greater than angel, though of human birth.

The sweet-faced moon reflects on cheerless night,
The rays of hidden sun that rise to-morrow;
So, unseen, God lets His promised light,
Through holy Mary, shine upon our sorrow.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF GRACES
CORK, IRELAND

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF GRACES

CORK, IRELAND

1895

"From Him the Grace: through her it stands
  Adjusted, meted and applied;
And ever, passing through her hands,
  Enriched it seems, and beautified.

"Love's mirror doubles Love's caress;
  Love's echo to Love's voice is true;—
Their Sire the children love not less
  Because they clasp a Mother, too."

Aubrey de Vere.

ON the evening of Sunday, February 3, 1895, a solemn Triduum was opened in the Dominican Church, of St. Mary's, Cork, Ireland. It had a triple object—the formal inauguration of the new side altars and the installation of the image of "Our Lady of Graces" above the altar of the Rosary.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, O. P., presided, and the devotions commenced with procession of the Rosary, in which the prior and community, with his Lordship the Bishop, the Venerable Archdeacon Coghlan, and also the members of the Confraternities of the Rosary, the Holy Name, and St. Thomas of Aquin, took part. An overflowing congregation attended, as also on the other days of the triduum. Archdeacon Coghlan, P.P., Blackrock, then delivered a beautiful and impressive discourse on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, taking for his text the words of the Magnificat, "Behold, from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." Having enlarged in eloquent terms on the virtues and prerogatives of Mary, and having alluded to the procession which had just taken place, as a small recognition on the part of those present in her honor, the venerable preacher concluded by saying, "That on such an evening, and in such a church, it would be unpardonable in him to omit referring to one whom he might, in a most emphatic manner, style the apostle of devotion to Mary. If ever there was a saint in the history of the church whose zeal and reverence entitled him to be called the privileged apostle of devotion to Mary, it was St. Dominic. That evening they were to have unveiled before them a beautiful marble group representing Our Blessed Lady giving the Rosary to St. Dominic." The preacher then described the devotion of the Rosary, and thus concluded his discourse. Immediately afterwards the group of statues were blessed by the Bishop. The statue of St. Dominic surmounting his own altar was blessed on a previous occasion.

The side altars of Our Blessed Lady and St. Dominic were consecrated on Monday, at 10 o'clock, the former by the bishop of the diocese, and the latter by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, the Bishop of Cloyne. They are of elaborate construction, and were designed by Mr. Hynes, architect, and executed by Mr. Daly, builder, in the most exquisite and aritistic manner, the style being Corinthian, in keeping with that of the church. A curved coning in the superstructure of each altar forms a niche, lit from behind, in which respectively is the group of statues and the statue of St. Dominic, which has been alluded to already. A tabernacle of beautifully wrought brass on the Rosary altar is surmounted by a marble structure which contains the Image of Our Lady of Grace.

On Monday evening the devotions of the triduum were resumed. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Lewis Butler, O.P., of St. Saviour's, Dublin, and was listened to with rapt attention by the congregation. He said that many instances were recorded in sacred scripture of how in times of supreme national peril and impending ruin, the people of God were rescued by the hands of women. He made special mention in this respect of Deborah, Judith, and the mother of the Maccabees, but remarked that they were only the figures and precursors of one greater than them all, and that was the humble Virgin of Nazareth, the Mother of Jesus Christ. Mary, by her agency, saved not one generation but all the generations of men. Referring to St. Dominic, Father Butler said that when struggling with the Albigensian heresy he preached in vain, until one night the Blessed Virgin appeared and presented to him the holy Rosary. Whilst afterwards employing this spiritual weapon the most hardened sinners were softened by his words, and thousands of heretics were saved by the power and prayers of a woman. He then spoke of Ireland, and said that persecution had done its utmost to destroy the faith of our country. The broken arches, the burned Shrines, the ivy-clad walls, the land thrice confiscated, told all that she had suffered in the cause of truth and justice. But there was one thing left, and this could never be snatched from the bleeding hands of Ireland. That was the Catholic faith. The reason of this unchangeable fidelity was to be found in our devotion to the holy Mother of God—a devotion handed down from father to son and mother to daughter, until it became an heirloom in every Irish Catholic home.

Tuesday was the closing day of the triduum. High Mass was celebrated by Father Moore in the presence of the Bishop. He also presided at the evening devotions, which began with a procession in honor of "Our Lady of Grace." The very Rev. Canon Keller, P.P., of Youghal, preached. The Fathers of St. Mary's considered it not only most becoming but also a great privilege that Canon Keller should preach at the close of the solemn triduum, as it was principally intended to honor "Our Lady of Grace," whose sacred Image formerly belonged to his parish, and he himself was so distinguished an ecclesiastic, being revered.

In his sermon, Canon Keller delicately and beautifully connected the marvelous merits of "Our Lady of the Rosary" with those of "Our Lady of Grace," for whilst dilating on the former he brought the minds of his hearers to dwell on the latter. "That occasion," he said, "was specially dear to him, when for the first time after the lapse of many generations, the venerable Image of 'Our Lady of Grace' was exposed for public veneration and devotion; and being an occasion, too, that had been blessed in a special manner by our most Holy Father, Leo XIII., under the patronage of the venerable prelate of this diocese."

Having spoken of the great devotion and confidence in Mary which prevailed in Ireland, he said that "he did not know a nation in all the pages of the history of the church where the Catholic faith had been more steadfastly adhered to, or where greater sufferings or sacrifices were made for the faith than in Ireland. Meanwhile churches were levelled to the earth, Shrines were burnt and altars overthrown, but the figure of 'Our Lady of Youghal' was saved; and he envied them, while he congratulated them, on possessing that sacred relic, which for a long succession of ages, in the old town of Youghai by the sea, was a source of veneration and attraction to countless multitudes of our forefathers."

At the conclusion of the sermon, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by his Lordship the Bishop, and thus terminated this memorable triduum, which abounded with so many tokens of deep piety and love on the part of the Catholics of Cork towards the Blessed Mother of God in her hope-inspiring character of "Our Lady of Grace."

YOUGHAL AND THE MIRACULOUS STATUE

The Dominican convent of Youghal county, Cork, was founded in 1268 by Thomas, son of Maurice Fitzgerald, then Viceroy of Ireland, under the title of "Lord Justiciary." In 1243, John, his paternal grandfather, founded the priory in Tralee, where he was buried. The remains of Thomas were laid in the cemetery of the Youghal Convent, which was dedicated to the Holy Cross, probably on account of the red cross marked on the family shield. The houses of Tralee and Sligo, built by the Geraldines, as well as five others of the Order in Ireland, and that of Louvain, bore the same appellation.

The Friary of Youghal was built to the north of the town, and though the dwelling has totally disappeared, the ruins of the church may still be seen surrounded by monuments of the dead. Judging from the foundations, which have occasionally been uncovered, it consisted of nave, choir, and south aisle. The dwelling was situated, according to conventional custom, on the north side. There still exists to southeast, a massive though mutilated pier, which supported the arches as well as the west end of the nave, and fragments of the side walls. There can be little doubt but that it was a beautiful church, and no mean specimen of the Gothic style in the thirteenth century, as can be seen by the foliated capitals still adhering to the pier.

Above the west doorway was a three-light window, which all but fills the entire gable. Tradition tells us that a subterranean passage, running in a southerly direction, connected the Priory with St. Mary's Collegiate Church. When in 1847 a grave was being dug in the cemetery, there was found a freestone effigy of a knight in armor, with a sword at his side. The coffin was placed over the effigy, which is still supposed to be undisturbed. The convent lands were given by the English Government to various persons successively—first in 1581, to a military man named William Walsh, at a nominal rent of twenty-two pence for ever; then for a term of years to John Thickpenny, who was also a soldier. As certified in the "MS. of Lismore," by A. St. Leger, the Friary was granted to Walter Raleigh on the 3rd of February, 1586, at the annual rent of £12 19s. 6d. All his Irish grants were conveyed by Raleigh to Mr. Richard Boyle, the first Lord Cork, on the 7th December, 1602. The buildings were, however, destroyed in the following year, and the agents whom Raleigh employed for the purpose were, according to authentic accounts, most unfortunate. The first who undertook the demolition fell dead from the roof of the church, all his limbs being broken; also three soldiers, who threw the Holy Cross from the top of the monastery, met with frightful deaths. Within eight days of the outrage one died insane, another was consumed by vermin, and the third killed by the seneschal of the Earl of Desmond.

THE MIRACULOUS STATUE

"Holy Cross," the title of the convent of Youghal, was changed to that of "Our Lady of Graces," because of a statue of the Blessed Vrigin, which the Friars obtained in a miraculous manner. A piece of wood brought in by the tide was found on the bank adjoining the town. The wood being rare in the locality some fishermen wished to take it, but they were unable to lift it, though they harnessed ten horses for the purpose. The ebbing tide bearing it towards the Dominican monastery, two of the religious brought it to the cloister. The Prior being informed in a vision, which he had during the night, that the Image of Our Blessed Lady was in this wood, found it accordingly.

Another account tells us that the piece of timber was exposed to the weather near the porch of the church. A blind man entering the building and seeking with outstretched hand for holy water, dipped his fingers into the rain water lodged in a cavity of the wood. Thinking it was holy water he at once rubbed his eyes with it, according to his custom, and on the instant his sight was restored. This miracle led to the examination of the wood and the consequent discovery of the Image. This Image was the object of special devotion to the faithful, who flocked from all parts of Ireland to venerate it.

By a decree of the Most General Chapter, held in Rome, 1644, all alms offered in honor of the pious Image were to be applied to the Convent of Youghal, and the Provincial was ordered not to dispose of them otherwise.

This statue of the Madonna and Child is of Italian workmanship of the fifteenth century. It is a carving in ivory about three inches long, much worn and discolored by time.

During the persecutions the Dominicans removed the Image to a place of safety. It was afterwards enclosed by a daughter of one of the Geraldines in a silver case, richly decorated with floriated ornaments and surmounted by a cross. In front are folding doors, which, when open, display the sacred relic. On the inside of the doors are a crucifix and the figure of a Saint respectively. The case bears the following Latin inscription: Orate pro anima Onoriæ filiæ Jacobi de Geraldinis quæ me fieri fecit. Anno Domini, 1617. "Pray for the soul of Honoria, daughter of James Fitzgerald, who caused me to be made. A.D. 1617."

From the time of its discovery up to our own days miraculous powers have been uninterruptedly ascribed to the Image of "Our Lady of Graces," and as long as it was possible the Irish people made pilgrimages to the Friary of Youghal in order to honor it.

Amongst the frequent instances of cures and graces obtained by prayers offered in honor of this Image was that of Mr. Michael O'Callaghan, father of the present Bishop of Cork. The new Shrine is a votive offering of thanksgiving for his recovery, and bears the following inscription: Sanctæ Mariæ Gratiarum Michael O'Callaghan Familiaque devote Gratias agentes, A.D. MDCCCLXXII. "Michael O'Callaghan and family devoutly returning thanks to Saint Mary of Graces, 1872." This Shrine was designed by the late Mr. Goldie of London. The work was executed in Paris, under his supervision. He would accept no remuneration for his own eminent personal services, as he was desirous of participating in the noble offering of the donors.

This venerable Image is now in the possession of the Dominican community of Cork. No precise record exists as to the manner in which it came into their hands, but the following may throw light upon the subject: In the dark days of persecution it was ordained by the authorities of the Order in Ireland that when, as frequently happened, the inmates of a convent were dispersed by the enemies of religion, the sacred vessels, vestments, and other religious objects, should be sent to the nearest community, that they might not be lost or desecrated. This regulation reasonably accounts for the existence of three objects of interest and veneration found by Father Russell in 1823, on his return to Ireland from Lisbon, in the old safe of Dominic Street, namely—the Image of "Our Lady of Graces," the chalice of Youghal Convent, and an old black-letter copy of the Bible, on the front page of which is written the following words, showing its antiquity and authenticity: "This chalice belongs to the convent of the Divine Mother of Bonsheim, and Mark Remhardi, in the name of Nicolas Philippi, 1481." On the chalice also is this inscription: "Pertinent ad Conventum Deiparæ Gratiarum De Yeoghall, 1632." "This chalice belongs to the convent of the Divine Mother of Graces of Youghal, 1632."

The following description of the chalice will be of interest to the reader: "It rest on a hexagonal foot, the base being formed of six fan-shaped spandrels. Two of these are engraved with a conventional lily decoration, which so often occurs upon chalices of the same period. The third space has a crucifixion, with the Redeemer's feet resting on a skull, and placed against the cross on each side are a spear and ladder.

OUR LADY OF GRACE

This was the gift of love—this statue tall and fair.
Mark you its gracious beauty, its sweet and serious air;
Beneath the veil close folded, the curve of its soft hair.

See its kind eyes! Forever they answer mine upraised;
I am rebuked with pity, with sweet approval praised;
At wilful sin—oh, surely how would it stand amazed!

Wide sweeps the spotless mantle, the hands are stretched to bless,
The slender feet the serpent in holy victory press;
But yet the head droops gently toward those who know distress.

This is my own dear Lady! Nor gold nor art could place
On stateliest shrine the rival of its familiar face,
Ah, truly it doth image Our Lady of All Grace!

Sarah Trainer Smith.

APPARITION OF
OUR LADY OF TILLY
NORMANDY, FRANCE

APPARITION
OF
OUR LADY OF TILLY NORMANDY, FRANCE

1896

"Mother, now I'll say my beads,
For my soul some comfort needs.
And what better could there be
Than to raise my thoughts to thee,
Sweet Mother!"

Father Russell, S. J.

THE little village of Tilly-sur-Seulles, which is said to have been favored with a series of Apparitions of Our Lady, is situated in a pleasant, undulating country between Bayeux and Caen, a little to the south of the railway that connects these two historic cities. The village is divided into two parts by the river Seulles, which follows a winding course as it runs northward, and finally pours its waters into the English Channel. The station of Audrieu, on the line from Bayeux to Caen, is about two miles distant from Tilly; and the traveller who there leaves the train passes through pretty country lanes, until he sees in the distance a clump of trees which surround the faubourg of St. Pierre, at the entrance to Tilly. After passing through St. Pierre, he finds himself on a slight eminence, whence he looks down on the river, on either side of which, sloping upward from its banks, rises the village that has leaped suddenly into fame.

In Tilly, as in most of the larger villages of France, there are two village schools—the Ecole Laique, provided and supported by the state; and the Ecole Libre, taught by religious who belong to a local congregation entitled Les Sœurs du

Sacré Cœur de Coutances. This latter school is built on the side of a hill, on the road to Bayeux; and its windows overlook a portion of the village, and of the fields which lie beyond.

On the afternoon of March 18, 1896, the children were assembled as usual in the Ecole Libre. The elder ones occupied a large schoolroom, three windows of which, extending along one side of it, look out in the direction of the fields, across the little village. They had just finished their lessons, and the religious in charge was giving directions to some of them to remain and proceed to the church as soon as the evening prayers were said, in order that those who wished to go to Holy Communion on the next day (the Feast of St. Joseph) might prepare themselves for confession; the others were enjoined to proceed home at once. While they were putting away their books, the good nun addressed to them a few kind words, encouraging them to practise devotion to St. Joseph, and promising them a blessing from Our Lady if they were devout to her holy spouse.

While she was speaking thus, two little girls, about thirteen years old, were standing together, almost facing the window. One of them happened to look up, and, with a face of astonishment and awe, drew her companion's attention to something she saw in the distance. The other child looked in the direction indicated, and for several moments they stood gazing out into the distance in blank amazement. Presently they began to nudge each other, one trying to persuade the other to tell their teacher what they saw. At last their excitement was too much for them, and in breathless wonder they cried out "Madame, Madame! Voilà la Sainte-Vierge!"—"Be quiet, and don't talk nonsense!" was the natural reply. But the children pointed to the window, and repeated their assertion that they saw the Blessed Virgin. The teacher, utterly incredulous, looked in the direction in which they pointed, and the whole class of fifty children followed her example.,

Yes, there was no mistake. What these two little maidens had seen the mistress and all her fifty children also saw with their own eyes. Across the fields, at a distance of some twelve hundred yards, they saw, as distinctly as was possible such a long way off, a figure of Our Lady such as is represented on the miraculous medal—with her hands extended, and surrounded by an oval of dazzling light. She seemed to be standing on the ground, against a hedge, at the foot of a tall tree, with her feet resting on a cloud of light.

In utter bewilderment, the Sister ran for the other two nuns, who were teaching the younger children, and in broken words conveyed to them what she had seen. They and the children —to the number of about one hundred—ran to the window, and one and all saw the wondrous sight. Instinctively they knelt down, and, with eyes fixed on the vision, began to recite the Rosary. There they knelt on, as if entranced, for nearly two hours, saying the Rosary all the while. From time to time the voice of the nun who was leading them grew weak from fatigue, and she paused for a few moments. Immediately the vision began to grow dimmer, and the children cried out in concert: "O Madame, continuez, continuez!" When the prayer was resumed the vision at once became clear and bright again, until at half-past five it began gradually to fade away, and then altogether disappeared.

When it had vanished the religious consulted together as to what should be done. Prudently, they told the children that they could not explain what had happened; but that it was quite certain they were not good enough really to see Our Lady; and they therefore enjoined on them strict silence, warning them that if they talked about it they might bring ridicule on holy things. "Don't say a word about it—not even to M. le Curé." This advice was the more necessary as the Curé, after hearing the confessions of the children from the Ecole Laique, had been wondering what had become of his little penitents from the Sisters' school, and had been waiting for some time for their appearance.

The children promised to observe silence, but it is needless to say that it was quite impossible long to keep a secret that was known to one hundred little girls. Before a week had passed the story had spread all over the place, and had reached the ears of M. le Curé, who wisely declined to express any opinion whatever on the matter; advising all who were interested in the Apparition to say many prayers, that they might not be deluded by fraud or fancy. This sound advice was followed by the nuns and their children.

On March 24th they commenced a novena, which consisted of reciting the Rosary together at the end of school. On the very first day, as they were saying the second decade, to their joy and astonishment, the vision reappeared, just as they had seen it before. The next day (the Feast of the Annunciation) they saw it again, during the recitation of the first decade, and it seemed brighter than on the previous occasions. The following day they saw nothing; on the morrow (the Feast of Our Lady's Dolors) it appeared again, but with what looked like a spot of blood on Our Lady's dress, over her heart. During several succeeding days some women of the village happened to be present in the schoolroom while the Rosary was being recited, and they all witnessed the Apparition. On the last four days of March it was seen as usual. March 31st was the last day of school before the Easter holidays. On Wednesday, April 1st, the three nuns saw the vision, but dimly, as if beneath a veil. On Holy Thursday it is said to have been seen by only one of the religious. On Good Friday and Holy Saturday it was not seen at all.

We have already mentioned that the Apparition as seen from the schoolroom seemed to be about three-quarters of a mile distant. This made it difficult to determine the exact spot where the vision was, and it occurred to the witnesses that they would get a more distinct view if they approached nearer. Accordingly, on one of the last days of March a few of the elder girls, accompanied by one of the nuns, started for the field where the Blessed Virgin seemed to be standing. It was agreed with those in the schoolroom that when they arrived at the exact spot a handkerchief should be waved by those who remained behind. In anxious expectation the detachment drew near to the place. Alas! there was nothing to be seen. Presently they saw the handkerchief waved in the distance, and knew that they were on the exact spot of the Apparition. They were close to the hedge of a large field, sown half with clover and the other half with oats; and surrounded on three sides with a bank, on the top of which was a hedge, and in the middle of it a tall, slim tree. The little party gazed and knelt and prayed; placed themselves first in one spot and then in another. But all was useless: there was nothing whatever to be seen, and they had to return disappointed. However, this absence of any nearer view was not to continue.

On Wednesday of Holy Week the Apparition entered on a new phase. We simply tell the story as vouched for by authentic witnesses on the spot, and without expressing for the present any opinion of our own as to the objective reality of the Apparition.

During the first few days of its appearance the vision of Our Lady at Tilly was seen only from the schoolroom of the Ecole Libre by the nuns, the children, and one or two visitors who happened to be there. On Wednesday of Holy Week, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a peasant girl named Louise Polinière went into the field where those who had seen the figure from the schoolroom had judged it to be present. She had been abandoned by her parents while quite a little child, and had been adopted and brought up by a woman who lived on a farm close by the field, on the road to Caen. She was at this time fourteen years old; a good child, hard-working and simple, but not very intelligent. All that she had been taught was enough of the catechism to enable her to make her first communion. She had indeed heard of the vision, but knew none of the details of its nature or where it had been seen.

That afternoon she went out with her mistress and another woman to gather some food for their rabbits. When they passed the field of the Apparitions she felt an impulse to enter it, though she knew that none of the plants she was seeking grew there. As she walked across the field, suddenly some influence which she could not explain seemed to stop her. The girl grew frightened; but, as she had always been taught to pray when she found herself in any danger or difficulty, she fell on her knees and began to say the Rosary—not on her beads, for she had no beads with her, but on her fingers. When she came to the second or third decade she saw all at once, about ten yards away, the figure of Our Lady, not as it had been seen from the schoolroom—under the form in which she is represented on the miraculous medals,—but under the aspect of Our Lady of Lourdes, except that she was carrying the Infant Jesus in her arms. Near her Louise declares she saw a little girl kneeling in prayer, whom she persists in calling *la petite Bernadette,* to whom the Queen of Heaven appeared in the visions of Lourdes. Louise remained praying in a sort of trance for about half an hour when her mistress, who had missed her, came to look for her, found her still kneeling there in prayer, and took her away. She went home and continued to do her ordinary work without any appearance of excitement, and has ever since occupied herself with her daily task just as usual,—the vision having seemed to make but little impression on her, and having been treated by her as if it were an ordinary occurrence.

But almost daily since that first occasion she has, with permission from her mistress, visited the field, and sometimes several times a day. Each time she declares that some secret impulse has prompted her to go; and when invited at other times to accompany persons thither, she has invariably refused, saying: "*Si j'y vais par complaisance je ne vois rien.*"* When asked if Our Lady ever spoke to her, she replied, no, but that once she smiled upon her. In answer to inquiries as to Bernadette's appearance, she said: "*Elle avait une robe blanche, mais elle était bien sale, àcôté de celle de la bonne Vierge.*"†

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*"If I went through complaisance, I should see nothing."

†"She had a white dress, but it looked very dirty compared with the robes of the good Virgin."

When urged to try to approach nearer to the vision, she remarked that there was a railing round it.

But Louise Polinière is not alone in beholding the marvelous Apparition. A large number of persons claim to have beheld it with their own eyes; and while many of the stories told are unworthy of credit, there is a sufficient number of reliable witnesses to its reality to render it deserving of a careful investigation.

Although for some days she visited the field alone, the report of the marvels Louise had seen speedily spread, and the curious began to flock thither in large numbers. At first they came only from the village and the country around; but the report soon became more widely known, and a crowd collected each evening on "the field of the Apparitions." Visitors began to pour in from Caen, Bayeux, Brest, and even from Paris. The story was reported in the newspapers, and special correspondents were sent to make personal inquiries. Before long some hundreds were present each evening.

But they did not come merely to watch Louise Polinière kneeling in prayer. What she had seen, others began to see also. Although there was considerable variety in the details of the vision, yet it was always "a vision of Our Lady." Many of the stories told are, doubtless, unworthy of credit. But the number of credible witnesses is so large, and the circumstances are in some cases so remarkable, that we can scarcely explain them as a fraud or as a sort of collective hallucination. I shall narrate two or three instances selected from the large number given in detail in the French newspapers, and for the most part written down from the mouths of those to whom they happened.

On Friday, April the 17th, Tilly was visited by Jean François Madeleine, one of the keepers on the estate of the Prince de Broglie. He is a respectable man of fifty years of age. About 4.30 p.m. he visited the field where the Apparitions had been seen, hung a nosegay on the tree in front of which the vision first appeared, and knelt down to say his beads. He saw nothing at the time, but returned about 8.30 and mingled with the crowd that had collected. Suddenly he was seen to take off his hat, and advance to the foot of the tree with his hands raised to Heaven. He was heard to mutter a few words addressed to Our Lady; and was then led, covered with perspiration, and in an almost fainting condition, to a bench nearby, where he remained for a time completely prostrate. On recovering himself, he declared positively that he had seen Our Lady in a dress of dazzling whiteness, and that she had bid him recommend all present to pray earnestly. The next day he again visited the place, and said that he saw the same vision.

Mme. de Moulinier, the wife of a young tradesman of the village, had a short time before lost her sister, who had been living with them for some time, and had been a great favorite with Mme. de Moulinier's children. Her name was Augustine, and the children had always called her by the pet name of Titine. One of them, a little girl four years of age, accompanied her mother one evening to the scene of the Apparitions. They were standing amid the crowd, when all at once the child cried out: *"Tiens, maman, voilà Titine, qui descend du ciel tout en blanc."* She had seen in the air a figure in white, and naturally identified it with her aunt, who had gone to Heaven some weeks before.

A certain M. Boisard was staying at the Hotel Morel, at Tilly. He visited the place of the Apparitions several times and, on his fourth visit declared that he saw Our Lady most distinctly, and that she was dressed, as at Lourdes, in a white robe with a blue sash. On returning to the hotel, he told the story before a number of visitors, and made a sketch on paper of what he had seen. The best proof of his sincerity and the impression made upon him was that before he left Tilly he went to confession and Holy Communion, in order to make reparation for his past life, and in acknowledgment of the favor that had been vouchsafed him.

Among those who heard him relate the story at the hotel was M. Théron, a commercial traveler; a good Christian, but rather incredulous of such reports. However, he thought he would go and examine for himself. So he went to the field, and there remained for some time without seeing anything. All at once he turned pale and fell on his knees. At first, he said, he saw what looked like a chapel rise gradually from the ground and remain suspended in the air; then, at a short distance from the chapel, and on a level with the windows, a thin, white cloud began to gather, which soon took the form of a woman dressed in white and with a blue sash round her waist. He could not distinguish her features, but saw that she had on her head a crown of gold set with pearls. The vision lasted for two hours; and when at length it disappeared M. Théron fell to the ground exhausted, and had to be assisted back to the hotel. When he recovered he told the story of what he had seen, adding: "I know people will think that I am the victim of a hallucination. It does not matter. I really saw it, and should be a liar if I said the contrary."

Mme. Duvet, who happened to be at Tilly with a traveling booth for theatrical performances, and had set up in the market-place, was informed of the wonderful Apparitions that had been seen. She instinctively took a professional view of the matter. "What a godsend for my theatre!" she said. "We shall have a grand theatrical representation of the Apparitions." The next afternoon she went down to a stream hardby to wash some clothes, and while thus engaged looked up in the direction of the place where the visions had appeared. There she saw first a brilliant light, and then the figure of Our Lady clad in the manner we have already mentioned. She fell on her knees and begged pardon for her incredulity. The same evening when someone began to make fun of the Apparitions in her presence, she promptly put him out of her booth. The next morning she packed up her effects and left the village.

We again repeat that we merely tell the story of the Apparitions as current report has it, and without expressing any opinion as to whether the vision is of a supernatural character. No sanction has as yet been given to its reality by any ecclesiastical authority, and the curé of the parish prudently keeps aloof from the scene; though he gladly receives the depositions of those who wish to entrust to him, in writing or by word of mouth, what they themselves have witnessed.

In examining into the causes of any alleged supernatural phenomenon, we have to remember that the alternative is not simply either deception or the direct intervention of Almighty God. We must bear in mind that we have also to be on our guard against the preternatural. As the one great ambition of the devil is to secure for himself the worship that is due to God alone, it is to be expected that he will use his almost unlimited knowledge and the wonderful natural powers that still remain to him in their entirety to produce on men the impression that it is the agency of God that is at work, when it is really himself and the spirits of evil who are producing the phenomena which astonish and dazzle us. We have, therefore, to suspend our judgment, and to search carefully into the circumstances accompanying any alleged vision or Apparition; to examine its effects on those who witness it, and on the crowds who collect at the place where it is seen. We have to watch not only the immediate results, but to wait and see whether what begins with every appearance of being a work for God continues to bear good fruit; or whether the good somehow fades away, and leaves behind it evil consequences which were at first unsuspected, but which our maturer judgment shows us as the direct or indirect effects of the marvels which are in question. One of the strongest arguments in favor of the supernatural character of the Apparitions at Lourdes is the countless miracles of grace that have been wrought there, far surpassing, both in numbers and importance, the mere physical cures with which we are familiar.

It is rather too soon to judge at present of the Apparitions at Tilly from the consequences that have followed from them. One of the most notable incidents at Lourdes was the instruction given by Our Lady to Bernadette that a temple was to be there erected in her honor; and the rise of the magnificent basilica was a strong confirmation of the reality of the mission of the peasant maiden. At Tilly one form of the vision among the many varied shapes that it has assumed has been the appearance of a temple floating in the air, within which were seen sometimes the statue of Our Lady, sometimes a sort of brilliant illumination. This is supposed to indicate a desire on the part of the Blessed Virgin that a church should be built there; and the investigations made by a learned antiquary, M. l'Abbé Masselin, have discovered that in 1356 there existed at Tilly, in the neighborhood of the place of the Apparitions, a chapel known under the title of the Chapel of the Blessed Mary of Tilly (Capella Beatæ Mariæ de Tillayo). It will be a strong argument for the reality of the Apparitions if we see this chapel rebuilt by the piety of the faithful who assemble there.

There seems also to be no doubt that the present result of the visions has been that a great impulse has been given to devotion to Our Lady and to the solid piety that true devotion to her invariably brings with it. Every evening a crowd, amounting already to some three thousand people, collects in the field of the Apparitions. Of these only a small percentage see anything. But there has grown up a practice of devotion that can scarcely fail of itself to bring a blessing upon the place. Men and women, old and young, priests and laymen, there recite the Rosary, either privately or in little groups; and many a prayer goes up to God that would never have been offered were it not for the strange events that have happened there. At the same time there are some circumstances that lead us to hesitate before pronouncing any opinion in favor of the supernatural nature of the visions. We know how the evil spirit is wont sometimes to appear under the guise of an angel of light; and it is quite possible that, in his rage at the wonders wrought at Lourdes, he may have sought to turn aside the devotion of the faithful by a counterfeit imitation of what Bernadette saw as she knelt by the waters of the Gave.

Our reasons for hesitation are the following:

1. The fact that the vision has in some cases been followed

by faintness, loss of consciousness, and a morbid physical condition is scarcely what we should expect if it is really Our Lady who appears. The presence of the supernatural brings with it joy, peace of mind, health both of soul and body. It is true that those who have been thus troubled have been sinners, who were at first sceptical of the reality of the Apparitions, and that the result was a desire to be reconciled to God in the Sacrament of Penance. Yet it hardly seems like Our Blessed Lady to produce any form of ill health in those to whom she grants these favors.

2. The varying, shifting nature of the vision is also a suspicious circumstance. Our Lady is reported to have appeared now as represented on the miraculous medal, again as at Lourdes; sometimes alone, and sometimes holding the Divine Infant in her arms. At one time her whole figure is seen, at others only her head and shoulders. To some there has appeared a chapel, others have beheld a luminous cloud, which in some instances gradually developed into human form, in others faded away without any change in its original shape. Of course all this proves nothing against the reality of the vision, but it makes us inclined to doubt.

3. Those who have visited Lourdes, and there witnessed the calm and peace that reigned at the Grotto, do not find the same quieting influence in the field at Tilly. "At Lourdes and at La Salette," says a recent visitor to Tilly, "the soul seemed drawn upward to Heaven and toward the Blessed Virgin; curiosity had no part among the influences present; we prayed as one cannot pray elsewhere. We felt ourselves in the region of certainty. It is not the same at Tilly: there we feel ourselves in presence of the unknown."

4. Some years ago a certain visionary named Vintras pretended to be visited by Our Lady. But his visions turned out to be a fraud. He was condemned by authority, and was obliged to leave the place. He recently died at Caen, and before his death is said to have foretold that in 1896 there would be an Apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Tilly. The man was

a thorough knave, and his prediction is a circumstance by no means favorable to the supernatural character of the vision.

5. Lastly, it is said that though many priests have visited the place, not one of them has seen anything. The first appearance was, as we have related, to the children of the school and the nuns who taught them. Since that time it has been seen by a large number of persons, and among them were many who were previously incredulous. Some of those who bear witness to its reality are educated men and women, others are peasants and artisans. In fact, the testimony is so large and varied that it is almost impossible to deny some external reality to the Apparition. Yet all this time no single priest has seen anything.

On the other hand, the little Polinière, who is the most prominent figure in the story, has throughout conducted herself with a simplicity and unobtrusive piety which is very much in her favor, and seems to indicate that it is God who is at work in her soul, and not that she is a prey to some delusion of the devil. She takes her visions in the most matter-of-fact way; does her household work just as usual, and exhibits a great dislike to being interviewed. She says she is drawn to the field of the Apparitions by an influence that she cannot resist, and that when she goes there at the invitation of others she sees nothing. Indeed, as far as one can judge from the accounts given of her, she seems not unworthy to take her place with Bernadette.

We have laid before our readers a summary of the facts connected with the Apparitions at Tilly. It cannot fail to be full of interest to all who have at heart the honor of the Holy Mother of God. We must at present suspend our judgment respecting them; but we shall perhaps recur to the subject in a future number, if we are able to obtain any certain evidence as to their truth or falsity.

Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J.

SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF MELHEHA
ST. PAUL'S BAY, MALTA

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF MELHEHA
ST. PAUL'S BAY, MALTA

Hail, queen of the heavens!
Hail, mistress of earth!
Hail, virgin most pure
Of immaculate birth!

PROBABLY very few who read this title will have any idea as to which quarter of the globe Melheha belongs. It happens to be a little village perched on the rocks of the northern part of the island of Malta, and lies about thirteen miles away from Valletta, the capital. Its name is derived from the Maltese word *melh,* signifying salt, as most of the salt used on the island is obtained from the rocks in the vicinity, where sea-water is evaporated in shallow troughs cut for the purpose. In the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, St. Luke, one of St. Paul's fellow-travellers, gives the account of their shipwreck on the island and of their three months' sojourn there. Now, Melheha is in close proximity to St. Paul's Bay, the scene of the shipwreck; and constant tradition has affirmed that the first Christian church on the island of Malta was founded by the great Apostle in that place by the dedication of a large cave in the rock to the worship of God under the patronage of the Virgin Mother. In subsequent ages a stone church was built adjoining the grotto, as we shall see presently.

During their stay on the island St. Luke is believed to have painted on the rock, in a recess at the back of this cave, a picture of the Blessed Virgin, which is still venerated with the greatest devotion by the islanders. We may remark that this is not the only treasure of the kind preserved in Malta. The cathedral possesses another of St. Luke's paintings executed during his stay; and in S. Maria Damascena, the church of the Uniat Greeks, is another. This latter was brought from Rhodes to Malta by the Knights of St. John; tradition affirms that long before it had been miraculously transported over the sea from Damascus to Rhodes, surrounded by supernatural light. Cornelius à Lapide bears witness to the existence in his day of these three paintings in Malta.

In spite of the equally precious pictures in other parts of the island, the Maltese look upon the Shrine at Melheha as the most sacred of those dedicated to the Mother of God. From time immemorial it has been a favorite place of pilgrimage and the source of many miraculous favors. The stone church added to the original grotto is a small building containing a nave and two aisles, that on the Epistle side, owing to the situation of the place, being twice as wide as the other. The grotto, which has been left in its natural state, forms the sanctuary of the little church which is called Our Lady of the Nativity. The high altar stands in the center of the grotto, which is about fifteen feet in depth. Between the body of the church and this sanctuary is a strong iron railing shutting off all access to the more sacred portion; beyond this barrier no one is ordinarily allowed to pass, except a priest to say Mass and the necessary attendants and care-takers. Behind the altar is a raised platform of stone approached by steps on either side. This runs along the back of the cave, immediately in front of a recess in which the miraculous picture is painted. This recess is again railed off by iron bars, and these are covered by a very good copy of St. Luke's Madonna, which is seen over the altar from the church. The picture itself is much venerated.

Round the grotto are to be seen the ancient crosses made when the primitive sanctuary was solemnly consecrated by a number of bishops on their way to one of the early African

Councils, whose name and date—subjects of much controversy—we need not now consider. Many hundreds of *ex-votos* hang round the rough walls of the cave; some of them are very extraordinary. There are miniature ships and boats, and even coils of thick rope, telling of deliverance from shipwreck; waxen arms, legs, and other portions of the human frame speak of favors of another kind. In the sacristy are rude paintings, striking in their want of artistic merit, but eloquent of many wonderful answers to prayer obtained at this Shrine; in many cases names and dates lend authenticity to the marvels thus recorded.

This little church as far back as the time of St. Gregory the Great was a parish church. At the invasion of Malta by the Turks it was deserted by the people, who took refuge in the more southern parts of the island. Yet, although the church gradually fell into ruins, the Shrine itself was never desecrated, as so many others were. The infidels are said even to have made offerings of oil for the lamps in order to obtain favorable voyages. Thus the sacred picture continued unharmed until, peaceful times returning, the church was rebuilt and restored to divine worship.

Although at all times a favorite place of pilgrimage, the Shrine of Melheha is more numerously visited in periods of special calamity. At such times it has witnessed more than one great concourse of pilgrims from Valletta itself. In 1887, when cholera raged in Malta, Bishop Buhaja, the administrator, led a grand procession here to implore the intercession of the Mother of God. The little church was quite inadequate to hold the vast assembly, and the Bishop celebrated Mass in the quadrangle outside. After the service, as on all pilgrimages, the multitude of people streamed through the church and into the grotto—thrown open at such times to all;—and, passing behind the altar, ascended to the opening where the picture was exposed to view, and moved on, after satisfying their devotion, to descend the steps on the other side. Never does Our Lady refuse the help thus sought. On this occasion the epidemic ceased after the pilgrimage. In other years the result has been as manifestly miraculous. Thus in 1640, 1645, and 1814, a raging pestilence was stayed when a general pilgrimage had been made to the Shrine In 1740 a long continued drought which threatened a succeeding famine led the faithful in crowds to Mary's sanctuary. The copy of St. Luke's picture was carried in procession outside the church, and as soon as it re-entered rain fell copiously.

Not only when a pilgrimage arrives is the picture exposed, but on some of the chief solemnities of the year as well, especially the principal feasts of Our Lady. The privilege of entering the grotto, and visiting the picture exposed for the occasion, is also granted by the Archbishop to such as petition for the favor; and in certain circumstances the parish priest has power to allow it. When the iron gates which cover it are unlocked the recess is found to be hung round with *ex-votos*,—some of a most costly description, consisting of gold and jeweled necklaces, bracelets, etc. The painting resembles all those ascribed to St. Luke, preserved in Rome and elsewhere. It is dark with age, but the clear, bright eyes of the figure give a very lifelike expression to the work. It bears the Greek characters *ΜΡ. ΘΥ.*, *Μήτηρ Θεοῦ* (Mother of God), so frequently found on ancient pictures of the Blessed Virgin.

But the sanctuary of Melheha is of a twofold character. Besides the ancient picture venerated in the church, a statue in a subterranean vault in the vicinity has exhibited many instances of supernatural manifestations. This vault is an excavation in the rocks at a lower level than the church, and indeed lies partly under it, though quite distinct from it. It is entered by a flight of steps leading from the square adjoining the church. The statue is hewn out of a hard white stone resembling granite, is of more than life-size, and of striking majesty. It stands on a pedestal roughly hewn out of the side of the cave, and from under one of the feet of the statue flows a clear stream of water.

This statue has been made famous in the island by a marvellous fact connected with it, unexplained on natural grounds. Hundreds of visitors to the cave in which it stands have seen at various times the stone arm and hand of the statue become flexible like those of a living person,—Our Lady raising her hand and signing a cross over her clients in benediction. Some have also seen the blessing given by the Holy Child, and other movements of a similar nature have taken place from time to time. The occurrence is too well known in Malta to allow of contradiction; and from frequent repetition, during the last two centuries at least, is now a matter of common credence. In *The Month* for November, 1893, an English Jesuit—the Rev. Father McHale—gave a very interesting description of a visit which he paid to the statue on the Feast of St. Joseph of that year, in company with sixty students from the Jesuit College in Malta, when everyone present saw the movements which continued for half an hour. The same Father paid two other visits, and on one occasion saw the wonder repeated. He was able to assure himself, by a thorough examination, of the absolute impossibility of fraud of any kind. But something still more extraordinary is related of the same statue.

About a century ago, on account of the increase of devotion resulting from these strange occurrences, the authorities of the parish decided to remove the Madonna to the church above. With the Bishop's permission, this was done; but, wonderful to relate, on the following morning the statue, consisting as it does of one solid block of stone, was found to have been removed from the church and replaced in the cave. The same thing was repeated after a second translation, and finally it was decided no further attempt at dislodgment should be made. A new church of larger dimensions is now in process of building, for the better accommodation of pilgrimages; and some idea has been entertained of trying for the third time to remove the statue. Should this be attempted, it remains to be seen how Our Lady will regard the change.

It is a striking proof of the strong faith of the Maltese that the wonders wrought by means of the statue have not in any way lessened the devotion to the sacred picture in the church. St. Luke's Madonna is still the primary object of pilgrimage, in spite of the marvels (and among them not a few notable cures) related of the miraculous statue. That Our Lady should show her power in extraordinary ways is no wonder to these thoroughly Catholic hearts. Whether their praises and prayers are offered in the cave before the statue, or in the little church before the time-honored picture, it is the same Madonna in either case to whom they pay their loving homage. There is no desertion of an old Shrine to run after comparatively new manifestations of supernatural power: it is rather the case that Our Lady's affectionate interest in her people, shown by these fresh tokens, attracts greater numbers to the ancient Shrine to thank her for her never-dying love. A proof of this is seen in the fact that *ex-votos* are often promised and offered in the subterranean cave and afterward placed in the church above. The real feeling seems to be that a pilgrim to Melheha now has two sanctuaries to visit instead of one; but in each of them one and the same Heavenly Protectress is ever ready to answer his petitions.

The Shrine at Melheha has an interest of another kind; it links with the memory of the great Doctor of the Gentiles a loving devotion to Mary. St. Paul, the ideal of a "Gospel preacher" in the eyes of Protestantism, has founded on these barren rocks an oratory sacred to that Virgin-Mother whom Protestant theology has done its best to revile and dishonor. Would that we could bring home to those hearts who stand so greatly in need of it the salutary lesson which the thought conveys.

Dom. Michael Barrett, O.S.B.

MASSABIELLE

Sing, Sion, loudly sing,
And let the heavens ring
For her who never felt the primal stain!
Oh, sing the festal song!
And, with a glad triumphal strain,
The pean of her joy prolong,
Reechoing her glorious praise!
And ye, Angelic Choirs, your sacred anthems raise
To her that stood
In glory of a sinless womanhood!

Now let the timbrel sound
Close to the Temple's holy mound;
And let the silver trumpet blare
Bidding fair Juda's tribes to grateful prayer,
To solemn feast and sacrifice repair!
For now by high decree
Is held the year of jubilee.

Now raise in Mary's fanes
The solemn strains!
Swell loud the sacred hymn
In church and cloister dim!
But still no temples rise
In pillared lines,
Dearer to Mary's eyes
Than Lourdes, oh, sacred name!
Mirror of Mary's fame
Pearl of her diadem of shrines,
Crown of the rugged dell
Of fair Massabielle!

There many a lingering breeze,
Blows from the lofty Pyrenees,
And sways the solemn line
Of oak and stately pine,
Making low murmurs rise and swell
In forest dell,
O'er brook and lonely fell,—
Thy glories, fair Massabielle!

Oh, Grot of all most blest,
Whereon Thy footsteps prest,
Immaculate!
Winning new roses' fragrant birth
From dead and wintry earth.
As 'twere of heaven a dream
Thy snowy garments seem
Hovering on earthly air,
Simple as garb of lily, and as fair.

No eye, O Undefiled!
Witnessed Thy royal state,
None, save a child,
A little peasant maid
Who gazed and was afraid;
Immaculate!
She only heard that silvery accent low,
Sound which angelic spirits know,
When, as it lifts in prayer to God's high throne,
All Heaven is stilled and it is heard alone.

Sweet words that fell upon the ear
Of that young child,
Amid the woodland stern and wild,—
Sweet words, and wonderful to hear!
Sublime as summer breeze
Chanting its evening anthem 'mid the trees;

Sacred as sound oft'-heard at even-fall
When, solemn stillness brooding over all,
Deep in the inmost thicket of the wood
The note of bird
Thrills for awhile and is again unheard.

Peerless! Immaculate!
How did that Vision thrill
Which to poor mortal's sight
Brought golden glimpses of the realms of light,
While all the earth did scintillate
with brightness, till
The wind-swept Pyrenees were still,
And arching leaf and tree
Had nigh forgot their high-moon melody.

No more Thy grandeur, Virgin Queen,
By lowly maiden seen
Bursts 'mid the hollow dell
Of fair Massabielle;
Yet as faint odor of the rose
Lingers and ever softly blows
While yet the flower
Is vanished from its woodland bower,
So like some Heaven-sent fragrance lingers there
The balm of peace, the quickly answered prayer,
The joyous cripple's cry,
The sufferer's grateful sigh.

Mary! Immaculate!
As the soft night-wind lulls the star-lit sea,
Thy pure and sweet sublimity
Doth hush the soul with peace, and satiate.
Thou who wert born
More fair, more beautiful than Morn,

When first she stoops to drink in silent bowers
A thousand pearls from out a thousand flowers.
Peerless! Immaculate!
O Thou art as that star, that, nightfall done,
Trembling awaits the coming of the sun!
  O Dawn most fair! O gentle trembling Star!
If Thou art fair and wondrous fair to see,
What must the lustre of the Noon-day be!

Francis X. Finegan, S.J.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

SHRINE

OF

OUR LADY OF ZEBRZYDOWSKI CALVARY, POLAND

Clear star of the morning,
  In beauty enshrined!
O Lady! make speed
  To the help of mankind.

ABOUT three leagues from Cracow there is a place called Calvary, which was lately the scene of a grand ceremony—the solemn coronation of a statue of the Blessed Virgin which for upwards of two centuries and a half has been celebrated by reason of its miracles. The name Calvary is given to the locality, because it is said to bear a great resemblance to the spot upon which the death of our Blessed Lord took place—presenting in its general appearance almost a *fac-simile* reproduction of that side of the city of Jerusalem which witnessed the closing scenes of the great act of man's Redemption. Even the Brook Cedron finds its counterpart in the little River Skawina.

According to a legendary tradition, this locality, about the end of the sixteenth century, belonged to a certain nobleman, named Nicholas Zebrzydowski, who was also at the time one of the oligarchs of Poland. One evening he had a vision. Looking through a window of his castle at Lanckorona, which was situated on a mountain, he saw in the distance three luminous crosses above another mountain, then called Zarki. His wife, who was by his side, saw the same. Soon afterwards he learned from persons who had visited the Holy Land that this Mount Zarki was in a situation precisely similar to that of Calvary. He thereupon sent to Jerusalem one of the members of his court—a learned man—with orders to make a sketch and plan of Mount Calvary and the surrounding country. The drawings were to show as much as possible the different stations of the Passion of our Blessed Lord, with the details as mentioned in the Gospels. The messenger was also charged to make sketches of the Christian churches at Jerusalem, especially that of the Crucifixion. The nobleman fulfilled his mission, and on his return Lord Zebrzydowski at once set to work to carry out the plan he had received. On the summit of Mount Zarki a church was built—a model of the Church of the Crucifixion at Jerusalem—and beside it was erected a monastery, in which the Benedictine Fathers were installed in 1609. Two or three chapels were also built, which marked some of the Stations of the Cross.

The work was far from being completed when political strifes removed the founder from the scene. He rebelled against his King, Sigismund III., and was taken prisoner in battle. The King pardoned him. But remorse followed him the rest of his life. To make some atonement for his crime he entered with redoubled zeal upon his undertaking, but was unable to bring it to an end. He died in 1620, and was buried, clothed in the Franciscan habit, in the vault of the Cathedral at Cracow. The great work he had begun was continued by his son, and completed by his grandson, with whom the line became extinct. They erected several chapels—one with a sepulchre like that in which our Blessed Lord was laid; another with a tomb like that of the Blessed Virgin; and still others at various stations of the Way of the Cross. They also built a representation of Pilate's palace, with the stairs which Christ ascended and descended several times.

These different buildings occupied a middle place between the little wood on the side of Mount Zarki and the neigboring hills; but the Church of the Crucifixion stood upon the summit and overlooked the surrounding country. The whole presents a magnificent appearance. Still, the spot would not have acquired its reputation as a holy place but for the providential circumstance which enshrined therein a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin.

About two leagues distant there lived a worthy gentleman, named Stanislaus Paszkowski, who had in his house a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The image was a kind of heirloom in the family, having been preserved through several generations, and every morning and evening the members of the pious family were accustomed to assemble for prayers before it. On the 3d of May in the year 1671, as the family were thus gathered together, they suddenly beheld tears of blood flow from the eyes of the beloved statue. All were amazed, and at once the parish priest was summoned to witness the miracle. The Bishop of Cracow, Mgr. Zadzik, appointed a committee of priests to inquire into the matter; then the question whether the occurrence was miraculous or not was submitted to another committee of theologians and scientists. The deliberations dragged on, but the people for miles around refused to wait for the verdict of the judges, and pronounced in favor of the miracle. The owner of the statue presented it to the grandson of the founder of Calvary who built a beautiful chapel, to which was annexed the *fac-simile* of the tomb of the Blessed Virgin, and in this was placed Her miraculous image. From the beginning miracles followed in rapid succession, and have continued to our own day. They have drawn to the spot not only the people of Poland, but also those of Silesia and Hungary. The Sovereign Pontiffs have granted many indulgences to pilgrims visiting the sacred Shrine on feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. authorized the solemn coronation spoken of above.

The ceremony was conducted by the Bishop of Cracow, in the presence of the Latin and Armenian Archbishops, great numbers of the secular and regular clergy, and a throng of over 200,000 pilgrims. Two crowns had been prepared—one for the image of Mary, and the other for that of the Child Jesus.

Both were of the finest gold, exquisitely wrought, and enriched with diamonds, pearls, emeralds, rubies and other precious stones. These were carried, at the head of an immense procession, from the monastery of the Benedictine Fathers to the chapel on the mountain. The ceremony was begun by the superior of the Benedictines, who took the oath that neither he nor his successors would ever remove the crowns thus entrusted to his care. The decree of the Pope was read authorizing the coronation of Our Lady of Zebrzydowski-Calvary, and granting indulgences to all who assisted at the solemn act. Then Mass was sung by the Bishop of Cracow, and a sermon preached by the Armenian Archbishop.

After mass the coronation took place. During this act the deepest silence prevailed among the immense throng that covered the sides of the mountain and filled the plain below; but when they saw the crowns upon the heads of the sacred figures, and the bishops kneeling before the altar, a tremendous shout of joy went forth from those 200,000 throats, and formed a grand and thrilling expression of the deep-rooted faith and piety of the Polish people.

AS FAIR AS SNOW, AS PURE AND WHITE

As fair as snow, as pure and white,
  Thou art, O Mary!
Like blooming rose or lily bright
  Thou art, O Mary!

Like to the glorious light of stars
  Thy brilliancy;
Thy face, through heaven's golden bars,
  I think I see.

The fount of every joy on earth
  Art thou, O Mary!
Heaven's glory too, by right of birth,
  Art thou, O Mary!

Through fleeting time all hail to thee,
  Sweet Mother Mary;
And through a blest eternity,
  Sweet Mother Mary!

George Frederick Do[illegible]mer.

SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF THE OAKS
THE THREE OAKS, AUSTRIA

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF THE OAKS

THE THREE OAKS, AUSTRIA

1656

Thou city of God!
  Thou gate of the east!
In thee is all grace,
  O joy of the blest!

A DARK, deeply blue firmament sparkling with myriads of stars; a silvery moon sailing towards the western heaven; the hush of midnight over the earth; no sound save the night wind in oaken forests, and the fall of the gravel from the garnet-filled rocks of the Molderberg hills as we climbed up the village road from the inn, where we had left our carriage, to visit before day dawn the great church built where once stood the humble votive chapel which had sheltered the miracle-working picture of Maria Drei Eichen:—these were the sights and sounds that surrounded us as we ascended the marble steps of the church.

The great doors were open; a few pilgrims and peasants knelt before the miraculous Shrine, towards which we also turned our steps. Silent and dark stood the confessionals in the broad vestibule of the church and in its surrounding chapels. Many penitents knelt beside them, and dark-robed priests glided about the dimly lighted church. Without, the moonlight was a flood of glory; within, the Presence lamps shone like harbor lights to guide life's tempest-tossed mariners to their eternal home.

In the year 1656 there dwelt in the Austrian village of Horn a pious, God-fearing man, named Matthias Weinburger. In his family sitting-room there was a "Vesper picture" of the Blessed Virgin. It was made of painted wax, and before it he kept an ever-burning lamp. Every evening, when the bells of the village church rang out the Angelus he knelt with all his household before this picture and recited the Rosary and Litany of our Blessed Lady.

One day he was taken very ill, and his illness continued so long that his poor family were starving for daily bread. More earnestly than ever the good man prayed before his waxen picture of the Virgin. At last, after many hours spent in prayer, he fell asleep and dreamed that our Blessed Mother appeared to him with the Crucified Saviour resting on Her lap. She told the sick man to take Her picture and carry it into the neighboring hills of the Molderberg, and there place it upon an oak tree which rose in three separate stems from the root, and thus found a health-giving Shrine free to all.

The poor man could not endure the thought of parting with his beloved picture, but he was too earnest a Catholic to withstand such a request, even though made known only by a dream. He promised to carry the picture into the mountains and search for the designated spot. From the moment he made this promise his strength began to return, and in a few days he was able to resume his business, which was that of a furrier. Success attended him in all things, but it drove from his mind the dream and his promise. One day, returning from the neighboring village of Eggenburg, whither he had gone to purchase furs, he lost his way in the Molderberg hills. He wandered about until, overcome by fatigue, he sank down upon the earth and slept. Again he dreamed. Before him was a throne brilliant as sunlight, and he heard the sound of harps and sweet voices singing. Then the dream changed and he saw an oak tree which arose from the root in three separate stems.

Thunder rolled and lightning flashed around him, until awakened by the noise he sprang up to find the evening calm and still, save for the distant tones of the Angelus ringing in the valley. He looked around: before him was an oak tree. It was the oak of his dream—three oaks in one.

Full of shame and sorrow over his broken vow, he turned his steps homeward, and the next day his loved picture of Our Blessed Lady was placed upon the oak tree, where it remained for many years. Numerous are the legends of miracles wrought for those who prayed beside this shrine. Its fame spread far and wide, and hundreds of lame, blind, sick and suffering came hither and were healed.

Through some unforeseen accident, the tree took fire and the picture melted. Fresh branches came from the spot where the fire had destroyed the oak, and this was taken as a sign that God wished to establish there a perpetual shrine. With the permission of the Benedictine Convent and the consent of Count von Hoyos, a small stone chapel was built. But this was far too small to contain the crowds of pilgrims who came with prayers and offerings to the shrine. In 1744 the Count and Countess Hoyos laid the foundation of the present splendid church, and from that time until this day crowds of pilgrims and long processions of peasants come on their "woodland journey" to the shrine at Three Oaks.

The church is in the form of a Greek cross, with apsidal terminations, in each of which altars are placed. Under the high altar, which stands at the intersection of the transepts in the centre of the church, the root with the three stems of the original oak tree is preserved. Behind this altar, in the eastern transept, is the treasure room, where thank-offerings are kept. Many superb vestments and altar decorations have been presented by the Hoyos family, who are still patrons of the church.*

The matin bells awoke us before the stars had quite faded from the western sky; but the east was flushed with hues of amber and rose, while the morning mist rolled upward to a zenith of palest blue and gray. The woodlands were dark; beyond, the meadow-lands glistened with dew; and far above the hamlet the great church rose massive and grand, its cross-tipped spires gleaming golden in the morning light.

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*The extensive domain of this powerful and wealthy family, who own seven of the most celebrated castles in Austria, extends for miles around this church. Woodlands, mountains, meadows, and villages, far as the eye can reach, belong to them.

A long procession of pilgrims, coming to welcome the dawning of the Angels' Festival, was slowly ascending the rocky roadside as we left the quaint inn where we had passed the night; and, joining the older peasants who walked slowly in the rear, we followed with them to the shrine. Very dark and shadowy was the church, for the dawn had not yet penetrated the painted glass windows, and the blaze of light on the altar seemed to concentrate itself round the tabernacle.

An hour later, as we sat at breakfast in an arbor by the roadside an old peasant woman brought us some garnet beads formed into rosaries—souvenirs of Drei Eichen, for the rocks are filled with garnets. We purchased several of these souvenirs and, carrying them up to the church, had them blessed by an old priest, whose especial delight seemed to consist in blessing everybody and everything.

In the treasury we found so many strange, incongruously-arranged articles that we could but pause to think over the legends and life histories which had brought them there. Beside a priceless string of pearls a poor little pewter ring; beside a coronet of diamonds a baby's tiny shoe, a crutch and a ruby-hilted sword; a bracelet of sapphire, the offering of a princess, and a bit of blue ribbon, the only finery of some poor girl pilgrim; and above them all the calm face of a marble Christ looked down. Ah! He that seeth in secret was there to reward openly; and, floating through the stillness of the sanctuary, one seemed to hear the echo of His voice who blessed the poor widow's offering; for many here, truly, in their penury, had given their all.

OCTAVIA HENSEL.

Ave Maria.

GUIDO'S QUEEN

To the Virgin's holy image lifting his adoring eyes,
He can see the Baby smiling, glad with innocent surprise.
Where he scatters fragrant flowers in the twilight strange and dim,
How he wishes that the Infant would come down and play with him!
In his hand he holds an apple,—rosy apple, fresh and new;
Lo! It laughs; and, filled with wonderment, the happy child laughs too.

The boy offers the apple to the holy Mother for her Child; and, behold, she reaches out her hand and takes the gift! Enchanted, we exclaim with the poet:

"Sinless child, thou dove of Jesus, comrade of the angel band;
Paradise to thee is open, Mary take thy spotless hand!
Stainless one, sweet flower of heaven blooming in this arid spot;
Fragrant rose on barren heather, may the cold winds harm thee not!"

Guido's Remi.

SHRINE OF
THE MADONNA OF THE ORPHANS
BURGOS, SPAIN

SHRINE

OF

THE MADONNA OF THE ORPHANS

BURGOS, SPAIN

Hail, virginal Mother!
Hail, purity's cell!
Fair shrine, where the Trinity
Loveth to dwell!

IN one of Our Lady's chapels in the grand cathedral of Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, there is a picture representing a beautiful waxen statue of the tender Mother clasping in her arms a dead little girl, barefooted and in tatters; while above, an ascending angel speeds heavenward bearing an unfolding lily—type of a pure child's white soul. The legend from which the artist drew his inspiration is a touching one.

Long, long ago ere the famous cathedral was aught but a glorious conception dawning on its builder's mind, the faithful of Burgos tenderly venerated a waxen statue of the Madonna enshrined in the old Church of San Juan, across the square. Among those who cherished a special devotion for it from girlhood was the widowed Augustia. Left with a little child, friendless and alone, and becoming blind through too constant application to her trade of lacemaking, she had been reduced at length to mendicancy. Each morning, guided by her tiny Maria, she would hear first mass at San Juan, after which they took their place, with other creditors of charity, on the church steps; and there, side by side in a pillar's shadow, through the long, warm summer days and the short, cold winter ones, they sat, happy in the love and presence of God and each other; richly repaying with a shower of blessings all who paused to drop into their cup a "silver tear of pity," as alms are sometimes called in Spanish.

In pouring into the child's heart, as into a crystal chalice, the life-giving essence of faith, Augustia often wept with joy; for Heaven's grace surely shone upon her—such innocence, gentleness and precocity of piety. The seed scarce touched the ground ere it became a blossom. The sweetest hours of Maria's life were spent before the Madonna's statue, her wooden rosary slipping slowly through her wee brown fingers, her soft black eyes upturned in rapture.

Oh, wondrously, wondrously beautiful and lifelike was that waxen image, robed, according to the country's custom, in real stuffs—a mantle of azure velvet printed in gold stars, like a summer-night sky; veil of white, cloud-fleecy gauze; the arms outstretched; the tinted face full of tenderness, the ruby lips full of sympathy. Softly seemed they saying: "My child, hast thou fallen? Art thou bruised? Weep not. Take thou *my* hand, and I will help thee rise and stroke away all pain." At either side of its shadowed niche were marble angels—one in prayer, one in veneration. And little Maria sometimes fancied the Mother smiled and the wings of the angels stirred.

It was Christmas eve. An icy rain had fallen for many days, and after the rain dried away its white-shrouded ghost, snow, came gliding over the earth. But the bright eyes of a light looked out from every window; silver-tongued bells were ringing for the Midnight Mass; and, grateful for the warmth of their fur-lined *mantas,* throngs were hastening toward San Juan. At every corner some strolling singer, shivering in the shelter of a friendly doorway, was bravely throwing to the cruel wind her poor, broken voice, full of the sweetness of a trampled rose, and the power of the song, whose burden it strove to carry to some listener's heart the wild, vibrant "Noche Buena," the Christmas wait of Spain, with its numberless verses, simple, pathos-full as this:

A carpenter was dear St. Joseph;
  The Maiden-Mother spun all day;
The sweet Child toiled the Cross to fashion
  On which our ransom He must pay.

In the darkest corner of a gipsy's hut little Maria lay weeping as only the motherless can weep. It was months since mamma, sinking back upon her pallet, had murmured: "Nay, my flower! nay, love! we cannot go to the church this morning. What joy that only yesterday I received the Holy Eucharist! Our Divine Lord is still here in my heart: I feel His strength and His consolation there. To-morrow, He willing, I shall be better." And "to-morrow" she was "better;" only the child—her call of "mamma" for the first time unanswered—did not, could not understand it so.

Then a dark-browed woman had torn her from the lifeless body—"torn her as a nail from the flesh,"—saying: "Come, useless burden, away to my house! The money which thy mother owed me *thou* shalt pay." Patiently, hapless Maria had performed the hard tasks assigned her; holding fast to the faith her cruel mistress strove with blows and curses to destroy; never permitting her to enter a church or to quit her sight. But at last 'twas Christmas Eve—bells were calling to Midnight Mass.

Suddenly the girl ceased to weep, or to fear the now sleeping gipsies. Praying to the Madonna, she reached the door. It opened—she was free! Little human snowflake drifting into the well-known path, up the steps of San Juan! Oh, was that her mother in their old place by the pillar? No: only a shadow; and she sped on, into the reality—the Blessed Mother that remained to her: to go or to stay as her heart prompted (for in ancient Spain the doors of all churches, like those of Mercy, stood open night and day). The pitying old sacristan departed, and left the little wanderer kneeling before the fair Madonna, sobbing, "*Mia Madre! Madre mia!*"

But on entering to light the candles for sunrise Mass, he found no kneeling form where he had left one. "Gone back to the sorrowful world, poor weeper! May the Virgin's care go with her!" And, so murmuring, he looked up—and beheld the miracle! Within her shadowed niche stood the same lovely, loving Mother; but the arms were no longer outstretched. Closely, tenderly, they clasped the poor orphan of the beggar Augustia; now smiling, happy—hushed in the sleep that knows no waking.* *Dawn Graye.*

THE AVE MARIA

Not like the rose, with haughty mien,
Her sister blossoms scorning,
No tender smile or loving look
Her queenly brow adorning;
But as the lily buds at eve
In purity reposing,
So droopest thou thy gentle eyes,
Their white lids chastely closing,—
Ave Maria!

Proud flowers in the twilight's glow
With every zephyr playing;
Only the lily bows her head
In silence, softly praying.
Sweet dreams of heaven are in her heart,
God's glory is upon her,
While reverently the Angel speaks
('Tis earth's supremest honor),—
Ave Maria!

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*The "Madonna of the Orphans," with the church enshrining it, was destroyed by fire in 1250.

The lily bud is open now,
And swift to heaven ascending
The Angel turns, his errand done,
Wonder and rapture blending
In his clear eyes, and breathes once more
While his bright journey wending,—
Ave Maria!

Frederick Bausback.

SHRINE OF
THE MIRACULOUS MADONNA
GRENADA, ANTILLES

SHRINE

OF

THE MIRACULOUS MADONNA

GRENADA, ANTILLES

Mary, Lady of our love,
When the earth is gay,
When the skies are bright above
In the Month of May!
At thy dear shrine kneeling
Cry we then appealing,
Pray for us, sweet Mother, pray.

THE present site of the Anglican church at St. Patrick, Grenada, and the glebe land that surrounds it, belonged at the end of the eighteenth century to Catholics. By the treaty of 1763 the island of Grenada was ceded by France to England; and, despite the opposition of the new proprietors, the English Government displayed considerable liberality in its treatment of the French Catholics, according them two seats in the legislative council, and recognizing their absolute ownership of churches and church property.

For a number of years, however, the island was the theatre whereon two hostile camps were incessantly engaged in conflicts. The French regained possession, and harassed the English; these latter once more became the conquerors, and the English Government shut its eyes on the retaliation which the dominant race were not slow to inflict on their opponents. Churches and glebes were confiscated by the Protestants, and a large number of French families were dispossessed of their lands. The doctrines of the French Revolution, then triumphant in Martinique and Guadeloupe, inflamed the minds of the vanquished French; an insurrection was planned, under Julien Fédon, to wrest Grenada from the grasp of the British. These events took place in 1795 and the years immediately following.

At St. Patrick, the English General Nicolls had posted a garrison of a hundred men, under the command of a captain and several inferior officers. Within gunshot of the post, on the summit of a hill, stood the old and modest thatch-roofed Catholic chapel. It had been confiscated by the Protestants; but as the property surrounding it still served as a cemetery, they had not removed a statue of Our Lady holding in her arms the Infant Jesus. This statue, about four feet in height, stood on a stone pedestal in the open air, a few yards from the chapel. The Catholics frequently came to pray at the feet of the Madonna, much to the diversion of their enemies, who, especially on Sundays, left no means untried to provoke those whom they styled French idolaters. These latter, however, persisted in their reverence for this sole emblem of their worship that had been left them. Deprived of their pastors, they still brought their dead to the feet of the statue, and there recited the Rosary before committing them to the grave.

One day in 1796 the officers of the English garrison, weary of inaction, amused themselves by firing at a target placed near the chapel. One of their number, scarcely more than a youth, aimed at the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and laid a wager that he could at the first shot hit the globe which the Infant Jesus held in His right hand. He fired, and missed the globe, but shot off the right arm of the Infant. At the same instant he felt a violent pain in his own right arm, near the shoulder, at the very place where the ball had struck the statue. Supposing that the pain was the result of his careless holding of the musket, his companions began rubbing the injured member; but the pain grew more and more intense, and they were soon obliged to desist. A messenger was sent to Granville for a physician; but the doctor could not relieve the unfortunate young man, who, three or four days afterward, expired in horrible agony, his arm up to the shoulder having become mortified.*

Amidst the desperate struggles and the insurrections of slaves which agitated Grenada during the next ten or twelve years, the statue disappeared, the chapel was burned, and the memory was lost of the Madonna and the sacrilegious incident that had aroused so much indignation.

In 1850 it began to be whispered in the village of St. Patrick that a mermaid had been seen by some divers, several feet under water, behind the hill on which stands the Anglican church. Naturally superstitious, the fishermen shunned the locality where the mermaid had been discovered. A few, however, priding themselves on their superior bravery, took their boats and rowed toward the place where the "strange thing" had been noticed. The sea being calm, they succeeded in discovering, in about twelve feet of water, a statue, or something very much resembling one, resting on a bed of pebbles. The statue seemed to be holding in its arms some formless object. "It is some remnant," said the explorers, "of an old shipwreck." This explanation banished all fear, and consequently all curiosity. No further notice would have been taken of the statue had not some of the old settlers happened to revive the story of the lost Madonna. Several of these settlers were men grown at the date of the sacrilege, and remembered perfectly the statue at whose feet they had so often prayed. Moreover, all declared that they had *seen* the very ball that had detached the arm of the Infant Jesus.

Hearing of these stories, Father McMahon, the pastor of the newly erected Catholic chapel, determined to investigate the matter. Taking two good divers with him, and a piece of stout rope, he rowed out to the spot indicated. He soon discovered what looked like a large statue, and sent one of his divers down, telling him to fasten the rope to the object. The man soon came up, saying that the companion would have to aid him. The efforts of both proved ineffectual; but, having cleaned the surface of the statue, they recognized *Yon maman evec icheli* (the Virgin and the Child), and recounted to Father McMahon what they had seen. The priest now felt certain that he had found the lost statue.

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*The reverend editor of Revue du Culte de Marie, from which journal we translate this account, says that the son of the Protestant physician who attended the young man is still living, and has given assurance of the truth of this statement.

The next morning he returned with a dozen men, in a large fishing smack, and in the course of an hour brought ashore the statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus on her left arm. The right arm of the Child was wanting, and, with the exception of a fracture in the lower part of the Virgin's robe, the figure was in a state of perfect conservation. Having been recognized by numerous witnesses, it was placed in the sacristy of the church of Sauteurs, where it remained until 1875. Canon Trouette, who in 1874 became pastor of Sauteurs, placed it in a niche prepared for it in the south façade of the newly built church tower.

This venerated statue is of iron rock, so called from its extraordinary compactness; it is cut from a single block, and is extremely heavy. Tradition informs us that it was made by an Indian in the service of a Spaniard, named Gonzalez, whose shop was in the vicinity. However this may be, it is certain that the features of the Mother and Child present a singular mixture of Indian and Spanish types. The facial lines are delicately chiselled, and the drapery arranged with no mean artistic skill.

QUEEN ABOVE ALL OTHER WOMEN

O thou Maid, by sin untainted,
Mary, intercede for me;
Virgin, God's own spotless Mother,
Hear thy child imploring thee!

O thou purest Rose of heaven,
Heaven's blossom as thou art,
Let the roots of thy sweet virtues
Pierce my poor, unworthy heart!

Dazzling Star in arc cerulean,
Jewel from all tarnish free,
Thou hast drawn me to thy beauty,
Let me never stray from thee.
Queen above all other women,
Jesus, whom we all adore,
Bids us in thy gracious shadow
Linger, sheltered evermore.

Ludovica, Baroness Bordes, née Brentano.

SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF COPAKABANA
BOLIVIA, S. AMERICA

SHRINE

OF

OUR LADY OF COPAKABANA
BOLIVIA, S. AMERICA

As the Saviour of Egypt
Upon Rachel's knee;
So the world's great Redeemer
Was cherished by thee.

ONE of the most renowned monuments to the glory of the Blessed Virgin in this western world is the church at Copakabana near the mountains and lake Titicaca, in Bolivia, where, centuries ago, the Incas reigned supreme. In this sanctuary a statue is venerated,—the work of a native artist, Tuto-Yupanki, a descendant of the Incas, who, without any human instruction, but animated by devotion toward our Blessed Lady, carved this image, through the instrumentality of which so many of his countrymen have found consolation and help in the evils which afflict mankind upon earth. Notwithstanding revolutions and wars and the efforts of impious governments, this church has ever been a hallowed shrine, visited by pilgrims from all parts of South America, especially Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Peru. As many as thirty thousand pilgrims have frequently been seen on the road to this sanctuary.

In the year 1582 the country was afflicted by a famine. Prayers were offered up and pious associations formed; but, as there was no union of hearts, no relief was obtained. It was then that Francis Tuto-Yupanki, through devotion and in fulfilment of a vow, began his work upon a statue of the Blessed Virgin, accompanying each stroke of the chisel with a prayer.

When he had finished he told a number of persons that his idea was that this statue would serve to restore devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the country. But they all ridiculed him. To them it appeared absurd to place in any church, no matter how poor and humble, the rude work of a man who had received no instruction. However, the simple artist placed his statue, for the time being, in the house of Father Narasette, a Franciscan.

Soon a miraculous light was observed, that seemed to emanate from the statue. Then one of the chief men of Copakabana proposed to Yupanki to place the statue in the parochial church; and on the 2d of February, 1583, it was solemnly enshrined by the Franciscan Fathers, who at that time had charge of the mission. The most happy results soon manifested themselves, especially in a remarkable increase of devotion toward the Blessed Virgin. Large throngs of suppliants filled the church, and the many wonderful favors obtained spread throughout the country the name and power of Our Lady of Copakabana. And this devotion was no passing fit of enthusiasm; it developed from year to year, and the old church could not accommodate the crowds that hastened thither to venerate the statue and implore help from God through the intercession of the Mother of the Word made Flesh.

Then the present majestic edifice was built. No description can do it justice. It is erected within a large square surrounded by trees, and the whole inclosed by massive walls. The entrance to the church is a kind of Moorish archway with iron gates, made in Spain. Behind the main altar is Yupanki's statue of the Blessed Virgin. It is reached by a double stairway, the steps of which are well worn by the feet of pious pilgrims, who for upward of two hundred years have gone there to pray; and the large number of *ex-votos* suspended before the statue bear testimony to their faith and gratitude.,

The fame of the statue of Our Lady of Copakabana has spread far and wide, and a number of exact copies have been made. St. Alphonsus Turibio placed one in the Cathedral of

Lima; the Augustinian Fathers placed another in the Church of St. Ildephonsus at Rome; and a third was erected with great solemnity at Madrid. Several books have been published which have contributed materially to the spread of devotion to Our Lady of Copakabana.

THE VIRGIN

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to invisible power in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

Wm. Wordsworth.

PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF HERETICS AND SCHISMATICS

O Mary, Mother of mercy and refuge of sinners, we beseech thee to look with pitying eyes on heretical and schismatical nations. Do thou, who art the seat of wisdom, illuminate their minds, wretchedly involved in the darkness of ignorance and sin, that they may know the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church to be the only true Church of Jesus Christ, out of which no sanctity or salvation can be found. Finally, complete their conversion by obtaining for them the grace to believe every truth of our holy Faith, and to submit to the Sovereign Roman Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, that thus, being soon united to us by the bonds of Divine charity, they may make with us but one fold under one and the same pastor, and that we may thus, O glorious Virgin, all sing exultingly forever, "Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, alone thou hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world." Amen.

FLORENCE

Nothing can be compared to the tender veneration which the Tuscans entertain for the Madonna. On the roads, on the bridges, in the streets, in the houses, her sweet image is found again and again smiling on the passer-by, who doffs his hat before it, and seeming to take part in all the happiness of the domestic hearth. The contadine of the environs of Florence come down from the orchard-crowned heights, watered by clear streams which half encircle it, at every feast of the Blessed Virgin, leading an elegantly-caparisoned mule, which they have laden with baskets of the finest grapes, little sheaves of wheat, branches of orange and pomegranate trees loaded with fruits or flowers. Dressed in their holiday attire, they march in procession through the city to lay their fruits and flowers at the foot of the altar of the Blessed Virgin.

When the Grand Duke of Florence re-entered his territories, after the fall of Napoleon, his first care was to repair to the Church of Santa Maria della Nunziata, where crowds of people daily honor most devoutly a picture of the Blessed Virgin, said to have been finished by an angel. In gratitude for his unhoped-for return to his dominions, the excellent prince suspended a lamp of the most beautiful workmanship in Our Lady's chapel.

PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF PITY

Kneeling at thy holy feet, O gracious Queen of Heaven, we offer thee our deepest reverence. Thou art the daughter of the eternal Father, the mother of the Divine Word, and the spouse of the Holy Ghost. Full of grace, of virtue, and of heavenly gifts thou art the chaste temple of God's mercies. Thy loving heart is filled with charity, sweetness, and tender compassion for poor sinners, and we call thee Mother of Holy Pity. With the utmost trust I come to thee in my sorrow and distress. Give me confidence in thy love, and grant me what I ask—if it be God's will, and for the welfare of my soul. Cast thine eyes of pity upon me and upon all with whom I am in any way connected. Shield me from the attacks of the world, the flesh and the devil. Remember, O fondest of mothers, that I am thy child, purchased with the precious blood of thy Divine Son. Pray without ceasing that the adorable Trinity may give me the grace ever to triumph over the devil, the world and my passions. I ask this, O most pure Virgin, through the infinite bounty of the Most High, through the merits of thy Divine Son, by the care with which thou didst nourish Him, by the devotion with which thou didst serve Him, by the love with which thou didst cherish Him, by thy tears and anguish in the days of thy pilgrimage. Obtain that the whole world may be made one people and one Church, which shall give thanks, praise and glory to the most Holy Trinity, and to thee who art its mediator.

May the power of the Father, the wisdom of the Son and the virtue of the Holy Ghost grant us this blessing. Amen.

100 days' Indulgence once a day, Plenary once a month, on the usual conditions.

Pope Pius IX., March 26, 1860.

QUEEN IMMACULATE

A Hymn in Honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, Special Patroness of the United States.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY.

Star crowned Virgin, sun-robed Virgin,
  Hear our land's Magnificat;
Hear our country call thee Blessed,
  Hail thee, Queen Immaculate.

Fair as heavenly Salem's pillars,
  Brighter than its pearly gate,
Purer than its saints and seraphs,
  Thou art Queen Immaculate.

Sin's dark shadow ne'er fell on thee,
  Thou wert ne'er a child of hate,
God preserved thee for His dwelling,
  Full of grace, Immaculate.

Thou didst crush the ancient serpent,
  Changing hapless Eve's fate;
Glorious in the rise and soaring
  Thou wert e'er Immaculate.

Ancient nations hymn thy praises,
  Call thee stainless, holy, great,
Now a New World swells the chorus,
  Hails the Queen Immaculate.

Freedom's shrine and freedom's banner
  To thee, Queen, we consecrate;
Freedom's rivers, lakes and mountains,
  Hail thee, Queen Immaculate.

Sea-like bays and shining oceans,
  Harbors filled with precious freight,
Forests dim and waving prairies,
  Hail thee, Queen Immaculate.

Crowded city, town and village,
  And the star of each free State,
Claim thee as their sweet protectress
  And their Queen Immaculate

Bless our country, star-crowned Virgin,
  Bid all blessings on it wait;
'Tis a new star that has risen
  For thy crown Immaculate.

'Tis that moon, O wondrous Woman,
  Visioned once beneath thy feet;
'Tis that crown with bright stars studded
  For thy brow, Immaculate.

Make its light, on mankind falling,
Lead to holy deeds, and great,
That the nations all may hail it,
Mary's star, Immaculate.

Mary's Star, may glory robe thee!
Shine fore'er at heaven's gate;
Mary is the Queen of Heaven,
And thy Queen Immaculate.

Thou art Mary's newest temple,
To her service dedicate;
Let thy aisles resound with anthems
To thy Queen Immaculate.

Mary's sinless name and honor
Are the glories of each State;
Let the world then hear thee singing,
Hail, sweet Queen Immaculate.

Hail, our load-star high, and holy,
All our stars upon thee wait;
Hail, our hope, our joy, our sweetness,
Hail, our Queen Immaculate.

Hail, pure Mother of our Saviour,
Queen of all He did create;
Hail, fair Queen of earth and heaven,
Hail, loved Queen Immaculate.

From the ocean to the ocean,
In thy shrines we'll congregate,
And the world will hear us chanting,
Hail, great Queen Immaculate.

'Round thy brow in stars we'll cluster,
  As the moon we'll touch thy feet;
Thou art freedom's greatest glory,
  Free from sin, Immaculate.

Hail, pure Virgin, hail, pure Mother,
  Hail, loved guardian of each State;
Hear our country loudly chanting,
  Hail, sweet Queen Immaculate.

—*The Catholic News.*

OUR LADY OF MARPINGEN

OUR LADY OF MARPINGEN

1877

List! Queen of Mercy; hear our cry,
  Unselfish in its ev'ry pleading,
It mounts from earth, it rings on High,
  Where Golden Harps entone its meaning.

BESIDES the miraculous cure of Margaret Kunz, many other cases of a similar character have occurred since September last in various parts of the country; but only two authenticated accounts of such cures have been sent to Father Neureuter, so that he is not in a position to say what degree of confidence the others deserve. The two cases in which a supernatural intervention seems to have been established are these: A man, whose name and residence I forgot to take down, had been ill for a great many years, and was all the more considered incurable by the doctors because he was a confirmed drunkard. One of his relatives having prevailed upon him to apply for help to the Blessed Virgin who appeared at Marpingen, the man began a novena, during which he was suddenly and completely healed from both his bodily illness and his moral failing. From that moment he could no longer bear the smell of spirits. The other authenticated case which came to Father Neureuter's knowledge was the wonderful conversion of the brother of an Italian nobleman, who, too, was a slave to the passion of drink, a profligate, and, in every respect, a bad man. On the advice of his house-chaplain, who reported the event to the parish priest, the nobleman induced his brother, for the love of him, to join him in a novena to Our Lady of Marpingen. Already on the third day a sudden change came over the sinner; he frequently burst into tears, and at last rushed into the confessional, which he had not entered for a great many years. He now leads a most edifying life, and totally abstains from strong drink. As I remarked before, Father Neureuter's great conscientiousness forbids him to speak of cures that are not thoroughly proved, but from what I have heard from other persons there can be no doubt that many more miraculous cases have happened, which everyone would believe in if the healed themselves and their witnesses could be heard. I know, as a fact, that some people, especially those who occupy a certain social position in the world, shrink from confessing their faith in the miraculous power of the Marpingen apparition, and remain silent even after having been themselves healed by that power. But a few days ago a case of this kind was communicated to me by one of my relatives. The wife of a Protestant colonel, herself a devout Catholic, met with a severe accident that deprived her of one of her eyes. Through the carelessness of a servant the cork of a soda-water bottle had struck her left eye with great violence, changing it instanter into a mass of blood. The doctor, who was at once sent for, did all he could, but when he left he declared to the distressed husband that there was little hope of saving the injured organ. Next day his fears were confirmed by another doctor, an oculist of renown, and before the week was over both doctors declared the eyesight extinct, and all medical aid useless. At this last juncture a Catholic friend of the unfortunate lady brought her a small bottle of Marpingen water, and advised her to fly for help to Our Lady. The sufferer followed the suggestion, and began a novena, saying the usual prayers every day, and bathing the blind eye with the water. On the ninth day she began to distinguish the objects around her; the amelioration continued steadily from day to day; and in a fortnight the eye was completely healed. When the doctors met her afterwards they both declared their utter inability to understand by what agents her cure had been effected, and talked of a miracle—in which they would, of course, not have believed if the truth had been told to them. But the lady kept her secret, and never said a word about it to anyone beyond those of her friends who knew it already. Whatever motive she had for remaining silent after receiving such an extraordinary favor from above, many of my readers will probably feel inclined to think that no worldly consideration ought to have prevented her from loudly bearing testimony to the power and goodness of the Blessed Virgin, through whose intervention she had recovered her eyesight. Before we condemn her conduct we must, however, remember, that in Prussia the mere revelation of a supernatural cure is fraught with danger. Father Neureuter himself would not, without necessity, proclaim the occurrence of such a miracle. Had he not all along used the utmost prudence and behaved as if he was walking on eggs in Marpingen, surrounded as he is by a whole cordon of official spies, he would have been long ago violently removed from his post as parish priest. Only a fortnight ago he received from the district government a thick bundle of denunciations sent in against him by the gensdarmes and other spies, and to each of these he was ordered to write an answer for his justification. What the points in all these accusations were the reverend gentleman did not tell me, but he gave me to understand that they were all about trifles; thus, if the police saw him speak to pilgrims, or if he exhorted his parishioners from the pulpit to disbelieve the new apparitions, such utterances were accounted offences. How disgraceful the conduct of the Government is towards this good priest may be seen by the one fact that all his letters are opened at the post-offices in and around Marpingen; in order to prevent the police from prying into his correspondence which, as he assured me, is always free from reproach, he is obliged to entrust his letters to friends to have them thrown into letter-boxes out of reach of the Marpingen district officials. In the face of the strict surveillance which is thus exercised over him, it ought not to be expected that he could undertake to forward water to those who write to him for it; if he did, the longed-for pretext for his removal from Marpingen would be found by the Prussian Government. Nor does he accept contributions towards the erection of the church which the apparition wished to have at Marpingen.

When we expressed our desire to be allowed to offer a mite for that purpose, he decidedly declined receiving any or handing it over to persons who might be collecting money for the building. "I never have collected a farthing," said he, "for the erection of a church to Our Lady, and I am exceedingly glad that I did not, for if I had given way to the general pressure I should have been separated from my flock at the very beginning of the apparitions." "Besides," added he, "if the Blessed Virgin wishes to have a church built in our village, she does not require my poor help." That the parish priest acted very wisely in refusing to take part in money collections became apparent when the Government brought the false charge against him "that he got up the apparition swindle" for the purpose of raising money for a new church. Here I may be allowed to remark that the Government inquiry into the Marpingen events has been closed some time ago. It comprises four volumes in folio, with two thousand pages, and has cost the Government 81,000 marks. It would have been published ere this, if the judicial authorities had been able to find ground in it for an accusation against somebody; but it seems that no charge can be framed against any one on the strength of the gathered evidence, so that the whole affair will be allowed to drop into oblivion, that is to say, among the enemies of the Church. As for us Catholics, this inquiry, which was so carefully conducted by persons certainly not biased in favor of the apparitions, will one day afford us the most convincing proofs of the reality of the supernatural manifestations. The future ecclesiastical commission will then find its work already done by that same evil power which moved heaven and earth to disprove the supernatural character of the apparitions. God's ways are, indeed, wonderful.

It was already late in the evening when we took leave of the good parish priest to return to our little hotel, or pilgrim's house, No. 119, where we had taken up our quarters on the recommendation of a gentleman from Münster who had come with us from St. Wendel. We had every reason to thank him for his good advice, for the landlady, Mrs. Hansen, and her two daughters, were extremely attentive and kind to us; fare, beds, and rooms, everything was good, and the prices were very moderate. I strongly advise Englishmen visiting Marpingen to alight at this small but well-conducted little hotel. They will also fall in there with two persons who will be very useful to them; a reverend gentleman (a deacon), and the Geheime Rathin whom I have already mentioned, and who is amiability itself towards pilgrims. Both speak French. Thanks to this obliging lady, who offered herself as cicerone to our little party, we were enabled to visit the houses and spots where the Blessed Virgin had appeared; we saw and spoke to the parents of the favored children—all good, simple, meek, innocent people, whose looks and conversation we shall never forget; we went over the fields close to the Härtelwood, which is still guarded day and night by 14 gensdarmes. From the hill on which we stood we perceived their hut close to the miraculous well; we also saw the spots of the first and second apparitions, and the large pear tree in the field where the Blessed Virgin appeared the last time in the open air. One of my young friends could not resist the temptation, and cut off a few small twigs from the favored tree as precious souvenirs. A little later he was fortunate enough to get also a piece of the stone before Kunz's house on which the Blessed Virgin used to disappear after following the three children on their return from their daily visits to the Härtelwood. By the exertions of the same lady, who must be considered as the best authority in this point, two grave defects have been discovered in the photograph which was made from Professor Deger's picture of the apparition. For more than six months, Mrs. Dreiekmann gathered the favored children round her to study their character and get accurate information concerning the apparition. During this profitable intercourse she took great pains to ascertain how far Deger's representation tallied with the description of the apparition as given by the children. With regard to the general form of the apparition, of crown, dress, color, etc., the children declared that the photograph was very much like what they saw; but they rejected, as not correct, both the face and the position of the apparition. As to the face, the children always declared most positively that they never looked into it, that it was absolutely impossible for them to look into it, because of the dazzling fiery rays that streamed down that part of the apparition. The only impression they received from the face, or as they expressed it, all they saw of the face, was "that the eyes of the apparition were turned towards the ground." The features in Deger's picture must therefore be looked upon as the product of the artist's imagination, the face of a Madonna by Deger, nothing more nor less. A worse defect, because it is at variance with the children's description, is the false position in which the artist has represented the apparition. Here again the children never disagreed once in their statements, and if Deger, who examined the children personally, deviated nevertheless from their description, this regrettable discrepancy must be attributed, as I was told, to the shortness of his visit. According to the children, the Blessed Virgin did never appear once in the sitting position which the professor adopted in his picture. She certainly appeared as if sitting, but sitting as little children do on the ground with outstretched limbs, floating so close to the ground that she seemed to touch it. As to the height of the apparition, the children maintain that the head would not have reached higher than the neck of Margaret Kunz when standing. I may add that Margaret was eight years old at that time, and rather small for her age. Anxious to see the two mistakes in Professor Deger's picture removed, Mrs. Dreiekmann has prevailed upon a friend of hers, also a distinguished artist, to make another sketch of the apparition in which the children's new and most valuable indications shall be considered.—*Ave Maria.*

SHRINE

OF

OUR LADY OF LOURDES
STILLORGAN, IRELAND

1887

> **Holy Mother, deign to bless me,**
> **With His sacred wounds impress me,**
> **Let them in my heart abide;**
> **Since He came, thy Son, the Holy,**
> **To a birth-place, ah, so lowly,**
> **All His pains with me divide.**
>
> *Dennis F. McCarthy.*

TUESDAY, December 20, in the dead and gone year 1887, was a day of sparkling frost—blue and gold weather, which threw up bare boughs with the minuteness of a photograph, and wrapped the low Dublin mountains in a mist as dreamily blue as any heat haze of August. Under the shadow of one of the loveliest of those low hills lies Stillorgan, a sleepy little village, near which the Oblates of Mary Immaculate have founded their Irish novitiate. A lovely situation; for, looking away from the mountains, one has before one the silver plain of the sea, with Howth, a recumbent giant, basking lazily in the distance. Round about are mansions and villa residences; for it is the aristocratic side of Dublin county The roads are broad and well kept, and there is everywhere the quietness of refined humanity—a quietness which, if less picturesque than the hubbub of a noisy Irish village, has its own charm in a green world like this, where the wind in many trees makes music when the singing time of birds is over. The novitiate proper is a quaint and delightful old mansion; Belmont it was called formerly, but it has now received its new baptismal name of Lourdes House. It is shut away in luxurious solitude by high walls, and it has the richest of old gardens—a garden where, in spring, there is profusion of scent and blossoms; where, in summer, cherries hang redly, and there is a very wilderness of jeweled currant and raspberry bushes, with cabbage roses and May lilies, stocks and carnations; where, in autumn, plums turn purple on a red southern wall—a very treasure of a garden, laid out lovingly by long-dead hands, and untouched since then by any gardener, landscape or otherwise, with new-fangled modern ideas. A century old, the house and garden lie there, below the peace of the hills, undisturbed in quietness by the passing to and fro, or the low praying of the priests and the young novices.

On December 20 the old place was invaded. Our Lady's Chapel was to be dedicated, and Her clients came in scores to witness the dedication. A lovely chapel it is—the dearest life-labor of the Rev. Father Ring, the present novice-master, and in 1886 director of the mighty English-speaking pilgrimage to Our Lady's shrine at Lourdes; built in memory of that great triumph of love and faith, and worthily commemorative. A very gem of gold and colors is the little shrine; one thinks of Fra Angelico with his angels' heads like opening roses against a background of leafy gold; or of those old missals where the colors are jewels, the gilding live flame. Walls and ceiling of dead gold, roughened to look like mosaic; thereon, in square panels, lilies and vines, and all emblems of Our Lady. Around the walls, designs to illustrate Her various sweet names in Her litany. A statue of Her, inexpressibly sweet and dignified, high in its gold niche behind the altar, standing forth delicately against the richness of stained glass; that and the altar itself—the latter of stainless white marble sculptured with lilies and roses; its tabernacle door, silver mosaic—standing out almost startingly pure and cold against the subdued glow of the place. "Like *la Sainte Chapelle,*" said a traveled bystander; a daring comparison probably, but a tribute to the exquisiteness which every one felt. I cannot describe the place any more in detail. I carried away from it a sensation of having seen a very dream of color.

For the consecration, performed by the Rev. Dr. Donnelly, the little chapel was fairly thronged. The impressive ceremony went on. One thought of a beautiful body into which the life had not yet been breathed; when it was offered to the Lord of Holies, and received by Him, it had received its soul. Before the dedication we had walked about, reverently indeed, but without restraint, expressing to one another our pleasure and delight in its beauty; we rose up from our knees in a holy place, the Lord's sanctuary. The Oblates are a missionary order. Here the novices come, as yet children, to grow in grace and strength till they are fitted to go forth in God's name, to gather in for Him the countless souls which are His indeed, but which as yet know Him not. Their prayers and aspirations will be sweet to Our Lady, resounding from this jeweled shrine, whose every point of color and light represents prayer and aspiration.

Father Ring preached with a passion even of emotion; an impressive figure, with his great height, and nobly sweet face; a born missionary as much as was Francis Xavier. Those who understood his filial love for Our Lady knew also that the day was one which fulfilled many hopes; but even those who were ignorant of this, could not fail to be moved by his sermon. The mere printed words give no idea of the manner of its deliverance. He said, preaching from the text, "All generations shall call Me Blessed" (Luke i, 48):

"In the name of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and on behalf of their friends, I thank your Lordship for coming here to-day as the representative of our Most Rev. Archbishop, to dedicate this shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. The friends who have planned and built and adorned these walls and have set up this fair altar, in memory of a client of Our Lady, who is now, we trust, in heaven, are gratified and encouraged today by the praise and admiration of all who have seen their work. This chapel will be used, indeed, by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; but it has been built and decorated, not for them, but for the ever-blessed Virgin Herself, and nothing can be too grand or beautiful for Her. The Oblates intend and desire that this chapel, dedicated to Our Lady's honor, should be a small mark of their gratitude for the blessings which She has bestowed on their Society in its origin, in its expansion, and in its labors throughout the world. They gladly and reverently unite in fulfilling the grand prediction inspired by the Holy Ghost—"All generations shall call Me Blessed." Heartily do they bless and praise the Mother of God for all that She has done for them, and all that She has enabled them to do for the glory of God, for the honor of the Church, and for the good of souls.

"This shrine is dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. It is, I think, one of the first, if not the very first, in Ireland to receive that title. And why has that title been selected? About five years ago an appeal was made for this novitiate, and for the junior college connected with it. About the same time a first pilgrimage to Lourdes was organized and directed by the Oblates. Three years later a second pilgrimage followed. These pilgrimages, with the blessing of the Holy Father, and under the patronage of many illustrious prelates, developed into a religious work far exceeding all expectation in its importance and in its consequences. The pilgrims numbered some five hundred—not, indeed, a great crowd, but these five hundred pilgrims were delegates, representatives and ambassadors. They were delegates from vast dioceses and noble cities; they were representatives of many nations; they were ambassadors sent from the uttermost ends of the earth to plead with the great Queen at Her court at Lourdes for those who were unable to visit that holy place to pray to Her themselves.

"We bore with us to Lourdes the petitions, the written prayers, addresses, and pleadings of Our Lady's clients. These petitions numbered hundreds of thousands. Each one of them was as precious in the sight of Her to whom they were addressed as any jewel in a royal diadem; and surely we may well believe that all of them taken together made up an offering fit to to be laid not merely in the Grotto of the apparitions at Lourdes, but at the very gate of heaven. I read many of those petitions, and I thank God that I had that privilege; for it brought home to my mind and to my heart more forcibly than anything She had ever done the supernatural intensity of fervor, and the absolutely perfect union in faith and hope, with which the servants of our Blessed Lady appeal to Her for every sort of blessing. Connected with our pilgrimages there were associates who, unable to be with us in person, offered to Almighty God their prayers and alms and fasting, and other good works, for the intentions of the pligrimage and for one another. Amongst these associates were numbered religious orders and congregations, confraternities and converts; bishops, priests, and students; the rich and the poor; the inmates of charitable institutions, and innocent little ones at school; and I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that the number of individuals joined in this holy union of prayers and good works reached the enormous total of ten millions.

"Those pilgrimages were, in the spiritual order, a great and glorious work, and this shrine shall be their memorial. It shall be a standing record not only of the piety and generosity of the friends whose names shall be inscribed on those imperishable tablets as our benefactors, but also of the favors granted, the graces given, the cures effected, the miracles wrought by Our Lady of Lourdes in favor of Her clients. And we wish it to be understood that all who join with us in praying before this altar, in union with the prayers and Masses which shall be offered here, will be remembered in the intercessions of the clients of our Blessed Lady who pray to Her at different shrines dedicated to Her honor; for this little church of ours will be united with sanctuaries the renown of which has spread to every Christian land—with La Garde and L'Osier and Sion and Pontmain—shrines especially dear to us, inasmuch as they are entrusted to our own charge; with the great sanctuary of Lourdes itself; and also with another noble church, with the care of which the Oblates of Mary Immaculate are honored—the great National Basilica of the Sacred Heart, which crowns the hill of Montmartre in Paris.

"We dedicate this shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes as a sign to Her and to the world that in our many great and pressing wants we rely with utter confidence on Her prompt and generous help. And here I wish to speak, not of those material and comparatively vulgar needs which may be met or provided against by the collecting of a few pounds or shillings—though it would be foolish on our part to pretend that as regards such necessities we are in any sense independent. But now I speak only of the want that is absolutely the most urgent of all our wants, inasmuch as it is, in the judgment of the Almighty, a matter of supreme importance that that want should be supplied—I mean the want of missionary priests. We want priests to do the work of God everywhere. We want priests to preach the Gospel to those upon whom its saving light has not yet shone; to instruct the heathen, to convert the infidel, to gather the lost sheep into the one true Fold, to bring sinners to repentance, to save souls. We desire to be enabled to perform the work of our holy ministry here at home in our own dear Ireland, as well as in England and Scotland, where the harvest of souls is ripening for the reaper's sickle. There is no doubt that the salvation of souls depends chiefly, under God's grace, on the multiplication of priests. Our laborers are few at home; they are fewer still in those remote missions which are entrusted, in many cases exclusively, to our spiritual care.

"So great is this want of priests in all our foreign missions that from every quarter of the globe where the members of our Congregation are doing their appointed work among the poor, every day—I might almost say every hour—brings to us the most urgent and distressing appeals for help. We are asked everywhere for priests speaking the world-wide English tongue. From each of the missions whose names are written on these holy walls comes one incessant cry, and the burthen of that wailing message is like an echo of the prayer which brought the great Apostle of our race to accomplish his predestined labor in the island of the Western Sea. From the snows of the most distant parts of the North American continent, from the sands of Africa's deserts, from Texas, from Natal, from the States, from Canada, from Jaffna and Colombo in far-off Ceylon—from all these missions comes ever and ever the same heartrending appeal: 'Send us help, send us help!—send us priests to work for the salvation of innumerable souls!' It is our mission, my dear friends, to labor for the conversion of hundreds of pagan tribes who are still 'sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.' It is your privilege to be able, by indirect but most effecitve co-operation, to help us to send preachers and teachers to carry on in our day the great work of the Apostles. And the reward of our zeal and charity, if we undertake and do this work according to the measure of our opportunities, will be an increased glorification of the name of God, and a fresh extension of His Kingdom, by the salvation of many and many a soul which, but for us, would have been lost forever."

In memory of the happy event, the Oblate Fathers are distributing among their friends pictures of Our Lady's statue, a *replica* of the familiar one which adorns the shrine at Lourdes. On these are printed the following verses, by an humble client of Our Lady who was present at the dedication:

Here, in this temple of Her Son,
  Our Lady, in Her marble gown,
Giveth Her children benison;
  Her smile floats softly down.

On roof and walls and round the altar,
  Her lilies and Her beads are seen—
All emblems that in prayer or psalter
  Belong to our dear Queen.

All things say here the name of Mary,
  All things combine Her praise to tell;
In this Her latest sanctuary
  Her glory ringeth well.

From this shall many a one go forth,
  Evangels on his lips of flame,
To East and West and South and North,
  To preach the Lord Christ's name;

To gather in His lambs that stray,
  His dear ones lost in death and night.
His Mother's Heart is glad to-day
  In His abode of light.

She takes this gift with tender pleasure,
  For children's love is mother's joy;
She shall repay with boundless treasure
  Of gold without alloy.

From all the lands, from all the ages,
  Her votaries send their prayers above:
She counts the millioned pilgrimages,
  The individual love.

Her Christmas gift this chapel small,
  Made fair with love from roof to floor—
This shall receive the Lord of all,
  With angels that adore.

She takes it, and She takes likewise
  Our prayers that pass the farthest star.
Her Son, for Her beseeching eyes,
  Shall set heaven's gates ajar.

KATHERINE TYNAN.

"Ave Maria."

THE KNIGHT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY

DAY was declining; already were the mists of the evening gathering in the valleys, when a horseman, who had been for some time skirting the valleys of the Mediterranean, plunged at once into a deep and winding ravine whose lofty sides were thickly clothed with pines. Both horse and rider gave proofs of a long and fatiguing journey; but, in spite of his well-worn mantle, soiled helmet and arms rusted with rain, the countenance of the young cavalier appeared radiant with happiness. With eager joy he spurred on his steed, casting as he went looks of tender interest around him, as though he recognized at every fresh turn of the road some dear familiar object; and the smile that played upon his lip and the tear that glistened in his eye indicated the emotions of his soul. When he reached a certain point of the road, he stopped. It was before a little image of our Lady, placed in a half ruined niche. There, joining his hands devoutly together, he cried aloud:

"Oh Mother of Mercy! thanks to thy tender care, I once more behold my country! Here, as I departed for the holy war, I made my vow before thee; and here, as it is meet, I promise to perform it. On this spot will I raise a chapel and hospice for pilgrims; hither will I myself come every year, to visit Thy Holy Image; and on the same day will I relieve, with great devotion, thirty-three poor men, in honor of the thirty-three years which Thy dear Son lived with Thee on earth. Oh Virgin ever blessed, have pity on me."

With reason might Arthur D'Alvez thank the Lord, whose Almighty hand had delivered him from so many perils. He had gone to the Crusades as a faithful vassal of Saint Louis. Wounded at Mansura, he had endured a hard captivity in the house of an Egyptian emir, nor had he recovered his liberty till the King had paid a million bezants of gold for his follower's ransom, and surrendered Damietta in payment for his own freedom; and now, at last, he had returned over the seas to his own dear land of Provence, to the home of his fathers so fondly remembered. He was returning, it was true, a poor knight, possessed of nothing but his own good broadsword, but abundance awaited him in his father's halls; he was wearied and worn with travel, but what affectionate cares would not his mother and sister lavish upon him! He pictured to himself their joy, and in imagination anticipated his own.

He thought of the ancient retainers, who had known him from a child; he forgot not even his faithful dog, who perhaps already had instinctively divined the near approach of his master.

"Come, Valiant," said he to his horse, "let us push along; a few steps further, and we shall be at home. Once there, a good stable, plenty of fodder and careful grooming shall be yours. Push on, then, Valiant, my brave steed!"

The docile animal commenced to canter, and soon the young traveler beheld through the increasing darkness the tall, shadowy outline of the Castle of Alvez. His heart leaped within him at the sight; but he observed with surprise that no light glimmered through the narrow windows; not a sound could be heard from the ramparts.

"They are in the northern hall," said he, as if to reassure himself. "My father is playing chess with the chaplain; my mother and sister ply the distaff; the varlets are busy somewhere. I'll soon make them hear me."

So saying, he took the horn that hung at his belt, and sounded the once familiar notes by which he was wont to announce his return from the chase. No answer. Seized with impatience he rode on; the draw-bridge was down in spite of the lateness of the hour. D'Alvez crossed it. Beneath the dark vault, over which rose the belfry tower, he found neither servants nor men-at-arms. He shouted; the echo of the ramparts alone replied. He advanced into the court, and all around him was silence, darkness—absolute solitude.

"Oh God!" he cried, "what has happened?"

At this moment the moon struggled through the thick mantle of clouds with which she was enveloped, and poured a flood of light upon the castle. D'Alvez gazed around him, struck with a secret and undefinable terror; and it seemed as if the life-blood froze in his veins when he beheld the scene of desolation that was then disclosed. The castle was a ruin; the roofs were uncovered, the windows displayed their gaping recesses, stripped of glass and hangings; masses of rubbish strewed the pavement of the court in every direction; fragments of richly carved furniture, costly armor, broken ornaments, parchments with large waxen seals attached lay scattered on the ground; fire and pillage seemed to have spared nothing but the massive walls, which themselves bore the mark of the flames. At this sight D'Alvez leaped from his horse; and, almost beside himself with terror, opened a window, the fastenings of which some hostile hand had doubtless shattered, and entered the armor room, where once he used to tilt with his father and his old retainers.

"Father!" he called aloud, "father, where are you? Mother, Alice—sister, answer me."

"Halloo! who calls?" replied a voice, which proceeded from the vast and gloomy hall.

D'Alvez rushed to the spot whence the sound seemed to come, stretched out his hands, and encountered the arm of a man clothed in a coarse garment of goat's hair.

"Who are you," cried the young knight; and he dragged the unknown to the window, through which the beams of the moon were falling.

The two men looked into each other's face. "Is it you? Is it indeed you, my lord?" as he fell at the feet of D'Alvez. "Are you still alive! Do you not know me? I am James Grant, the goat-herd, once the companion of your sports."

"Yes, I know you, my poor James. But—tell me—what has happened? My father, mother and sister—— In the name of God where are they?"

The man drew back; then, with a look of deepest horror answered, as he grasped the young man's arm: "Your father, mother and the sweet Lady Alice are all dead—slain by John de Melfort, the ancient enemy of your house. They lie buried in the chapel."

D'Alvez's knees tottered under him; he supported himself against the wall, and fixed his haggard eyes upon the goat-herd.

The latter resumed: "It was believed that you had perished at Mansoura. Melfort, no longer fearing your return, fell upon us. Vassals, men-at-arms—all were massacred. My lord was slain, defending Lady Alice; but she was pierced with an arrow and fell dead. Your poor mother then died of grief. The wretches pillaged the Castle, leaving the bodies of their victims without burial, but the Monks of Saint Benedict laid them in consecrated ground. For myself I was left for dead in the corner of the court yonder; but I recovered from my wounds, and continued with my flock to inhabit the place in which I had been bred. I never believed that you were dead; I looked for your return, for I have something to say to you."

"What?" said the young man eagerly.

"John de Melfort has a castle and a wife and daughter. Revenge is sweet."

Next day broke in fair and calm. A man clothed in a white habit and wearing a scapular, on which shone a red cross, was approaching along the path that led to Elvira. He walked with a firm step, seeming to contemplate with delight the leafy thickets, the banks covered with wild thyme, the ripple of the sparkling stream which ran babbling along its rocky bed. He repeated from time to time, in an under tone, verses from the psalms, as though using the strains of the royal Prophet to sing the praises of the Lord of all. Stopping before the walls of the Castle, he cast his eyes over the ruined towers, and said to himself: "I will go into the chapel and pray a moment over its deserted tombs."

He crossed the draw-bridge, no longer guarded by men-at-arms; he entered the court-yard, and appeared struck with astonishment on beholding a young man standing with his back against the ramparts and gazing with mournful countenance on the havoc that surrounded him. The monk approached; and moved by a lively feeling of compassion, thus addressed him:

"My son, what dost thou alone in this deserted place? The masters of the castle are no more. But you look pale and wan; are you ill? Tell me! If you are hungry, I have bread and figs in my wallet; if you are ill I am somewhat of a leech."

While the good Religious was thus speaking with tender earnestness, D'Alvez slowly raised his head and casting on him a look at once cold and calm, said, in a low voice more terrible than the wildest cry of despair: "I am Arthur D'Alvez."

"What, my dear son," exclaimed the monk, "are you then alive? Alas! it has been God's will to lay most heavy trials upon you; yet doubtless He has given you the strength and faith to bear them. But why remain here? You have relations and friends who will rejoice to welcome you. I beseech you, my son, to leave this sad place, where everything conspires to arouse your grief."

"Never will I leave this castle," was the emphatic reply of D'Alvez.

The monk, though still young, had long sounded the lowest depths of man's heart. He well knew how a smooth brow and a placid smile often covers the bitterest and most excited feelings, and the fiercest passion disguises itself under a tranquil mien, as the burning volcano lies concealed beneath its veil of snow. Taking, then, the young man's hand, and fixing on him his dark eye, mild yet penetrating, he said:

"My son, you will not leave these ruins, because you are nursing, not your grief, but your revenge; and there where you stand you meditate less upon your father than on John de Melfort."

"And what if I resolve to revenge the evil he has done me—will it not be just?"

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay it, saith the Lord. No, my child, it is not just to intrench on the rights that belong to God, and by an untimely and violent death to rob the sinner of the day of repentance which God might perchance give him. I say to you, from that God who will be your Judge, vengeance is not yours; and again I say to you, from Him who is your Saviour: 'By patience shall you find peace to your soul.' When you have made desolate your enemy's hearth, will you find your own restored? When you have plunged the sword into the hearts of his wife and daughter, will your mother and sister rise from the dead? When you have burdened your conscience with the load that now oppresses his, will your own be more light?"

"Father," interrupted D'Alvez, "you are a man of peace; you cannot understand me."

"My son, before I became a monk I was a man of war, like yourself; before I put on this habit I wore the breast plate and belt of a knight. I felt the excitement of passions. I speak to you, then, as one who has had the experience of human glory; and I tell you that if to your blinded eyes there be certain grandeur in an insatiable revenge, there is that which is infinitely greater and more noble in the generous forgiveness which triumphs, not over an enemy prostrate at our feet, but over the haughty passions of our own heart."

"But, Father, you do not understand me; I pray you leave me."

"My son, my brother, I will not leave you; for the hour of despair is no time for good resolutions. God has sent me here. Blessed be His divine providence, which does nothing in vain."

"But know you," cried D'Alvez impatiently, "you who want me to forgive like a coward—know you the evil this man has done me? Do you know that after two long years of captivity I return with a heart bounding with hope and joy, longing for love, full to overflowing with the tenderest affection for my aged parents and my young sister; and, thanks to this Melfort, find instead of my father's hearth yon three tombstones? Did he not revenge, on a few poor vassals, an old man and two women, the wrongs of his ancestors; and shall I not render him woe for woe, pang for pang? I tell you that all night, as I paced these deserted courts, by the side of the graves where all I love lie buried, I heard dear familiar voices crying: 'Strike and avenge us,' and I will obey."

"No, my son; your grief deceives you. I knew those for whom you mourn. Your father was a just man, your mother a noble and pious lady, your young sister an angel of innocence. They have entered into the rest of the Saints, and they pray for the pardon of their murderer; they heap upon his head, not the burning coals of vengeance, but the riches of a glowing charity. Oh no, blessed souls, it is not revenge you ask of the Lord; you ask but to see your enemy pardoned and throned in glory with you for all eternity. But your child, your brother, still bound with the cords of flesh, cannot understand you."

"Your words grieve me," said D'Alvez, "and yet your voice is that of a friend."

"Ah, doubt it not, my brother; that grief of which you have made me sole confidant binds us together forever. In the name of the friendship with which you have inspired me, grant me one favor. Our monastery is not far hence; deign to accept its hospitality. Our house will be your home; there you will find fathers and brothers ready to welcome you; and your projects, whatever they be, will ripen in silence and reflection. Leave this dreary place, and come to the abode which the Lord offers you."

"Who are you? What are you?" asked the young man.

"I am a Knight of our Lady of Mercy," replied the monk, "and my name is Peter Nolasco."

Ten years passed away. The Order of Mercy possessed a convent at the gates of Montpelier, from which, as from an advanced post of charity, issued forth from day to day the valiant chivalry of the cross to defend the countries of Europe against the incursions of the Saracens; or more heroic still, to rescue their victims from their hands in the very heart of their bagnios and amidst the sands of the desert. It was towards this retreat, whose white walls were conspicuous from afar, that about mid-day a young girl might be seen directing her steps, accompanied by a youth and an aged serving-man. After crossing the draw-bridge, they stopped under the donjon-keep, from the summit of which floated the banner of the Order. There they spoke a few words to the sentinel, who pointed out the way to the cloister. The youthful inquirers paused, as if awe-struck, at the entrance of that wide inclosure, where already some of the brave companions of Peter Nolasco and Raymond of Pennafort were taking their peaceful and glorious rest. Their modest tombs rose in the center of the court; around under the vaulted cloister walked, in silence, a number of knights and priests, the former wearing their white tunic and mantle, the latter having their habit of the same snowy purity embroidered with the arms of the King of Aragon, token of the affection borne by that truly Christian prince for the noble Order of redemption. Nothing disturbed the quiet seclusion of the place, save the measured fall of their footsteps upon the pavement and the rustling of their long robes of serge, as they paced continually to and fro. At length a priest perceiving the maiden and her companions, approached her. He was a man still in the prime of life; but his sorrow-stricken brow, and his hair prematurely sprinkled with gray, seemed to mark him as one who in the world had encountered wrongs and sufferings such as had left wounds in his soul, which time, as yet, had but imperfectly healed. In a voice full of sweetness he asked:

"Maiden, what seekest thou?"

"Alas, sir," she answered, "we are two unhappy children; well nigh orphans, I might say, though our father and mother are yet living. One is a captive among the infidels, and the other is dying of anxiety and grief."

"Your father is in slavery?"

"Yes, sir. He had gone to Barcelona, to receive a legacy bequeathed him by a friend of my mother, and was returning joyfully to Provence when the galley in which he sailed was taken by the Barbary pirates. Resistance was vain; the Saracens carried him off into slavery, and we have heard that he is now in Tangiers. My noble father a slave, loaded with chains and exposed to the lash!" Tears and sobs interrupted her words, and her brother wept at the sight of her tears.

"Compose yourself, my child," said the monk, "your father shall be redeemed."

"Ah, noble sir, we count nothing too costly for his ransom. See, my mother has given me her jewels, her bracelets, and her rings. We will pledge our lands, everything we possess. If only you will consent to go to my father's rescue, we will put in your hands a sum more than sufficient for his ransom; we have faithful vassals, too, and tried friends, and then there is not one amongst them but would aid in the release of the Lord of Melfort."

"Melfort! Did you say Melfort?" cried the monk. "Your father's name is——"

"John of Melfort, sir. If you were ever in Provence you know it is no ignoble name."

"I know it," said the monk, in a low, stern voice; "I know it, alas! too well."

He turned away. His eyes for an instant gleamed fiercely; the next minute he raised them to the crucifix which hung in the middle of the cloister. "O great God!" he murmured, "and do such fierce passions reign in a soul which Thy grace has vanquished? The voice of this child rouses in my heart feelings of hatred and revenge which I deemed forever stifled. Father, mother, sister—what will you have me do? Blessed souls, what is it you ask of me?"

He stood silent for some time, his eyes fixed upon the holy crucifix; then, turning toward the children, he spoke with a voice of angelic sweetness: "I shall myself go in search of your father; and, if it please God, I shall restore him to you. Pray for me, a poor sinner."

That same day a monk, clothed for a journey, knelt to receive the benediction of Peter Nolasco, the General of the Order, who, as he embraced him, said:

"Go, my beloved son, and spare neither your blood nor your life in the service of your neighbor. Go, servant of God; follow in the steps of your Master; forget not your vows, which oblige you to remain yourself in chains, if need be, to deliver a Christian from captivity. Brother Arthur, farewell—and may God speed you."

* * *

The watchman on the top of the tower of Saint Victor's Abbey, of Marseilles, had just given warning that several vessels were on the point of entering the harbor; crowds were hurrying to the quay, and trying to distinguish the different ships by their rigging or their general make, as they ran before the breeze. In the midst of the noisy, bustling throng, yet somewhat apart, might be seen a silent little group; a lady, dressed in deep mourning robes, a young girl who clung timidly to her, and a handsome boy, twelve or thirteen years of age, who from time to time played carelessly with a tall greyhound by his side. An old servant stood behind them, and all were eagerly watching the white sails as they neared the shore. The forms of three vessels, in particular, were now clearly seen, and soon the spectators could distinguish the colors of the flags displayed at their bows.

The keen sight of a master pilot at length recognized the leading vessel. "Praised be Our Lady of La Garde! 'tis the 'Happy' bark; she comes from Palermo, and brings news from my Lord of Anjou."

"And the second," broke in another, "is the sloop 'Saint Mary;' she comes from Smyrna, with fruits and perfumes."

The two ships thus announced rapidly entered the roads amid the exclamations of the crowd. The third still lagged behind in the distance, laboring heavily against the wind, which had suddenly veered from the shore. The lady and her children continued to watch her with intense anxiety, although she would occasionally say: "It is no use expecitng, my children; it is God's holy will to try us."

"Mother," suddenly exclaimed the boy, "look! I see it clearly; the holy standard is floating above the sails!"

The widow turned pale, and pressed her hand upon her heart, that beat tumultuously between hope and fear; and as she gazed upon the waters the flag unfurled itself to the breeze, and she saw clearly upon the white ground the arms of Aragon, with the device, "*Redemptionem misit populo*—He gave redemption to His people."

"It is the 'Saint John the Baptist,' the galley of the Redemptors!" shouted the people.

"O Holy Virgin," said the widow, "let me not be disappointed in my hopes!"

Still she gazed, and on the deck she beheld a man in a white habit.

"Mother," exclaimed the young girl, "it is he—it is the priest."

"There is a captive on board! Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the mariners and people, whose attention was now strongly excited. "Thanks to Our Lady of La Garde; he shall hang up his chains at her altar."

The lady tottered to the water's edge; a mist came over her eyes; she dared not look up, fearful she might not behold her husband, so long and vainly expected; but the exclamations of her children, the shouts of the people forced her to raise her head. The vessel was close upon the quay; a man was landing from it, in ragged garments, his hands and his feet loaded with chains; but his countenance—it was he! She uttered a cry, made a few steps forward, and fell swooning with joy into the arms of the captive. He strained her to his heart and extended his hands to bless his children, who, kneeling at his feet, were endeavoring to loosen the fetters which he had just resumed; then, turning to the monk, who was at that moment leaving the galley, he cried: "My wife, my children, if you love me you must love and bless this good Religious; to him I owe my liberty, my life. Let all who love Melfort honor and bless this man of God!" Then, as the monk strove to move away, he grasped him by the arm, and in a still louder voice cried: "He sought me out on the verge of the Great Desert, whither my masters had carried me; he found me dying of the black plague; all had abandoned me; but, undeterred by the loathsome disease, he installed himself as my nurse; he cured me by his skill, or rather by his loving and tender care. The barbarians declared my ransom money insufficient—he offered to remain in my place; but this I called God and His Blessed Mother to witness I would not suffer. And all this he did. And now—hear me, my son—I bid every one who bears the name of Melfort to be henceforth not only the friend but the servant of the holy Order of Mercy."

As he concluded, a man wearing a cloth gown and cap pushed his way through the crowd and said, abruptly:

"Ha! you are the Lord of Melfort! And do you know the name of your deliverer, my lord?"

"He is called Brother Arthur, but what other name he bears, I know not."

"Let me tell you, then. His name is Arthur, Lord of Alvez; Alvez—do you hear? Ah! my lord—my dear master," added the man, bathing the monk's hands with his tears, "I knew you!"

Melfort started back as if thunder-struck; he gazed at the monk with a sort of terror, as though the dead had suddenly stood before him. "Arthur D'Alvez!" he said at last, "can this be so?"

"Be so!" cried James Grant (for he it was); "I should have known my lord among a thousand. I was his serf, his liegeman; he freed me, and amply provided for me. I am now a free man and burgher of the town, and to him I owe all."

"And I too," exclaimed Melfort, falling on his knees before D'Alvez. "Servant of God, is it true—this that I hear? You knew who I was, and you saved my life at the peril of your own!"

"Kneel not to a sinner, my brother," said D'Alvez, raising the knight from the ground. "Let us forget the past, and pray God to forgive us for all we have done against each other."

"It is your forgiveness I implore, that I may hope to be forgiven by God," answered Melfort; "but know that from the day on which to avenge my father's wrongs, I laid murderous hands upon your kindred, I have never had one peaceful night; the very prosperity Heaven bestowed upon me was bitterness to my heart. I shall believe myself pardoned only when you have forgiven me."

"Let this embrace be the pledge of my friendship," said Arthur, as he threw his arms around the hereditary enemy of his house. "And now, come to the altar, where I go to offer the Adorable Sacrifice, and receive the pledge of the mercies of your God! Come, follow me!"

They proceeded to the Chapel of Our Lady of La Garde, followed by James Grant and a crowd of people. The captive laid his chains at the feet of the miraculous statue; and the little children, according to the ancient custom, replaced them with garlands of flowers.

The Mass began. Arthur D'Alvez, son and disciple of Saint Peter Nolasco, immolated on the altar, once and forever, every remembrance of the ancient feud; and, when himself lovingly united with the Saviour of mankind, he laid the Sacred Host on the lips of Melfort, they remained no longer those scions of two hostile houses, but twin brothers, united together in the bonds of Divine charity by the noblest of all self-sacrifices, and a gratitude as humble as it was profound.—*Ave Maria.*

GRACES OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY

IT would be very astonishing if, at a time when the whole Church is making every effort to set forth the praises of her who has done and suffered so much to glorify the Heart of Jesus, the same most generous Heart did not contribute to enhance the honor of His faithful servant. Thus, those graces of which He is the source, have flowed abundantly everywhere that the triumph of the recently beatified has been celebrated. Everywhere is the voice of Heaven joined to that of earth to proclaim the power of Margaret Mary. It is true that, in more than one place, this passionate lover of the Cross, who, during all her life, sought only for trials, has treated her sisters as she would wish to have been treated herself. The feasts of her beatification have been, for certain Communities, the occasion of trials more or less painful; and we do not doubt that, for these Communities, as for the Blessed Margaret Mary herself, temporal tribulations have been only the source of the most precious spiritual graces.

But in many other places and, especially in favor of the faithful of secular estate, the protection of the newly beatified has been manifested in the most remarkable manner, by surprising cures and conversions. Some of these graces, noticed in various circulars of the Visitation, have been collected by a religious of that order, to gratify the readers of the *Messenger*. We beg her to accept our thanks, and we doubt not that she will be rewarded as she deserves, by the results which the reading of them cannot fail to produce in faithful hearts. She will, undoubtedly, increase their gratitude toward the Heart of Jesus and their confidence in the intercession of His beloved spouse.

Our readers, no doubt, will understand that in laying before them the recital of these graces, such as we have received it, we do not pretend in any way to forestall the judgment of competent authority, as to their more or less miraculous character.

EXTRACT FROM A CIRCULAR OF THE MONASTERY OF GENOA.

"The sweet devotion to the Heart of Jesus seems to spread proportionately to the knowledge of our blessed sister, Margaret Mary. Many vows have been performed here in thanksgiving for graces obtained. *Triduums* of prayer have often been asked of us; on every side we are overwhelmed with petitioners for the water into which the relics of our beatfied sister have been dipped; and it is with pious eagerness that the surrounding population treasure up the medals, tracts and sketches of her life, with which we were provided, and all of which were soon distributed. We will relate here the grace of a conversion, of which we learned the details a few days ago. On one of the days of the *triduum,* several young persons were standing at the foot of the hill upon which our monastery stands. Seeing a multitude of persons coming toward them, they asked the reason of such an extraordinary throng, and having learned that they came to celebrate the festival of our beatified, they commenced to laugh and joke at the expense of those who were hurrying to the church. But one of them, who had taken part in their impious discourses, suddenly felt so strong an impulse to follow the pious throng, that he could not resist it; so he separated from his companions, approached and entered the little chapel, where divine grace touched him so effectually that he yielded and avowed himslf vanquished. A few moments were all that the lover of the Heart of Jesus needed to subdue entirely this heart so lately irreligious. Having returned to his own house, the young man appeared quite a different person—his sentiments had changed—his conduct changed with them; and now he has no other desire than to give himself entirely to God. We learned these details from himself, for he came to us to ask the help of our prayers, saying that our beatified sister had already operated part of his conversion, which he hoped she would complete, and that as soon as the grace should be entirely granted, he would bring to our Blessed Margaret Mary a silver heart, in gratitude for this inappreciable favor."

FROM THE MONASTERY OF MILAN

"Several persons have received, with the image and relic of our beatified, graces for which they are desirous to return thanks. Among others, a young lady after having resisted for nine years the strongest and most pressing invitations of those interested in her salvation, had no sooner put on the relic of the Blessed Margaret Mary than she resolved to go to confession. Since then, her much more edifying conduct and her changed expression of countenance, furnish the most irrefragable proofs of the sincerity of her conversion. She does not suffer the means to which she is indebted for these benefits, to remain unknown to any one, and her regenerated soul bears witness publicly, and without ceasing, to the gratitude she owes her powerful benefactress.

"A young man, suffering from the gangrene, and tormented by such intense pain as to draw from him the most piercing cries, has been suddenly cured by the application of a relic of the beatified to the part affected, and, moreover, he was not told till afterward of the means employed to cure him, seeing that he was disposed to nothing so little as to trust in supernatural remedies. Accounts of conversions and cures, which possess something of the miraculous, have been transmitted to us from neighboring cities, whither the pious tokens, of which we have spoken above, have found their way, by means of friendly persons who came down to Milan for the festival. It would be too prolix to give the details here."

FROM THE MONASTERY OF THONON.

"Miss Elizabeth Plaisance, aged twelve years, and living in the little city of Thonon, suffered for nearly three years from a pain in the left shoulder. In November, 1861, the pain increased considerably, and the shoulder, being much swollen, was sometimes flushed with a color as red as blood; at other times whitish and like dried parchment. From January 10, 1862, the head of the little sufferer was bent over as far as her breast, and subsequently down to her waist. The shoulder blade, entirely twisted back, was thrust out to such a degree as to make it surprising that it did not pierce through the flesh. The unfortunate young lady could not bear the slightest touch upon the part affected, so much did she suffer. A consultation of physicians was then held. Violent remedies were ordered toward the middle of January, producing so strange an effect that the poor patient was out of her mind; she bounded about in her bed, leaping from the head to the foot, and back from the foot to the head. Her stomach could not digest the least nourishment—a few grapes brought on a crisis. At last nothing remained but frightful torture and continual moaning. Her doctor, seeing her in this state, said, with anxiety: 'It is a hopeless case; she will have the lock-jaw;' and afterward, 'It is the lock-jaw.'

"Affairs were in this state when Madame Plaisance, a woman ful of faith, came to ask prayers for her daughter. Our Mother Superior promised them willingly, and expressed the wish that the young patient should make at the same time a novena to our blessed sister, Margaret Mary. The pious mother gladly agreed to this, and also made a vow to visit with her daughter the tomb of the beatified as soon as the cure should be obtained. The novena was made daily by the family in common, composed of the father, the mother, a son, aged fourteen, and the little Elizabeth. During the novena all remedies, properly so-called, were suspended; they tried, however, to give the little patient two baths, but she could not stay in them, so severe were her pains.

"In the course of the novena, Elizabeth had two visions which she related to her mother, and which filled them both with joy, causing them firmly to believe in the much-desired cure. The first time, Elizabeth saw near her bed our blessed sister, who, taking her by the hand, said to her: 'You shall be cured at the end of the novena, but your shoulder must remain a little swollen.' The second time the child saw the Blessed Virgin first, and afterward our beatified. 'We must cure this little one,' said the Holy Virgin to the Blessed Margaret Mary. 'She will be the comfort of her parents.' Then approaching the bed of the sufferer, our beatified reiterated, but this time without restriction, the assurance of her speedy cure.

"On Sunday, February second, the last day of the novena, Elizabeth being worse, her confessor brought her the Holy Viaticum. Her pains continued all that day and the following night, during which she could take no repose. The next day, the third of February, at the very hour when, nine days before, there had been placed in her hands a picture and some articles which had touched the body of the beatified, Elizabeth arose suddenly and cried out, intoxicated with joy and happiness: 'I am cured.' Then falling on her knees upon her bed, she returned thanks to her benefactress. At the same moment her brother, who had heard her, came in. 'You are cured, sister,' said he; 'is it really true?' And then, wild with joy, he gave her several hearty blows upon the back, even on that shoulder which a few moments before could not have been touched with the tip of the finger without making the sufferer shriek with pain; but now she felt no uneasiness. Her mother heard the noise, and hurried to help her dear daughter, whom she expected to find expiring—'I am cured, mamma, I am cured!'

"Elizabeth was in fact radically cured. She was able at that very moment to rise, dress without trouble, and take nourishment from that day forward, as in perfect health. Half an hour had scarcely passed away when the mother and daughter, transported with happiness, came to make us partakers of their joy and thanksgiving. 'Even if I should live a hundred years,' said good Madame Plaisance to us, 'it would not be long enough to thank our Lord.' In answer to our question to Elizabeth, as to what passed in her at the moment of the cure, she answered with charming ingenuity: "I heard a little gurgling noise, like that made when one bottle is emptied into another, and then I felt no more pain."

"This happy event took place at twenty minutes past seven in the morning, and at nine o'clock Elizabeth, accompanied by her parents, assisted at our conventual Mass. She remained on her knees the whole time without feeling fatigued. Some months afterward she went with her pious mother to the tomb of our beatified sister. Robust health has replaced the infirm state of Elizabeth, who has regained the freshness and vivacity of youth."

FROM THE MONASTERY OF DOLE.

"Our young sister, Mary Amata, suffered for more than two years from an inward disease, which our physician declared beyond the power of medicine to remedy. This disease became so violent, and made such rapid progress, that before Christmas our dear sufferer was brought, one might say, to the jaws of death, being scarcely able to bear a few spoonfuls of drink. Nothing remained to us but the sad prospect of an inevitable and speedy death. A novena was commenced to the Blessed Margaret Mary, and on the last day our dear patient asked for food, which she was at last able to take. From that time her pains were less intense, the source of the evil seemed to have disappeared, and now the cure is completely effected; her strength is restored to her, and our beloved sister habitually assists at the choir and other regular exercises, filling the office of second porter. Full of gratitude to her holy benefactress, and, above all, to the Heart of Jesus, our good sister breathes nothing but the desire of devoting herself to His glory, as far as lies in her power."—*Ave Maria.*

THE MOTHER'S HYMN

Lord, who ordainest for mankind
  Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank Thee for the ties that bind
  The mother to the child she bears.

We thank Thee for the hopes that rise
  Within her heart, as, day by day,
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
  Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And grateful for the blessing given
  With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
  The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.

Such thanks the Blessed Mary gave
  When from her lap the Holy Child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
  The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious! grant to those who bear
  A mother's charge the strength and light,
To guide the feet that own them care
  In ways of Love and Truth and Right.

William Cullen Bryant.

MONKS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

THE religious labored in the woods and fields, sowed seed, reaped wheat, mowed the meadows, felled trees, and carried the wood on their backs. When they returned to the convent, they received with thankfulness what was given them to eat, that is, a pound of coarse brown bread mixed with tares, with pottage made of beech-leaves. Their bed was straw, their pillow a sack of oat hulls; and after some hours' rest they rose again at midnight to sing the praises of the Lord. Such was the pious life of these monks of the Blessed Virgin, whom their conduct honored, according to the expression which God himself employs in the sacred Scriptures; and accordingly she condescended to give them sensible marks of her favor. The Cistercian annals record that when these good religious, whose lives were so austere, whose heart was so pure, and hands so busy, sweated under the burthen of the day, during the harvest, without venturing to appease their extreme thirst with the water of the neighboring spring, and their limbs, languid under the burning heat of summer, the Blessed Virgin wiped away with her white veil the sweat of labor from the pale and furrowed brows of the brethren.

Men of high birth flocked to Citeaux; Prince Henry, brother of Louis the Young, became a monk at Clairvaux in the year 1149; St. Malachy, descended from the kings of Ireland, and primate of that island, exchanged his pontifical vestments for the poor ornaments of serge and fustian of the religious of the Blessed Virgin; Wallen, one of the first lords of the court of Scotland, dear to the king, his relative, who invited him to all his hunting parties, abandoned the world and its pomps, which smiled upon him, to shut himself up in a monastery of

Citeaux. The king having often perceived that the young nobleman, instead of hunting the heath-cock and deer, retired apart among the tall fern or under the whitethorns in the thickets to read and pray:—"I must make him a bishop," said the pious monarch one day, thoughtfully eyeing him. Wallen anticipated him, and became a monk at Wardon.

In 1129, Everard, Count of Mans, abdicated his crown as sovereign prince for the cowl of Citeaux. He went and presented himself in disguise at one of the abbeys of the order, and he was intrusted with the care of the flocks of the monastery; he would have remained always unknown there if some nobles of Mans had not recognized him feeding sheep on the border of a heath. Another young lord of very high birth, having taken the habit of Citeaux, was sent to drive a troop of swine every day under the oaks of a neighboring forest, where they fed deliciously on acorns and beech nuts. One day, when the novice was not engaged in prayer, he heard the voice of Satan, the father of pride, who whispered to him in a low voice that he was following a very strange occupation for the son of a powerful baron. This young nobleman, hitherto so pious, bit his lips, and his fervor disappeared; when evening came he returned to the monastery and retired to the chapel. Whoever had seen him kneeling before Our Lady's altar, sunk in deep meditation, would have said: "Here is a saint whose thoughts are in heaven." Yet his thoughts had not taken so lofty a flight, for he was thinking of his father's castle and cherishing thoughts of flight. "The night is very dark," said the novice to himself, as he looked out beyond the porch of the chapel; "the wind is blowing a tempest; it is the very time to make my escape. . . . Keep swine indeed! let us be off, then! The son of one of the first lords of the court; but it is disgraceful!" . . . He arose and walked down the nave with a resolute step; but as he was going to step over the threshold he perceived a woman standing before him! At first he thought he was dreaming; but no! there stood before him, at the end of the chapel, a woman beautiful as an angel, and majestic as a queen; with a gracious wave of her hand, and a smile of compassionate pity, she beckoned him to follow her, and he mechanically obeyed. The unknown lady went toward the cemetery, which the moon, half concealed by thick clouds, tinged with a strange light; the large yews, moving gloomily in the wind, seemed to moan over the dead, and the night birds mingled their mournful cries with the tumult of the tempest. An icy tremor ran through the young monk's limbs; his calm and radiant guide stretched out her hand, and lo! the turfy coverings of the tombs slowly opened and the dead arose, cold and pale in their winding sheets. The novice was swooning with fear, when the unknown lady, eyeing him with tender compassion, said in a sweet and penetrating voice: "Yet a little while, and you will be even as these dead! Whither then would you wish to go, and what are you thinking of? Here ends the glory of the world?" As she said these words the Blessed Virgin—for it was she herself—disappeared; the graves closed again, and the young novice, who no longer dreamed of leaving his monastery, became a model of virtue and humility.

PRAYER BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

O good and sweetest Jesus, before Thy Face I humbly kneel, and with the greatest fervor of spirit I pray and beseech Thee to vouchsafe to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, true contrition for my sins, and a most firm purpose of amendment; whilst I contemplate with great sorrow and affection Thy five Wounds, and ponder them over in my mind; having before my eyes the words which, long ago, David the prophet spoke in his own person concerning Thee, my Jesus: "They digged My hands and My feet; they numbered all My bones."—*Ps.* xxi., 17, 18.

INVOCATION OF JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Soul of Christ, be my sanctification;
Body of Christ, be my salvation;
Blood of Christ, fill all my veins;
Water of Christ's side, wash out my stains;
Passion of Christ, my comfort be;
O good Jesus, listen to me;
In Thy wounds I fain would hide
Ne'er to be parted from Thy side.
Guard me should the foe assail me;
Call me when my life shall fail me.
Bid me come to Thee above,
With thy saints to sing Thy love,
World without end. Amen.

300 days if said after Mass or Communion. Plenary once a month.

FR. DE LA COLOMBIERE ON THE SCAPULAR

THE promise of God's Mother that those who wear her Scapular shall be saved was made to St. Simon Stock in 1251, and confirmed to Pope John XXII., who proclaimed it in the Sabbatine Bull, Saturday being the day on which the Mother of God promised deliverance from Purgatory to all who wear her Scapular. The obligations are to say daily the little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or if unable to read, to abstain from eating meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and to preserve chastity. The Annals of Our Lady gives the following account of a sermon preached at Lyons by the Venerable Father de la Colombiere, an Apostle of the Scapular.

"If in spite of all the graces showered on you through Mary you still remain obstinate in a life of sin; if you close your eyes to light and of your own free will give yourselves over into the hands of your enemy; if, in one word, you persist in dying in your sins, in your sins you will die. God Himself cannot force a will bent on its own destruction. Yes, you will die impenitent, you will die in your sins; but you will not die in the Scapular.

"If Mary can find no means of withdrawing you from sin, she will find a means of withdrawing her scapular from you. Rather than die as reprobates in this holy habit, you yourselves will cast it from you; as was the case with that miserable man who having tried in vain several times to drown himself, and not knowing to what cause to attribute so marvelous a prodigy, bethought him of the scapular he wore and was so persuaded that this was the obstacle to the fulfilling of his fatal design that he tore it off him, and plunging again for the fourth or fifth time into the waters which had till now spared him, he sank at once in their depth. He died in his sins, he died sinning, committing the greatest of all sins; but he could not die until despoiled of this sign of salvation, in which none can die without enjoying the privilege of escaping eternal flames. 'In quo quis moriens æternum non patietur incendium?' "

And a pious author adds: "No, Satan has never seen one single scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in hell!"

EVENINGS IN GREECE

When evening shades are falling
  O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrim hearts recalling
  Their home beyond the deep;
When rest o'er all descending,
  The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes their echoes blending,
  Are heard from aisle to aisle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,*
  We pray, we pray, to thee.

The noonday tempest over,
  Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover
  Where all was strife before.
Oh, thus may life, in closing
  Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath Heaven's smile reposing,
  Shine all its storms away:
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
  We pray, we pray, to thee.

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*Maria illuminatrix sive Stella Maris.—*Isidore.*

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,
As the last sounds of that syeet hymn
  Floated along its azure tide—
Floated in light as if the lay
Had mixed with sunset's fading ray—
  And light and sông together died.

Thomas Moore.

REVERENCE FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Reparation for the injuries offered to the Blessed Sacrament was the aim of St. Norbert's great work of reform—in himself, in the clergy, and in the faithful. How much does our present worship repair for our own past irreverences and for the outrages offered by others to the Holy Eucharist?

A vile heretic named Tankelin appeared at Antwerp in the time of St. Norbert, and denied the reality of the preisthood, and especially blasphemed the Holy Eucharist. The saint was sent for to drive out the pest. By his burning words he exposed the impostor, and rekindled the faith in the Blessed Sacrament. Many of the apostates had proved their contempt for the Blessed Sacrament by burying it in filthy places. Norbert bade them search for the Sacred Hosts. They found them entire and uninjured, and the Saint bore them back in triumph to the tabernacle. Hence he is generally painted with the Monstrance in his hand.

"And he said, I believe, Lord; and falling down, he adored Him."—John. ix., 38.

OUR LADY OF DALE

GRANT, O Jesus and Mary, that I may always pray as I ought, that I may love you as much as I am able; may I always hope in you, and may you dispose of me and all that I possess as you judge best; may I do and embrace all to give you joy in this life and be united with you eternally in the other.

O my Jesus, since Thou hast mercifully created me, made me a Christian, preserved me during the day (or night, and brought me to the light of another day), I thank Thee, I love Thee, I desire always to love Thee, I am sorry for having offended Thee, I will never offend Thee more; grant that I may do Thy holy will; I unite myself to Thee, never let me be separated from Thee.

To thee I consecrate all my thoughts, words, actions and sufferings; I intend to gain all the Indulgences that I can, and to assist at all the masses, prayers and benedictions of the whole world; and I offer them all to Thy glory, and to the honor of Our Lady.

Blessed Mother Mary, I thank thee also, for I believe I have obtained and can obtain every grace through thy hands. Most Holy Mother, preserve me always from the least sin; offer the Precious blood of Jesus, and the masses said throughout the world for the prevention of the sins of youth, and their perseverance in good. I throw myself entirely into thine arms, that thou mayest keep thy hand ever upon me, and prevent me from betraying thee and thy beloved Son Jesus.

To thee I commend the conversion of all poor sinners, heretics and infidels, but particularly the youthful ones of the world. To thee I commend the liberation of the suffering souls in Purgatory, whom I desire to assist by all the suffrages in my power, to be disposed of as thou willest.

Bless and protect our Holy Church, our Supreme Pontiff, our Bishops, Priests, superiors and all religious men and women and institutions throughout the world. Remember the poor orphan children.

Bless our parents, relations, benefactors, friends and enemies. Obtain the grace of a happy death for all the youth who shall die to-day, and the grace of baptism for all born into this world. Obtain the increase of ecclesiastical and religious vocations.

To thee I consecrate all my joys, sorrows, my hopes, my miseries, my goods, exterior and interior, the value of my good actions, past, present and future, all that I am, all that I have, to be disposed of according to thy will, and that of thine adorable Son.

Finally, Blessed Mother, preserve according to thine own spirit this Confraternity of thy Perpetual and most devoted Servants.

PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL SUCCOR.

O Mother of Perpetual Succor, grant that I may ever invoke thy most powerful name, which is the safeguard of the living and the salvation of the dying. O purest Mary! O sweetest Mary! let thy name henceforth be ever on my lips. Delay not, O Blessed Lady, to succour me whenever I call on thee; for in all my temptations—in all my needs—I shall never cease to call on thee, ever repeating thy sacred name, Mary—Mary. O what consolation, what sweetness, what confidence, what emotion fills my soul when I utter thy sacred name, or even only think of thee! I thank thee, Lord, for having given me, for my good, so sweet, so powerful, so lovely a name. But I will not be content with merely uttering thy name. Let my love for thee prompt me ever to hail thee, Mother of Perpetual Succour.

PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL

O most glorious Virgin Mother, chosen by the Eternal Counsel to be the Mother of the Incarnate Word, the Treasurer of divine grace and the Advocate of sinners, I, the most unworthy of thy servants, have recourse to thee, that thou mayest deign to be my guide and counsellor in this valley of tears.

Obtain for me by the Precious Blood of thy Divine Son the pardon of my sins, the salvation of my soul, and the necessary means to acquire it. Obtain for holy Church triumph over her enemies and the propagation of the reign of Jesus Christ on earth.

MIRACULOUS

Dreadful was the Paris disaster in 1897, yet it had some consoling results. The pastor of a Paris church relates the following incident concerning one of his parishioners: A young man, the reverse of a practical Catholic, had accompanied his mother and sister to the bazaar. He was there when the fire broke out. Having succeeded in rescuing his mother, he rushed back to save his sister, whose garments were already on fire. The flames were around him. He took his sister in his arms and was carrying her away when a burning rafter fell on his head. These tarred rafters in flames, falling on the victims, helped the tragedy to do its work with terrible speed. The one falling on the head of the young man in question left him uninjured, and he succeeded in bearing his burden away in safety. A day or two after, talking of what had happened with his sister, who was suffering from severe burns, he said: "Did I belong to the pious people, I should say that my escape was simply miraculous." "Go and fetch that hat you wore," said the young lady. He brought it. "Look inside," she said.

He looked inside and saw what appeared to be a small coin gleaming in the lining. It was the "Miraculous Medal." His sister had placed it there. The young man understood, and approached the Sacraments next day.

MARIANISCHES LOB-GESANG

O Gross, O gnadenreiche Frau,
Die Du vom heiligen Geistes Thau,
Bist reichlich uebergossen:
Der dein und unser Schœpfer ist,
Hat deiner Yuengfræulichen Brust
Mit Lust und Lieb genossen.

Was Eva hat genommen
Durch deine Leibs-Frucht mit Gewinn,
Der Welt ist wieder-gegeben.
Du schliessest auf des Himmels-Saal,
Dasz wir aus diesem Yammer Thal
Gehn ein zum besseren Leben.

Du bist des hœchsten Kœnigs Pfort,
Deine hellen Stralen aller Ort'
Das Licht der Erden geben:
Frolock, O Mensh! zu aller Zeit,
Die Yungfræuliche Reinig Peit
Hat dir gebracht das Leben.

Dir sei, O Yesu! Lob und Preis,
Weil dich auf wunderbahre Weis
Eine Yungfrau hat gebohren:
Dir Vater, und Dir heilige Geist,
Als oft dem Sohn wird Ehr geleist,
Sei nichts dabei verlohren.

SONG OF PRAISE TO THE B. V.

O Great, O gracious mistress,
Who from the dew of the Holy Ghost,
Art richly overpow'rd;
He who is thine and our Creator,
Has enjoyed thy virginal breast,
With pleasure and with love.

What Eve has taken away, with gain,
Through the fruits of thy womb,
To the world has been given back.
Thou hast unlocked the Heavenly banquet Hall,
That we from this Vale of Tears
May enter into a better land.

Thou art the Gate of the Highest King,
Thy clear rays from all places,
Give light to the earth,
Be glad, O Man! at all times,
For Virginal purity
Hath brought Thee life.

To Thee, O Jesus! be praise and glory,
Because a Virgin has borne Thee
In a wonderful manner.
To Thee O Father, and to Thee O Holy Ghost,
And to Thee Son shall be rendered honor.
And no praise of the Mother can deprive the
son of His Honor.

Translated by Marcella Eberlee.

POPE CELESTINE

Among the first words which the holy Pope Celestine uttered in his childhood were the following: "I will be a good servant of God." As he lost when a little boy, through an accident, his right eye, he prayed fervently to the Mother of God for it, and received it back again through her intercession. He was even visited by this good Mother and St. John the Evangelist, and they directed him in his studies. When he studied once before a Crucifix, Our Lord indicated to him the holy angels as teachers of morals and fine arts. At last Peter, through his great virtues and learning, was raised to the highest dignity in the Catholic Church, namely, to the Papal Chair, from which, however, he retired through sincere humility, after a few years. Who leaves human consolation can rely upon the heavenly.

THE HOLY PICTURE

An article in a recent number of the English Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart describes the general love of the Russian people for the Mother of God. The followers of the Greek or Orthodox faith have in their houses and shops and public places pictures of Our Lady, and as we bless ourselves at our going in or coming out, or whatever we do, so they make the sign of the Cross and say a prayer before their favorite picture. In the streets are little shrines with a picture and lighted candles, and close to one of the main gates of Moscow is a sanctuary with a Byzantine Madonna, to which all who enter the city turn to implore help and protection and make an offering of a candle. This picture of the Mother and Child is painted on wood, and is an ancient copy of a Madonna in the Greek Monastery at Mt. Athos. This is called The Holy

Picture, and is frequently carried to the sick, and as it passes by people kneel in prayer. In every church in Moscow and in the Kremlin there are pictures of the divine Mother and Child, adorned with costly jewels and rich offerings. At Kieff and St. Petersburg, as in the poorest provinces, these shrines and Madonnas are common in homes and in churches, called "icons" or holy pictures among the people. To the north of the city of Moscow is a convent of Basilian (Passion) nuns, with a noted Madonna at the entrance of the campanile, a copy of La Madonna del Perpetuo Succorro at Rome.

PRAYER FOR PEACE

Hail thou most sublime Queen of Peace, most holy Mother of God! By the Sacred Heart of Jesus thy Son, the "Prince of Peace," appease the Divine anger and give us peace. "Memorare," etc. "O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary."—Prayer printed in the picture of our Blessed Lady in St. Mary Major's, Rome (painted by St. Luke.)

THE HOLY FAMILY

O Child of beauty rare—
O Mother chaste and fair—
How happy seemed they both, so far beyond compare!
She in her Infant blest,
And He in conscious rest,
Nestling within the soft, warm cradle of her breast!
What joy that sight might bear
To him who sees them there,
If, with a pure and quiet untroubled eye,
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

By St. Ildefonsus

O Mother of my Saviour! thou art blessed amongst all women, pure amongst all virgins, Queen of all creatures. Behold! all nations call thee pre-eminently blessed. Grant that I may publish thy greatness as much as I can, publish them, that I may love thee as much as I can love thee; that I may invoke thee; and that I may contribute to make thee honored as far as my zeal and my strength will permit! Amen.

SAINT AUGUSTINE AND HIS MOTHER

The memory of Saint Augustine is for ever inseparable, for all Christians, from that of his fond mother, Saint Monica. While still young—he was in his twentieth year—under the sway of his passions and the seductions of error, he abandoned the faith and embraced the Manichean heresy. His pious mother, with a holy indignation, refused all further relations with him, and forbade him to ever appear in her presence. But, as has been so often said, the child of so many tears was not to be lost. During long years she besought God, with tears, to bring back to the true fold her erring son. Her confidence and perseverance were at last rewarded. Impossible to describe her transports of joy when Augustine, now in his 32nd year, declared his resolution of living henceforth not only as a good Christian, but of quitting the world and devoting himself entirely to the service of God.

Now begins the career which has rendered forever illustrious the name of Augustine throughout the Christian Church. At the age of 42 he was appointed Bishop of Hippo, despite his renewed supplications and his aspirations after the religious state. The 34 years he occupied the See are years of heroic struggle against the enemies of God and His church.

Saint Augustine is for all a great master and model. Saint Thomas Aquinas was his faithful disciple in the Middle Ages while in modern times all the great theologians and preachers, notably Bossuet and Fénelon, invoke his authority. For the simple faithful he is a model of patience and confidence in the justice of God.

PRAYER IN HONOR OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

O Mother of Perpetual Help! grant that I may ever invoke thy most powerful name, which is the safeguard of the living and the salvation of the dying. O purest Mary! O sweetest Mary! let thy name henceforth be ever on my lips. Delay not, O blessed Lady! to succor me whenever I call on thee; for, in all my temptations, in all my needs, I shall never cease to call on thee, ever repeating thy sacred name, Mary, Mary. Oh, what consolation, what sweetness, what confidence, what emotion fills my soul when I utter thy sacred name, or even only think of thee! I thank the Lord for having given thee, for my good, so sweet, so powerful, so lovely a name. Let my love for thee prompt me ever to hail thee, Mother of Perpetual Help. One hundred days' indulgence, once a day.

Pius IX., May 17, 1866.

A REAL TREASURE OF PRECIOUS INDULGENCES OF THE ROSARY

"Behold," said Pius IX. one day, "the most precious treasure of the Vatican."

All the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary may gain by reciting the beads 2,025 days' Indulgence for each Hail

Mary. That makes 101,250 days for each bead and 303,750 days for a rosary. This extraordinary Indulgence is perfectly authentic. (Catal. ix., 3—Congreg. of Indulgence, 29th March, 1886.)

After the Holy Eucharist the rosary is the most effectual means of helping the souls in purgatory.

All the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary who, repenting of their sins, carry the beads about them, gain 40,000 days' Indulgence once a day (Catal. ix., 3).

Fifty years' Indulgence for saying the beads in the church of the Confraternity, or, in default of it, any other church or oratory. (Imprimatur, Brugis, 28th September, 1886. J. A. Syoen Can. Lib. Cens.)—Pius IX.

In order to gain these Indulgences it is necessary: 1. To be inscribed on the Register kept by the Dominicans. 2. To use a bead blessed by a priest who has the special powers. 3. To say the beads three times a week, meditating on the Mysteries as well as we can.

THE TE DEUM LAUDAMUS OF ST. BONAVENTURE TURNED TO THE MOTHER OF GOD

We praise Thee, O Mother of God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Virgin Mary.
All the earth acknowledges Thee as the only daughter of the Father.
All the angels and archangels serve Thee.
The powers and all the dominations obey Thee.
The cherubim and seraphim, praise Thee and continually cry:
Holy, Holy, Mary, Mother of God, and pure Virgin,
Heaven and earth are filled with the majesty of thy glory;
The glorious choir of the Apostles praise Thee.
The admirable company of the Prophets praise Thee.
The white-robed army of martyrs praise Thee.
The whole army of Confessors praise Thee.

The Holy Church throughout the World doth acknowledge Thee
An Empress of infinite majesty,
And a worthy mother of an only Son.
Also as an Immaculate Spouse of the Holy Ghost.
Thou, O most holy Virgin! art a Queen of honor.
Thou, art the chosen Daughter of the Eternal Father.
In order that man may be saved, Thou hast conceived the Son of God in thy womb.
By Thee, the old serpent was crushed, and Heaven was opened to the faithful.
Thou dost sit at the right of thy Son in the glory of the Father.
Thou art believed to be the reconciler of the future Judge.
Therefore we pray Thee, to come to the assistance of thy servants whom thy Son has redeemed with His precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.
O, Mary, save thy clients and bless those who honor Thee.
Govern them: and lift them up forever.
Day by day, O Mary! we magnify Thee, and we praise thy name forever.
Vouchsafe, O Mary, this day and always keep us from grievous sins.
O Mary take pity upon us: take pity upon us.
O Mary let thy mercy be shown to us: as we have hoped in Thee.
O Mary, in Thee have I hoped, let me never be confounded.

Translated from the German by Marcella Eberlee.

THE MOTHER OF GRACE

It is the opinion of many doctors, according to Salmeron, that the Blessed Virgin, before she died, asked and obtained of her Son that all those souls who up to that time were in torments should be set free from the flames of purgatory, by whom she was accompanied in her solemn assumption into heaven; for at that same time, as Gerson observes, she was crowned the Queen, the Queen, I say, of Mercy, the Mother of grace, at whose coronation it was suitable that pardon should be given to prisoners. Such indulgences the same doctors extend to every feast of the Assumption, and even to our Lady's feasts. Be this as it may, St. Peter Damian relates that while the feast of the Assumption was being celebrated in the city of Rome, and a great multitude of people were keeping the vigil with devout prayers, and processions at night, after the custom of those days, a certain Manzia, who had died a few days before, appeared to a friend, and when asked how it fared with her in the other world, replied: "Hitherto badly, but now well, thanks to the prayers of the most holy Mary, who on this day has delivered more souls than the city of Rome counts inhabitants, and, as a sign that this vision is a true one, I give you to understand that ere the year is out, you will have passed into a better life." And so it really came to pass. So, then let us give special honor to Mary; and particularly on her feasts, let us pray to her for the souls in purgatory.—(St. Pet. Dam., lib. iii, Ep. 52.)

PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN BY ST. ALPHONSUS

Most holy and immaculate Virgin! O my Mother! thou art the Mother of my Lord, the Queen of the world, the advocate, hope and refuge of sinners. I, the most wretched among them, now come to thee. I venerate thee, great Queen, and give thee thanks for the many favors thou hast bestowed on me in the past; most of all do I thank thee for having saved me from hell, which I had so often deserved. I love thee, Lady most worthy of all love, and by the love which I bear thee I promise ever in the future to serve thee, and to do what in me lies to win others to thy love. In thee I put all my trust, all my hope of salvation. Receive me as thy servant, and cover me with the mantle of thy protection, thou who art the Mother of mercy! And since thou hast so much power with God, deliver me from all temptations, or at least obtain for me the grace ever to overcome them. From thee I ask a true love of Jesus Christ, and the grace of a happy death. O my Mother, by thy love for God I beseech thee to be at all times my helper, but above all at the last moment of my life. Leave me not until you see me safe in heaven, there for endless ages to bless thee and sing thy praises. Amen.

An Indulgence of three hundred days, once a day.

PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF SORROWS

O my afflicted Mother! Queen of Martyrs and of sorrows, thou didst bitterly weep over thy Son who died for my salvation; but what will thy tears avail me if I have the misfortune of losing my soul? By the merits, then, of thy sorrows, obtain for me true contrition for my sins, and a real amendment of life, together with constant and tender compassion for the sufferings of Jesus and thy dolors. And if Jesus and thou, being so innocent, have suffered so much for love of me, obtain that at least I, who am deserving of hell, may suffer something for your love. "O Lady," will I say with St. Bonaventure, "if I have offended thee, in justice wound my heart; if I have served thee I now ask wounds for my reward. It is shameful to me to see my Lord Jesus wounded and thee wounded with Him, and myself without a wound. In fine, O my Mother, by the grief that thou didst experience in seeing thy Son bow down His head and expire on the Cross in the midst of so many torments, I beseech thee to obtain me a good death. Ah, cease not, O advocate of sinners, to assist my afflicted soul in the midst of the combat in which it will have to engage on its great passage from time to eternity. And as it is probable that I may then have lost my speech and strength to invoke thy name and that of Jesus, who are all my hope, I do so now; I invoke thy Son and thee to help me in that last moment, and I say, Jesus and Mary, to you I commend my soul. Amen."

PIOUS EXERCISE

Bid me hear, O Mother blessed!
On my heart the wounds impressed
Suffered by the Crucified.

Indulgence of 300 days, once a day, to those who shall say the Hail Mary seven times, and after each Hail Mary this stanza.—Pius IX., June 18, 1876.

PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

(By St. Bernardine of Siena.)

What shall I say, O Mary, that is worthy of thee! Thou art the gate of heaven, the glory of mankind, the sovereign of angels, the terror of demons, the refuge of sinners, the mirror or purity, the source of grace, the treasury of celestial gifts, the consoler of the poor, the joy of the humble, the support of the elect, the guide of travelers, the port of the shipwrecked, the shield of combatants, the mother of orphans, the stay of widows, the advocate of penitents, the cure of the sick, the model of the just, the hope and the glory of Christians, the seal and mark of true Catholics. Amen.

FOR VICTORY IN TEMPTATIONS, ESPECIALLY AGAINST CHASTITY

My Queen! my Mother! I give thee all myself, and to show my devotion to thee I consecrate to thee this day my eyes, ears, mouth, heart, myself, wholly and without reserve. Wherefore, O loving Mother, as I am thine own, keep me, defend me, as thy property and thine own possession.

EJACULATIONS

My Queen! my Mother! Remember I am thine own. Keep me, defend me, as thy property, thine own possession.

Hail Mary, etc., once.

100 days once a day, if said morning and evening. Plenary once a month, 40 days for the ejaculation said in temptation.

MORNING PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ! In union with that Divine intention wherewith Thou when on earth didst, by Thy most Sacred Heart, give praise to God; and now, at all times and in all places, even to the end of the world, dost still render it in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, I, in imitation of the most Sacred Heart of Mary, the ever Immaculate Virgin, offer Thee for the whole of this day, not excepting any moment thereof, all my intentions and thoughts, all my affections and desires, all my works and words. Amen.

His Holiness, Leo XIII., by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, grants an Indulgence of 100 days to be gained once a day by those who, with contrite heart recite the following Prayer:

MIRACULOUS CURES AT SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES, SAN JUAN DE LOS CABALLEROS, N. MEX.

THE following facts related by Rev. S. Alvernhe, and the account published in "La Revista Catolica," June 9, 1901, and attested by Rev. C. Seux, show that Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes rewards her faithful clients in New Mexico:

I. During the month of May, 1899, the pastor in charge of the mission of Puerto de Luna, Guadalupe Co., N. Mex., spoke to his congregation about the devotion to our Lady of Lourdes, and mentioned the shrine in her honor erected at San Juan. His words were repeated by one of the audience, Pablo Aragon, to his wife, who for the last eight months had been confined to bed with stomach trouble. Having lost all hope of recovery from medical skill, which had failed, she felt that Our Lady of Lourdes would be her best physician. Some days after, calling her husband to her bedside, she bade him prepare the conveyance in order to start early the next morning for the pilgrimage to the shrine of San Juan. Her husband seeing her great debility—she could not walk a step without help—would not hear to this, and fancied she was delirious. However, as she insisted, in order not to grieve her, he prepared for the trip, not, however, for San Juan, but to a distance of about forty miles, where their sons were working. He thought that, after spending a few days with her sons, she would give up the notion of going to San Juan. The next day, with great difficulty, she was lifted into the carriage and they started. They remained one day with their children, and in the evening Mrs. Aragon said to her husband: "I am much pleased to see that my sons enjoy good health, but this is not the object of our trip. To-morrow morning we must leave, for I too wish to enjoy health, and I shall recover it at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes." Neither the entreaties of her husband nor those of her sons could prevail on her to desist from this long and painful journey. There were seventy-five miles' drive before reaching the train and two changes of cars before reaching San Juan. But there is truth in the adage, "What woman wills, God wills." Mrs. Aragon would brook no contradiction, and the next day she started with her husband. At Santa Fe, instead of buying their tickets to Chamita, the nearest station to San Juan, they bought transportation to Española, saying they would hire a conveyance for the six miles' transit to San Juan. What occurred between the sick woman's departure from Puerto de Lune and her arrival at Española? Our Lady of Lourdes must know; but we can affirm that, on alighting from the train at Española she informed her husband that she did not need a carriage but would go on foot to the shrine, which she actually did. On arriving at San Juan they paid a visit to the shrine, then to the pastor, Rev. C. Seux, to whom they related what had happened. Mrs. Aragon experienced no fatigue in consequence of her six miles' walk, nor did she feel any pain whatever. After fervent prayers of thanksgiving during three days at the feet of the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, she returned home in excellent health and has never had a recurrence of her former ailment.

Comment may be made on this fact, but I have known this woman both before and after her illness, and take pleasure in attesting the admirable goodness and compassion of Our Lady of Lourdes for all those who invoke her with confidence.

REV. S. ALVERNHE,
Pastor of Puerto de Luna in 1899. At present—Oct., 1906, pastor of El Rito, N. Mex.

II. In a town of the Territory an old Indian, governor of his pueblo, was in a dying condition a few days ago. The ailment, which had reduced him to the last extremity, was one of those which generally prove fatal, especially to advanced age, above all when not combatted and checked. The old man was suffering from kidney trouble, accompanied by local inflammation and excruciating pains. His relatives and neighbors, Americans even, had tried all remedies without avail. Death seemed imminent and the light was fading from his eyes. The pastor of the congregation judged it advisable to grant him the plenary indulgence *in articulo mortis*, the last sacraments of the Church having been already administered a few days previous. Father N———, therefore, went to see the Indian and granted him the last indulgence, convinced that he would never again see him alive. On leaving the house, moved by an interior inspiration, he said to a young man whom he met: "Take this water of Our Lady of Lourdes to that dying man at once. Tell all those at his bedside to kneel and recite with you the rosary of the Blessed Virgin. After the prayers give him this water to drink and tell him to invoke with confidence her who is the 'Health of the Sick.'" The young man complied with all that was enjoined. All those who were in the old Indian's home, old and young, men and women, knelt and recited the rosary with great devotion. Then the young man approached the patient and dropped on his tongue some of the water of Our Lady of Lourdes. O wonder! no sooner had the water moistened the lips of the dying man than all his pains instantly left him. His kidneys acted without difficulty; he fell asleep—he had not closed his eyes for several days.

However, the next morning the pains returned, although not so severe as on the preceding days. Meanwhile Father N——— returned from the village, whither he had gone to say Mass, and visited his patient. All that had occurred was related to him; still he did not lose hope; on the contrary, redoubling his confidence in her whose prayers and intercession are all powerful, he sent from the presbytery more water to the Indian. The latter took it with the same faith as on the preceding day and immediately his pains left him and the inflammation disappeared. The Indian was cured. From that time—this was several days ago—not a symptom of the disease that had brought him to the brink of the grave has showed itself.

These facts are not exaggerated nor invented to cause sensation. The writer heard them from the lips of the pastor where the consoling incident occurred.

La Revista Catolica,
Las Vegas, N. Mex.

June 9, 1901.

The foregoing happened in the village of San Juan de los Caballeros, N. Mex. The Indian is still living, and has never again suffered from the trouble cured by the Blessed Virgin.

Rev. C. Seux,
Pastor of San Juan.

Oct. 8, 1906.

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF THE WOODS.

ALL Christian generations, all worshipers of Jesus Christ in every age, of every clime and of every tongue have lovingly acknowledged the sublime dignity of Mary as Virgin-Mother of God; and as sanctuaries in her honor sprang up all over the face of the earth, she in her great love towards her children designed to choose some of these to show to her clients special mercy and grace. It did not take long until the pious sentiments of Mary's children discovered the favored spots. Such places have become famous resorts of pilgrims, and to-day are frequented by throngs of devout servants of Mary. Thus arose the famous Shrine of Loretto in Italy, Maria Einsiedeln in Switzerland, Altoetting in Bavaria, and in the New World we have the famous Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico, where Our Lady appeared to an Indian on the 12th of December, 1531, and again twice afterwards, and enjoined upon him the establishment of that shrine as a place of comfort and consolation for his people. Then there is in our days the great shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, with its world-famed spring, but so far away from us that only a few among the children of Mary in this country can venerate their heavenly mother in that great place.

However, the ever-merciful mother of our God selected special thrones of grace also among us.

In the heart of the bluffs of Wisconsin, near Milwaukee, there rises far above the surrounding knolls a lofty hill upon which stands the holy shrine of "St. Mary, Help of Christians." This place has become in our days a place of pilgrimage, and thousands of devout worshipers annually visit its consecrated ground. It is by reason of the numerous petitions granted that the spot has won its present renown and earned the name

"Holy Hill." Wisconsin enjoys its Holy Hill. Again in the mountains of Missouri on the banks of the "Old Muddy" River which gave to our State its name is situated an elevated spot made holy and memorable by many favors of our heavenly mother. This is the shrine of Our Lady in the Woods—not entirely unknown, for in the last ten years many pious pilgrims came, even sometimes by the hundreds, to kneel before the humble throne of Our Lady of Sorrows.

HISTORY OF THE STARKENBURG SHRINE

IN the year 1888 a pious youth erected a little sanctuary for a statue of the Mother of God under the shade of a blooming dogwood bush in the woods near St. Martin's Church, at Starkenburg, Mo. For some time previous this statue has been the object of special devotion. In the early fifties it was carried regularly in procession and was honored in various other ways. Then for a number of years it was neglected and almost forgotten, when again it became known and received the homage of many people who came to greet Our Lady on her humble throne in the woods.

Since 1890 a little rustic chapel covers the spot of the dogwood bush. It contains a more suitable image of the Blessed Virgin as the Sorrowful Mother. The number of pilgrims soon increased and many petitions were granted.

In 1891 a public pilgrimage was promised in return for favors obtained through the intercession of the Mother of Mercy.

Leo XIII. granted special indulgences to the devout visitors of the Sorrowful Mother at Starkenburg. (Decree of July 27, 1897.)—These indulgences can be gained every day. A plenary indulgence can be obtained on the day and within the octave of the following feasts:

1. The *feast* of the *Holy Cross. May 3rd—10th.*

2. The feast of the *Assumption* of Our Lady. *August 15th—22nd.*

3. The feast of the *Nativity* of the *Blessed Virgin. September 8th—15th.* This feast has become the *principal* one of all.

4. The feast of the *"Seven Dolors,"* the titular feast of the Chapel, the *third Sunday* in *September.* Since the confraternity of "Seven Dolors" is established in the chapel, it enjoys all

the privileges of the churches and chapels of the Servite Order. A plenary indulgence can be gained as often as a person visits the chapel after the worthy reception of the Holy Sacraments.

The increase of the devotion to the "Mater Dolorosa" did not decrease the honor of the "Mater Amabilis," honored in the original statue. This statue is remodeled by a distinguished St. Louis artist (Mr. A. Kaleta, 3721 California Ave.), and again has its place of honor, and when carried in solemn processions, as fifty years ago, it is hailed and venerated by all the pilgrims. The following verses, written by Miss Anita Henry, were placed at the shrine last May, when the Queen's Daughters made their first pilgrimage:

TO OUR LADY OF THE WOODLANDS.

These prayers, dearest Mother,
I lay at thy feet,
To plead for thy guidance
And love all complete.

Protect those, I care for
And keep them each day,
And lead them, dear Mother,
O'er life's rugged way.

O keep them, dearest Mother
In sorrow's dark night,
Strew flowers—life's roses—
Make all clear and bright.

Let no bitter sorrow
Their pathway e'er loom,
Dispel all their doubtings
And vanish their gloom.

Protect them, sweet Lady,
For are they not thine?
These friends that I cherish
And truly call mine?

Yes they are thy children
Thy loved ones most dear,
Whose cause I espouse
'Mid the lone woodlands here.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

AN INTENTION RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS, PIUS X.

AMONGST the most useful works by which the Society of Jesus has come to the aid of the Church of God is the training of Christian youth in sodalities of the most holy Virgin. "From the pious institution of these it is incredible what benefits have been derived by all classes of men." Thus wrote Pope Benedict XIV. in 1748, in his famous Golden Bull, of which it has been said that never perhaps in so small a compass was there written a more glorious panegyric of Mary, or a more emphatic commendation of her sodality. The Pontiff alluded to the white-robed army preserved sinless by its means, the like, or larger, array called to repentance, the still more valiant bands which, trampling the world under foot, ascended to the higher ways of evangelical sacrifice and perfection.

Pope Benedict's is but one of many voices. Pontiff after Pontiff has renewed the meed of praise, down to Pope Leo XIII., who declared, in 1884, that, amongst all the beneficent sodalities of the Blessed Mother, the historic, world-wide one of the Annunciation, the *Prima Primaria,* held the place of honor.

Historically speaking, this famous sodality, spread throughout Christendom, has been an extraordinary source of benefit to the entire Church—far greater, in fact, than most people imagine. In the terrible revolt of the sixteenth century the foundation of Catholic Colleges and the reformation of university education were considered to be amongst the most necessary and powerful means of combatting the heresies of the North; and in the colleges and universities the sodalities played an extraordinary part. Beginning in Rome about the middle of the sixteenth century they spread rapidly and became extremely influential long before they were canonically established by any formal document of the Holy See. In 1574 we find the sodalists of the Roman College, many of whom belonged to the noblest families, buying and distributing large quantities of things needed by the poor, to whom they also taught the truths of religion, and whom they actually conducted to the churches in order to approach the sacraments. In 1581, the Prince-Bishop of Liège, Ernest of Bavaria, wrote to Father Cladius Aquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus, that the labors of the Fathers had saved the principality to the faith, while the neighboring provinces had fallen into heresy. But one of the chief instruments employed for the sanctification of the students was the sodality of the Blessed Virgin. At the same time the work of the sodality was so illustrious in Cologne, which was a fierce battleground of the Church, that to it was generally attributed the preservation of the city from heresy, notwithstanding the apostasy of the Archbishop. The sodalists went amongst the wavering Catholics, publicly recited the litanies of the Blessed Virgin, made pilgrimages, defended the truth. The fidelity of Cologne practically saved the Empire for the Catholic House of Austria. A great number of the priests were sodalists and faithfully resisted the solicitations of their renegade prelate. There were five sodalities among the thousand students of the great College of the Three Crowns. They taught catechism, refuted heresy, and in great numbers consecrated themselves to an apostolic career. At this early date we find in the sodalities men who afterwards became famous as saints or martyrs. St. Francis de Sales entered the College of Clermont, afterwards called Louis le Grand, at the age of thirteen years, in 1580, and was soon admitted to the sodality, of which he was several times elected prefect. Blessed Edmund Campion was the first director of the sodality in Prague, about 1575. Blessed Peter Canisius founded the sodality of Fribourg, in Switzerland and made it, we are assured, the chief means of preserving the faith in that city. St. Stanislaus Kostka was a member of the sodality in the College of Vienna, the influence of which sodality induced the governor of the city, with several senators and magistrates, to make a public profession of the Catholic faith. Three Delegates Apostolic were enrolled as members, an honor requested by the Empress and Queen-Mother.

So numerous and so powerful for good had the sodalities at length become that, although they were all considered sections of the original Roman one (*Primaria*), it was deemed most advisable to have them canonically approved by the Holy See and interwoven in a closer network. This was done on the 5th of December, 1584, by Pope Gregory XIII. in the Bull *Omnipotens Dei.* Approval after approval has followed since, and indulgences and privileges have been added down to our own day. The sodalities rapidly developed throughout the Catholic world after the solemn approval of the Church. In two years 139 diplomas of aggregation were sent out to various parts of the world. Not a college of the Society of Jesus—and in 1600 it had 200—was without its congregation of Mary. We find the names of the most learned and prominent men in the sodality registers. Of the sodality of nobles founded in Rome in 1593, by Father Mastrilli, afterwards martyred in Japan, more than eighty became cardinals in one century, and six became popes. The sodalists divided the city between them in order to provide for the interests of families. Of the list of Saints who glorified Our Lady's Sodality and learned in it the first lessons of sanctity, and from whom the Church received most signal service, it will suffice to mention St. Francis de Sales. St. Aloysius, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Stanislaus, Blessed Peter Canisius, Blessed Edmund Campion, St. John Berchmans, Venerable Father Eudes, Blessed Peter Fourier, M. Olier, founder of St. Sulpice, Paris; Blessed de Montfort, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, St. John de Rossi, St. Francis de Hieronymo.

The very importance of the sodalities became an occasion of persecution. The ministers of Philip II. were hostile to them in Naples in 1596. About the same time the Duke of Tuscany imagined that they were a social danger because they separated certain classes of persons from one another. Certain parliaments of France refused to admit members who had been enrolled in the sodalities; and although some of the greatest marshals of France encouraged their soldiers to become sodalists or testified, like Marshal de Villars, that the sodalists were the best and most intrepid soldiers, Jansenism finally, become all-powerful in matters of State, succeeded in having the sodalities condemned and abolished.

"The congregations of Mary having been discredited at Paris through Voltairian impiety," said Father Carayon, in his *History of the Congregations*, "Catholics have fearlessly reproduced their works of charity under a new name." This name was the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Long before these admirable associations had been formed their good works had been carried on by the sodalities. This was in particular the case at Paris, where one of the sodalists is believed to have directly influenced the establishment of the conferences.

Not these only, but countless works, and of great importance, sprang from the historic sodalities of Our Lady. One of the most illustrious of all was the foundation of the famous missionary association, called the Missions Etrangères, of Paris. M. Luquet, himself a member of this great missionary body, assures us in his Letters to the Bishop of Langres, that the foundation of the Seminary at Paris was due to a special band of the students of the College Louis le Grand, definitely turned to the idea of the Foreign Missions by the great Jesuit missionary, Father de Rhodes, who visited the College after his return from Tonkin.

Although the sodality had for primary object the sanctification of its members; and for secondary, progress in studies, its purpose was never confined to these. From the beginning, the sodalists engaged in all sorts of good works—teaching the ignorant, recalling the wayward, visiting the sick and imprisoned, helping the needy. It is literally impossible to write the history of the good done in these ways. The idea of a sodality meeting only for Holy Communion and the recitation of a short office is modern and imperfect, and sufficient to account for the little esteem in which the associations of Our Lady are often held, and for the slight impression they make in parishes. In many places, however, the original idea and work of the sodality are kept up with undiminished zeal and intelligence. In one of the greatest of existing sodalities, that namely of Barcelona, in Spain, there is scarcely a form of good work, scarcely a need of human society, neglected by the enormous body of sodalists, amongst whom are numbered the most eminent men in social rank and in professional life. The sodality is divided into sections, all thoroughly organized and trained by detailed and prudent rules. The sections take up the teaching of catechism to various classes of persons, the care of churches and splendor of divine worship, attendance at religious functions, work amongst the poor, in hospitals and prisons, conferences for workingmen, singing classes and attractive means of recreation for the toilers and the young.

It is a curious fact that, for nearly 200 years, women formed no part of the sodalities; they were exclusively for men. But times have changed, and indifference has paralyzed the religious spirit which was the most notable characteristic of men in ages past. In later times women have come to play a more important part in religious work, and in places the chief part. They used also the safeguards of the sodality for themselves. The work done by ladies, now almost exclusively called Children of Mary, has been truly extraordinary in many Catholic or mixed cities and countries; and in not a few instances, at the present moment, associations of Children of Mary are rivalling some of the best work done by the sodalities in the past.

These religious associations are a special glory of the Catholic Church. Her characteristic has always been to embody her great ideas in institutions and to organize her work with extraordinary wisdom. After the Religious Orders come the sodalities, powerful means of protection for individual members and of efficiency for good works. Where there are no sodalities there are no special bodies taught and trained and protected more carefully. Where these exist there are always at hand bands of devoted workers, approaching the sacraments regularly, living according to rule, finding encouragement and strength in union, and especially in the most powerful patronage of the Mother of God. This last is the greatest benefit of the sodality. If membership in secular organizations is so great a means of friendship and favor, what may not they expect who are specially dedicated to the most august of beings after God, love for whom is considered by the Saints as the chief work of predestination to life eternal. We can scarcely imagine how any Catholic, man or woman, can be indifferent to membership in Our Lady's sodality, as we can scarcely imagine any triumph of the arch-enemy of souls over which he gloats with more satisfaction than to see Our Lady's sodality brought into discredit. We should be all sons and daughters of Mary, and faithfully observe the rules of our manual. This is the important matter: "Whoever shall follow this rule, peace on them and mercy" (Galat. vi. 16); it is almost impossible for them to be lost. But to be a sodalist and not pay any attention to the rules is to have the letter without the spirit.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

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